

PHOTOPLAY

The NEWS and
FASHION
MAGAZINE of
the SCREEN

July
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in Canada

The Inside
Story of
"Grand
Hotel"

Kay
Francis

Clara Bow
the busy
Housewife



TOGETHER AGAIN
in another M-G-M hit!

Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Untamed" we've been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You'll be delighted with the result.

Joan
CRAWFORD
Robert
MONTGOMERY

in CLARENCE BROWN'S
production

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You'll compare it with the most thrilling picture you've ever seen!

with

NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

Letty Lynton

Nils Asther's return to the screen is something to cheer. He's great in this romantic drama!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Buys the loveliest lingerie...
Never a thought for her gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

YOU'RE probably like that, too! Just *have* to have good-looking lingerie.

But the next time you don't it—and cast a proud glance into the mirror—give your smile, your gums, your teeth—the once-over!

Is anybody ever going to say about you: "H'm. Pretty girl. When she keeps her *mouth* shut."

It's like this: you aren't attractive unless your teeth are brilliant and white. And good-looking teeth are

absolutely dependent on the health and firmness of your gums.

Your gums *aren't* firm and healthy.

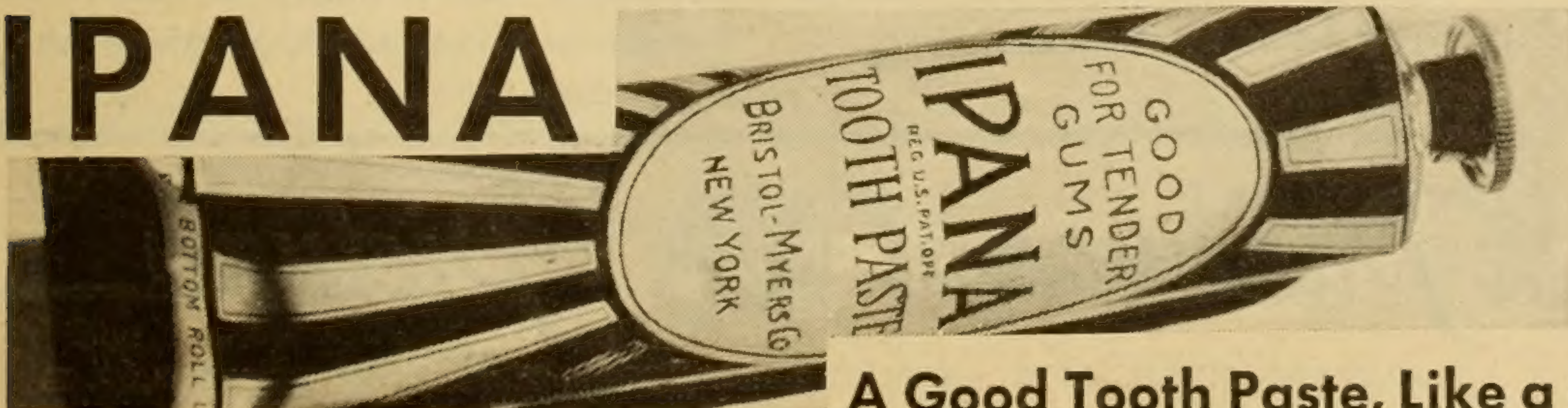
The soft foods of the present day and age don't *stimulate* your gums—give them enough work to do. And instead of staying firm and healthy, your gums gradually become flabby and weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush".

And "pink tooth brush" is more serious than it sounds. It can dull the teeth—make them look "foggy." And it often leads to gum troubles as

serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even the dread but far rarer pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

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Merrily we go to hell



F R E D R I C S Y L V I A
M A R C H • S I D N E Y



ADRIANNE ALLEN 'SKEETS' GALLAGHER

Directed by Dorothy Arzner

WHO could go to Hell quite so merrily, so charmingly, as FREDRIC MARCH? Here he plays, as no one else could, the brilliant, irresponsible playboy reporter who wins society's most sought-after heiress—but doesn't love her until he loses her! Perfect as he was in "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde", he shows his remarkable versatility in playing this gay, debonair, insouciant character so well.

THOUGH she tried her best to keep their marriage from going the way everyone predicted it would—he toyed with Love until he couldn't have it! The story was tremendously popular as a novel and newspaper serial under the title, "I-Jerry, Take Thee Joan" by Cleo Lucas. As a Paramount Picture MERRILY WE GO TO HELL is not only "the best show in town"—it's one of the very best of the year! See it, by all means!



SYLVIA SIDNEY at last gets a chance to play a child of the rich—and appear in the gorgeous clothes she can wear so well. As the debutante darling of the "Four Hundred" she is simply exquisite, and her characterization excels anything she has ever done before.

Paramount  Pictures

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 2

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

July, 1932

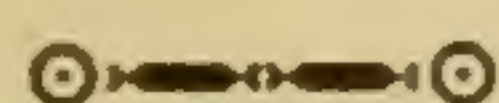


Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"

1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"

1929	1930
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"



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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

"What a relief from problem plays, courtroom dramas, and heavy sob stuff!" That's what hundreds of picture-goers wrote about "This Is the Night." The folks sat back and chuckled at the grand fun making of Charlie Ruggles and Lily Damita. And Roland Young was a laugh riot



All those folks who have written to beg "No more gangster pictures, please," sang a different tune this month and heartily approved "Scarface" as not only a great picture, but one that will make the United States do a lot of thinking. Paul Muni plays the villainous gangster to perfection

THE \$25 LETTER

Allow me to present a two-second drama entitled "Why Movie Stars Get Gray Hair."

Act I

Scene: Theater Lobby.

Characters: Milly and Tilly, two blonde stenographers.

Time: After seeing Billy Haines in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

Milly: Why don't they give that guy something else to do besides wisecrack? I'm sick of seeing him as a smart aleck all the time.

Tilly: You said it. All his pictures are alike. See him in one and you've seen him in all.

Act II

Scene: Same as Act I.

Characters: Milly and Tilly.

Time: After seeing Billy Haines in "Are You Listening?"

Milly: Why do you suppose they put him in such a serious rôle? I like him better as a smart aleck.

Tilly: Yeah! Can you imagine? Not a smart crack in the whole picture!

MILDRED SCHMIDT, Chicago, Ill.

THE \$10 LETTER

I form my opinion of people by the movies. In conversation I deftly turn the topic toward the screen. The films liked show at once the calibre of the mind behind the selections.

One of my fondest friendships was formed on a mutual appreciation of "Outward Bound" and "Disraeli." Because an old school chum, whom I met after a number of years' separation, raved about some very trashy pictures, it was evident that we had drifted apart.

I see all the films, good, bad and indifferent, and to watch a number of people react differ-

ently to different pictures has become a worthwhile game. Instead of "Tell me your friends and I'll tell you what you are," I offer, "Tell me your favorite films and I'll know what you are!"

JEANNETTE LLOYD, Long Island City, N.Y.

THE \$5 LETTER

I am a college girl and I want to tell you what movies mean to me and my friends here at college. After classes are over, they rest

our minds and take us back into the world of reality again.

That sounds queer, for most people consider motion pictures as an outlet for illusion rather than realism. But at college we become easily unbalanced—too many text books, too many lectures dealing with theories, until we are apt to forget what human beings are really like.

Motion pictures show us life in all its phases as it really is, better than books do. They have a true intellectual value and besides being restful and entertaining, they teach college students many things.

ANNE E. TROTTER, Oakland, Calif.

A NEW USE FOR HATPINS

An answer to a maiden's prayer is not a beer-soaked he-man in an audience. Desiring to have precious entertainment at a picture theater one Sunday evening, I went alone to a small movie house. A man, with no intention of seeing the picture, but desiring a close and friendly companion, came in and sat beside me. Being both conservative and crowded, I kept a stiff upper lip, squeezed over to the other side of my seat and conquered.

Finally he moved, still seeking the above mentioned "companion."

This happens often in any town. What is a poor girl to do? I would not have nerve to raise a commotion, and does a manager want to rout out a patron of any sort? It is a disappointment to be so disgustingly distracted, as a good picture is an appreciated recreation to me.

WILMA L. STEIN, Goshen, Ind.

CAN HAVE STARS' BEAUTY

I used to wonder what was the use of buying movie magazines. I was attracted by the pictures of the stars but it only made me unhappy because I could never have their beauty and charm.

WHEW! What a lot of fuss that "Grand Hotel" kicked up. "It's Garbo's picture." "It's Crawford's picture." "It belongs to Barrymore!" And the fight was on. Strangely enough, although she got lots of raves, there were more letters that expressed disappointment in Garbo than letters praising her.

But when the smoke of battle cleared away, there was a brand-new screen favorite crowned right under our noses. Folks, step up and make a court bow to George Raft—whose work in "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface" set him right in the front lines along with Johnny Weissmuller.

The lad who played in "Wet Parade" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," one Robert Young, received some very nice pats on the back and lots of good wishes.

Karen Morley's acting and Mary Brian's return were the feminine sensations this month. "This Is the Night," "It's Tough to Be Famous" and "The Miracle Man" were highly praised. And our foreign mail is growing by leaps and bounds.

Now I have a different viewpoint and PHOTOPLAY's swell idea of publishing beauty hints of the stars, and articles by Hollywood experts, has changed my ideas. Instead of pining around, I can get to work and try to accomplish something. Sylvia has made me ashamed of myself for my laziness and the beauty hints are splendid. Instead of just gazing at the pictures and wishing I looked like that, I can get something from them.

ESTELLE BENNETT, Kansas City, Mo.

'TAINT TRUE, MISS McMANUS

I read an article recently, saying that Garbo was dead and this person we see now on the screen is her double. They say she did not play "Mata Hari" at all. Yet she seemed the same lovely lady of "Anna Christie." It just couldn't be so. But still the thought persists. Is the glamorous Garbo really dead? Is that why she is quitting? Please answer the cry of a troubled soul!

LOLA McMANUS, Portland, Ore.

THE LUKE-WARM LETTER

I can take Garbo or leave her alone. Sometimes I see her pictures, sometimes I don't. I neither adore her, nor do I dislike her. I'm sure I have achieved something spectacular, by writing the first luke-warm letter about Garbo.

MYRA KINKLE, Oelwein, Iowa.

HE MUST BE AN ARCHITECT

Can it be that the well-known depression has hit the movie companies? I noticed the same foyer and staircase in three recent films—"Husband's Holiday," "This Reckless Age" and "Working Girls."

J. ARDEN, New York City.

EH WOT, GARY, OLD BEAN?

I view with alarm the new Gary Cooper who returns to Hollywood with all the earmarks of a "perfect gentleman." Only a monocle is lacking. And not only has our big he-man of the open spaces become an English tailor's perfect specimen, but he has gone John Barrymoreish on us and is toting a monkey.

The influence of countesses and elite society so manifest, it breaks the heart of one who always looked to Gary to be the real, honest-to-gosh cow-boy, frontiersman, trail blazer.

RUTH MATTHEWS, Berkeley, Calif.

TRY BREATHING EXERCISES

My heart isn't. So good anyway. But after reading. One of Sara Hamilton's articles. I'm so out of breath. From reading sentences. That aren't sentences. At all. That I almost. Suffer a real heart failure. Brought on from breathlessness. It's all right to be. Original and all. That. But honestly. Don't you think a course. In second grade grammar rules. Would help?

BESS DAY WILHELMUS, Evansville, Ind.

FOR SHAME, MR. BEERY

I have always admired Wallace Beery and Will Rogers, but since they indulged in that disgusting burlesque of Greta Garbo I shall feel disgusted every time I see their faces on the screen. Garbo is in a class by herself. I admire her for not wanting to be exploited and to get up at openings and make a monkey of herself.

BETH LEIGH, Long Island, N. Y.

I wish to protest violently. I have just read that Wally Beery did a burlesque of Garbo at the opening of "Grand Hotel." I do not like Garbo and never have, but to burlesque her in public is caddish. If Mr. Beery does not understand that it can never be explained to him.

MISS S. BOSWELL, Baltimore, Md.

THE "GRAND HOTEL" FIGHT

I think "Grand Hotel" will seriously hurt Garbo's career. There must have been a conspiracy between the director, cameraman and editor. At times she is made to express an animation which is so extreme that it is most unnatural to her; she is photographed with inexcusable carelessness and her scenes are cut short so that no time is allowed for the audience to become acquainted with or understand her character.

Joan Crawford need not have worried about being made "the goat." Garbo was that, but Crawford's work is splendid, though *Grusinskaya* should have been the outstanding character, as she was in the play.

CHARLES SAYRE, Chicago, Ill.

Garbo, the great and the glamorous, outshines even herself in "Grand Hotel." Surrounded by stars of the first magnitude, the glorious Swedish thoroughbred outrides her supporting cast and wins the race in a walk.

LOUISE BRAUN, New York City.

Each character seems to be molded into the plot of "Grand Hotel," yet each one is an individual. I thought that Joan Crawford should be given the victory wreath. She is truly remarkable. But so were all the others.

JO ANNE NOSEE, Cleveland, Ohio.

Just want to send in my ravings about Joan Crawford in "Grand Hotel." She walked away with that picture. She's got Garbo beat a mile.

INA BLAIR, Moss Point, Miss.

My highest praise for the fine picture "Grand Hotel." The whole cast was splendid, but the most outstanding and glorious of them all is Greta Garbo. My friends agree with me. Garbo is the supreme star. She is unforgettable as *Grusinskaya*.

EVA OSBORN, New York City.

RAFTS OF PRAISE FOR GEORGE

I discovered George Raft for myself, about a year ago when he was an extra on the screen. The first time I saw him I knew he would make good. He is more like Valentino in looks than any other actor. In a very short time he ought to make Clark Gable look silly.

S. K. KRESNEE, Cleveland, Ohio.

I went to "Dancers in the Dark" to see Miriam Hopkins, but came away remembering a fine, outstanding piece of work by a newcomer, George Raft.

LOUISE DELL, San Diego, Calif.

"SCARFACE"

Why does the censor board wish to ban a great picture that every American should see? I am referring to the greatest gangster picture ever made, "Scarface."

GEORGE CHAMPION, Oakland, Calif.

"Scarface" is not only a picture, it's modern history. Almost every incident is something I have read about, discussed with others and pondered over. Not until I saw "Scarface" did I really come to realize what is going on in gangland.

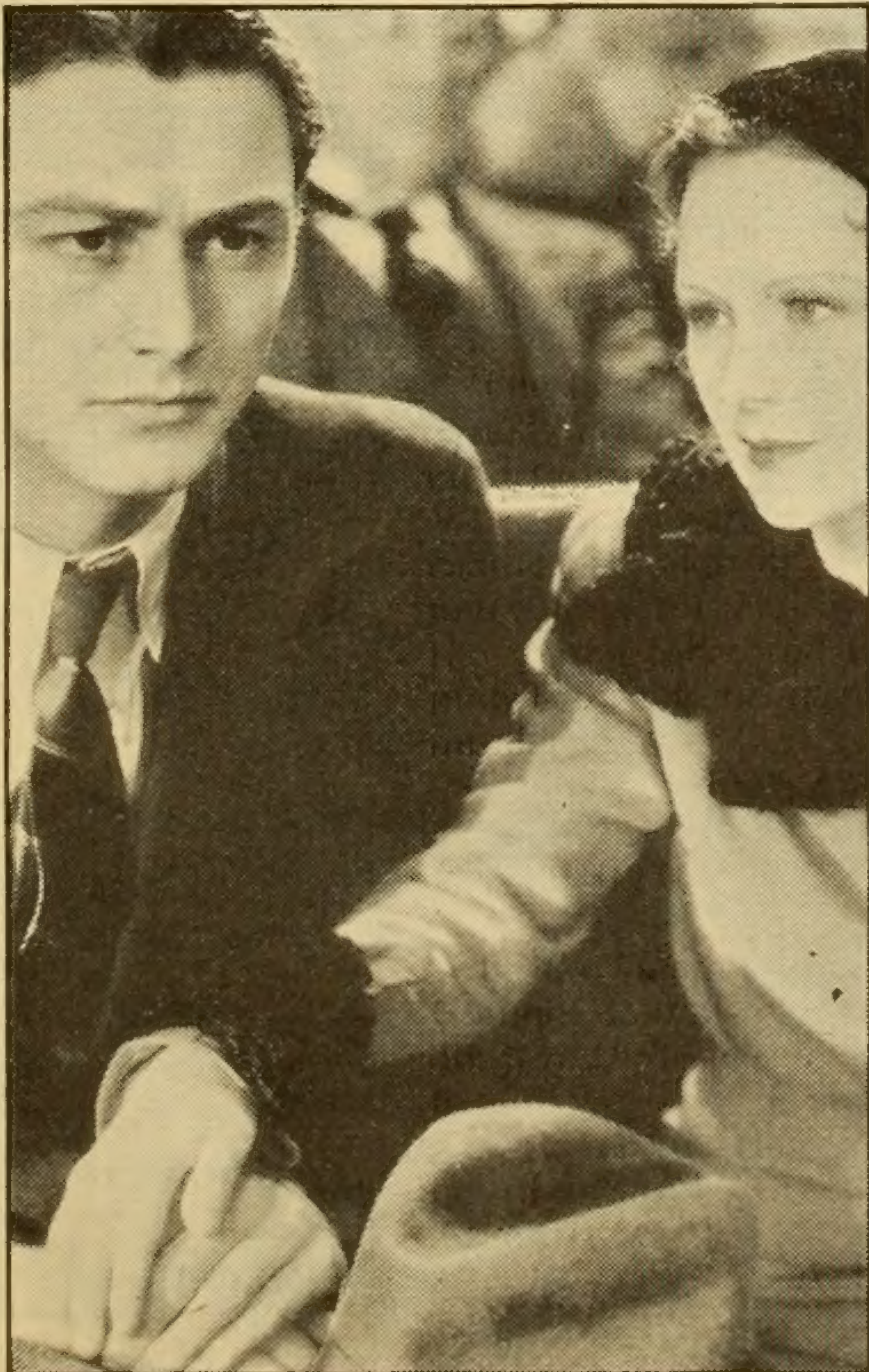
NANCY VERCELLINI, Torrington, Conn.

I sincerely think the government owes Howard Hughes a vote of thanks instead of criticism, for "Scarface." It gives the public such a realistic portrayal of organized crime.

MRS. W. S. BARGETZ, Los Angeles, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

"Why didn't Robert Young get the credit he deserved in 'The Wet Parade'?" lots of folks shouted this month. In fact, Robert came right next to George Raft in reader acclaim. Here you see Bob and Dorothy Jordan in a tense moment from the widely discussed picture. Good work, Bob!



A couple of cheers—Mary Brian is back and knocking off a sophisticated performance in "It's Tough To Be Famous," which was one of the favorite flickers. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., got plenty of pats on the back, but Mary's return was what caused the most excitement.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFTER TOMORROW—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

AIR EAGLES—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

ALMOST MARRIED—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (Feb.)

AMATEUR DADDY—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

ANYBODY'S BLONDE—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (Feb.)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (Jan.)

★ **ARROWSMITH**—United Artists.—Neither author Sinclair Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (Jan.)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (March)

AVALANCHE—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

BEAST OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (Feb.)

BEHIND THE MASK—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and thrill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

BEHIND STONE WALLS—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

BEN HUR—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (Feb.)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Pathé.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (Feb.)

BIG TIMER, THE—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

BRANDED MEN—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (Feb.)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under title "The Man I Killed"). A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (March)

BROKEN WING, THE—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

CAIN—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (March)

The Famous CUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

which thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers look forward to each year, will begin in the

AUGUST issue
On sale at all newsstands
JULY 15th

CARELESS LADY—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

CARNIVAL BOAT—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (March)

CHEATERS AT PLAY—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (Jan.)

COCK OF THE AIR—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a ravishing war-time Parisian beauty went haywire somewhere along the line. Pretty risqué. (Feb.)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

CONGRESS DANCES—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

CORSAIR—United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (Jan.)

COUNTY FAIR, THE—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

CROWD ROARS, THE—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (March)

DEADLINE, THE—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (Jan.)

DECEIVER, THE—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (Feb.)

DELICIOUS—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (Feb.)

★ **DESTROY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

DEVIL ON DECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (Feb.)

DEVIL'S LOTTERY—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

DISCARDED LOVERS—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

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SUNBURN

HEAD COLD

BAD BREATH

THROAT IRRITATION

BODY ODOR

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

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Voice Hoarseness
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Canker Sores
Mouth Irritations
After Extractions

After Shaving
Minor Cuts
Blisters
Loose Dandruff

Checks Under-Arm
Perspiration
Tired, Aching
Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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★ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (Feb.)

DRAGNET PATROL—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

DRIFTER, THE—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

★ **EMMA**—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (Feb.)

EXPERT, THE—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (April)

EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—Raspin Prod.—Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (Feb.)

FALSE MADONNA, THE—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good, but a new boy, John Breeden, steals the show. (Jan.)

FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

FILE 113—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (March)

FINAL EDITION—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

★ **FLYING HIGH**—M-G-M.—Comedy with snappy music used in just the right places. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (Jan.)

FOOL'S ADVICE, A—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (April)

FORBIDDEN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (Feb.)

FORGOTTEN WOMEN—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (March)

★ **FRANKENSTEIN**—Universal.—Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which leaves you breathless. But what does that matter? See it. Boris Karloff out-terrors Lon Chaney. (Jan.)

FREAKS—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (March)

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathe.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the ginger in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (Jan.)

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (Jan.)

GAY CABALLERO, THE—Fox.—George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (April)

GIRL CRAZY—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

GIRL OF THE RIO—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (Feb.)

GOLDEN MOUNTAINS—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

GOOD SPORT—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (Jan.)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

★ **GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE**—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—honestly! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (Feb.)

GUILTY GENERATION, THE—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer feud drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (Jan.)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (March)

HEART OF NEW YORK, THE—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

★ **HELL DIVERS**—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of peacetime aviation you won't forget. (Jan.)

★ **HELL'S HOUSE**—Ziedman Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Juvenile Court"). Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (Feb.)

HER MAJESTY LOVE—First National.—Marilyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Jan.)

HIGH PRESSURE—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

HIGH SPEED—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

HIS WOMAN—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (Jan.)

HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

HOUSE DIVIDED, A—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (Jan.)

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY—Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (Feb.)

INFORMATION KID, THE—Universal.—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (Feb.)

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

KEEPERS OF YOUTH—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

★ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sydney does her best work. (Feb.)

★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (Feb.)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathe.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

LAW AND ORDER—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (Feb.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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LAW OF THE WEST—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as *Letty*. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naïve. (March)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

LOVE BOUND—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (March)

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

MANHATTAN PARADE—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (Feb.)

MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (March)

MAN WANTED—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

★ **MATA HARI**—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Feb.)

MENACE, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (April)

MEN IN HER LIFE—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creaks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Bickford both good. (Jan.)

MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (Feb.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (March)

MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sydney. (May)

MISLEADING LADY, THE—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

MISSING REMBRANDT, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

MONSTER WALKS, THE—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

MORALS FOR WOMEN—Tiffany Prod.—This "it's the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back trouser Bessie Love. (Jan.)

MOUTHPIECE, THE—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (March)

MY WIFE'S FAMILY—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—Only Stepin Fetchit's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the doldrums. (Jan.)

NICE WOMEN—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (April)

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (March)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

NO ONE MAN—Paramount.—Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction. Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (March)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (April)

OPERA BALL—Greenbaum-Emelka Prod.—English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this sprightly German production of Viennese night life. (Jan.)

★ **OVER THE HILL**—Fox.—Mae Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (Jan.)

PANAMA FLO—RKO-Pathe.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (March)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

PEACHO'RENO—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (Jan.)

PLAY GIRL—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

POCATELLO KID, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marceline Day, the lady in distress. (Feb.)

POLICE COURT—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father-and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (April)

★ **POSSESSED**—M-G-M.—What a pair Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (Jan.)

PRESTIGE—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this haphazard yarn about a tropical penal colony. (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risqué, lines. You one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (Feb.)

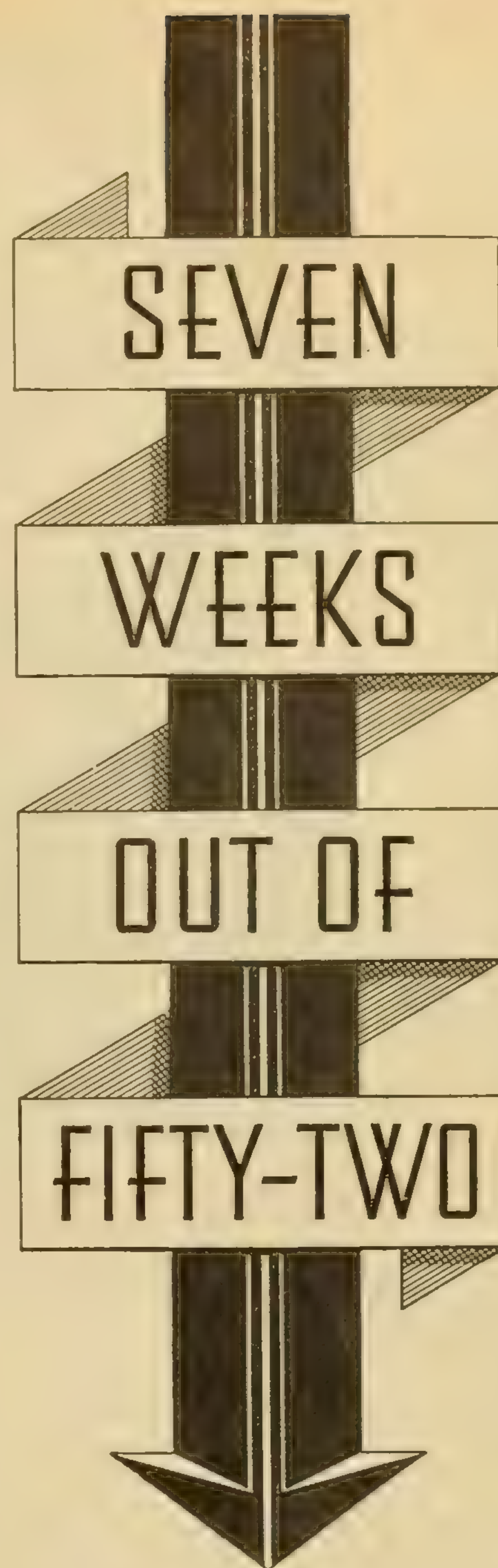
PROBATION—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

RACING YOUTH—Universal.—If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (Jan.)

RAINBOW TRAIL—Fox.—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (Feb.)

RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.—This Western taxes the credulity but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (Jan.)

RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)



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MARKED FOR "GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS FUND"

RICH MAN'S FOLLY—Paramount.—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder wrings sympathy out of an unsympathetic rôle. (Jan.)

ROAD TO LIFE, THE—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

RONNY—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

SADDLE BUSTER, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

SAFE IN HELL—First National.—The only redeeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (Jan.)

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

SCANDAL FOR SALE—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (Feb.)

SHADOW BETWEEN, THE—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

SHOPWORN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

SILENT WITNESS, THE—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (March)

SIN'S PAY DAY—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

SKY DEVILS—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (March)

SO BIG—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

SOOKY—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (Feb.)

SPECKLED BAND, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (Jan.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (Jan.)

STEADY COMPANY—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (March)

STOWAWAY—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

STRANGERS IN LOVE—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (Feb.)

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathe.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (Jan.)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is Tarzan. (April)

TAXI—Warners.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (Jan.)

TEMPEST—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

TEXAS GUN FIGHTER—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (March)

THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

THIRTY DAYS—Patrician.—A wealthy tenement owner plays the regeneration scene in jail. Betty Compton and Maureen O'Sullivan make it entertaining. (Jan.)

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians.

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (March)

TIP OFF, THE—RKO-Pathe.—Fresh guy Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a sprightly comedy is the result. (Jan.)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (March)

★ **TONIGHT OR NEVER**—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and burns with snappy love scenes. And there's a new sex appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the sophisticated. (Jan.)

★ **TOUCHDOWN**—Paramount.—A football picture that's different—with inside stuff on crooked method's used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (Jan.)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (March)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolean country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (March)

UNDER EIGHTEEN—Warners.—A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (Feb.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Hohum! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (Feb.)

UNION DEPOT—First National.—Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (Feb.)

U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (March)

VANITY FAIR—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

WAYWARD—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

WHISTLIN' DAN—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

WISER SEX, THE—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (April)

WITHOUT HONOR—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (April)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A—RKO-Pathe.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (Feb.)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE—First National.—Lil Dagover bows to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (Feb.)

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount.—Two beautiful country blondes learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can make the story and dialogue seem real. (Jan.)

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod.—Another gangster-newspaper story inspired by the Lingle case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax. (Jan.)

YELLOW TICKET, THE—Fox.—Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Old stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (Jan.)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

YOUNG BRIDE—RKO-Pathe.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)

ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)

BEAUTY BLOOMS



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Your skin is probably twenty times more beautiful than you know! Run your fingers over your ear lobe. Skin as smooth and soft as a baby's, isn't it? That's your *real* skin-texture. It proves how satin-fine your *protected* skin can be.

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Have you pet likes and dislikes?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

"THIS IS THE NIGHT"

Want to know what my friends thought of "This Is the Night"? Well, a bunch of us went to the show together—three couples. One of the boys said: "That was a swell picture, and even if a couple of those risqué scenes did embarrass you girls, you're old enough to bear up under it. Guess your moral characters are formed, or whatever it is that worries the censors." Another boy said: "Gosh, what a relief to see some good-looking dames again on the screen, without having to wade through a lot of weepy scenes. I'm fed up on the tense, dramatic stuff."

As for us girls, especially myself, it's the first picture I have seen in weeks that didn't leave me with red eyes and my hanky rolled up in a wet ball. Honestly, the deluge has been awful—what with "The Strange Case of Clara Deane," "So Big," "Night Court" and all the other good tear-jerkers. This time it didn't take us more than a minute to repair our make-up before tackling a round of marshmallow nut sundaes.

And that Roland Young—well, all I can say is, he made me forget Clark Gable *completely*.
ISABEL ELDRIDGE, St. Louis, Mo.

"FLESH IS WEAK"—ALSO STORY

Robert Montgomery has always seemed a clever, capable actor but the slip he made in accepting such a story as "But the Flesh Is Weak" is unforgivable.

He dashed around too fast, got nowhere, won his race with nobody going nowhere and became the dashing bridegroom of a woman deserving clothes, cars and jewels, without a jit in his jeans! Boy, oh boy, what an ending—what a beginning—what a picture! Terrible!
HARRIET SALISBURY, Independence, Mo.

CHARACTERIZATION CLOTHES

It is a mystery to me why some people are always shocked at the clothes the actresses wear. Many people thought the gowns Norma Shearer wore in "A Free Soul" were immodest. Naturally, Norma couldn't play the rôle of a daring and unconventional person sincerely in the dress of a Puritan Priscilla. Clothes play an important part in creating an impression of

the character being portrayed. I think that the actresses should dress according to the type of rôle they assume.

REGINA DANOSHIKI, Milwaukee, Wis.

A SOCK AT THE CENSORS

We natives of the Buckeye state pay the same price to see a motion picture that those in other states do, but owing to censorship in Ohio our pictures are so cut and slashed and so many scenes are eliminated that I feel as if I'm paying first-class prices for second-hand merchandise. Censorship is politics—nothing more.

ELSIE C. BUCHSIEF, Columbus, Ohio.

WIFE OR STAR?

Why isn't Ann Harding more like Barbara Stanwyck—a real wife? When it came to a decision and it meant husband or profession, for the sake of her baby and her self-respect, she should have chosen the man she married and loved and forgotten all else. This episode in her life will not endear her to her public.

MRS. E. A. GLIDDEN, Melrose, Mass.

RICARDO'S SYMPHONY

For a long time I have wished that I might see Ricardo Cortez in a star part. I saw him in "Symphony of Six Million" and he was fine. I have wondered why the studios did not give Cortez rôles in which he could show his great acting ability. I'm glad they have done so at last. We want to see more of Ricardo and his fine profile.

MRS. G. H. PERCY, Walpole, Mass.

"THE MIRACLE MAN"

College seniors aren't supposed to be interested in religion and God but "The Miracle Man" got me. I've heard lots of discussion around the campus and I think all young people should be forced to see that picture. If they've anything at all above the eyebrows it will make them use it. "The Miracle Man" is a challenge.

LAWRENCE JAMISON, Lima, Ohio.

"The Miracle Man" did me more good than any sermon and I am sure that it had that effect on millions of others who saw it.

KATHERINE CHRIST, Henderson, Ky.

My sole purpose in going to a picture is to forget the daily grind and relax, but I get fooled sometimes and I find myself coming out of the theater feeling as if I had been to a funeral.

D. W. TAYLOR, Spartanburg, S. C.

CRYING FOR GILBERT

Why can't John Gilbert have a real chance? It seems that the public must accept the actors the producers want them to see and the others must go down the street of forgotten men. Why, for instance, didn't Gilbert have the name rôle in "Arsene Lupin"? The part cried Gilbert loudly enough for many fans to hear, but apparently the producers could not.

L. HORTON, St. Louis, Mo.

JOHNNY CAN DRESS UP

Somebody said that Johnny Weissmuller cannot succeed as an actor in regular productions because he does not look well fully clothed, is too tall, etc., etc. All of which is the bunk! I prefer to watch Johnny Weissmuller on the screen rather than Gary Cooper, Neil Hamilton, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Jimmy Durante, Charles Ruggles, Clark Gable and many others.

E. M. WIGHTMAN, Asbury Park, N. J.

MORE GOOD THAN BAD

I here give the opinion of a woman who is a great church worker, an earnest student of the Bible and a wonderful wife and mother with several grown children. She said, "I am in favor of the Saturday midnight showings of the talkies. When my boys and girls are attending these I know where they are and what they are doing. As for the sort of pictures they see—one has to take the bad with the good in all things and I believe that there are more good pictures than bad."

MRS. J. K. ENGLAND, Harlingen, Texas.

WELCOME BACK, MARY

Hurrah for Mary Brian, back after her too long absence from the screen. She and Doug, Jr., were both splendid in "It's Tough to Be Famous." And that's what I consider a dandy picture—lively, up to date and well directed.

MRS. J. A. CALDWELL, Dallas, Texas.



Just look at the crowds that tried to get in to see "Grand Hotel" on Broadway, the most blasé street in the world. And it seems that every other person in this photograph wrote us a letter to praise or criticize Garbo, Joan or Beery

Here's your chance to air them



"Every young person should be forced to see 'The Miracle Man,'" wrote a college lad. And hundreds seconded his motion. Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, John Wray and Ned Sparks were liked, but the picture itself was the star

A BOOST FOR BOB

I want to express my thanks to Robert Young for his wonderful performance in "The Wet Parade." I think he will reach heights that have been vacated by some of our formerly great stars.

VIRGINIA FEENEY, Washington, D. C.

'RAY, 'RAY, KAREN

Why not give Karen Morley a starring part? She proved her acting, dressing and looking ability in "Arsene Lupin," one of the best pictures of the year. This is the general opinion of the fellows here, so she must be good, for college students are generally pretty hard to satisfy.

B. W. TOILLE, Princeton, N. J.

RECAPTURED ROMANCE

A year ago when my husband died all the romance and glamour seemed to go out of my life. Then a friend gave me a copy of PHOTOPLAY and suggested that I seek comfort in motion pictures. I have recaptured the romance that I thought would never be mine again. I owe more to the movies than I can ever express.

BARBARA WINFIELD, Oakland, Calif.

MORE ABOUT "TARZAN"

The best picture of the year so far is "Tarzan," because it is clean, it is educational, it is entertaining. We liked the acting of Johnny Weissmuller and thought he was perfectly cast. The picture appeals to all types. It is marvelous for children, there is romance for the young folks and the gorgeous scenery and man-to-beast encounters thrill the more serious minded.

JOAN HERBERT, Denver, Colo.

OPINIONS FROM FAR AWAY

I like such films as "Common Clay." Connie Bennett's acting was enjoyable, but I observe that she speaks so rapidly it is difficult to follow her. I should say that she was simply reciting her rôle. If she would try to be plain and steady, she would gain more admiration.

A. SOLIMAN, Giza, Egypt.

Several years ago I lived in an isolated native village in Alaska where there was no contact with the outside world until an enterprising merchant installed a motion picture machine. Some of the films were ancient and in very bad condition. But the people would wait patiently until a broken film was mended. To most of the inhabitants trains, automobiles, street cars and airships were myths. Motion pictures made them actualities.

MRS. A. C. ERSKINE, Ketchikan, Alaska.

Motion pictures should be made to point the way to a better life. Sex is given too much importance in pictures. The producers should think less of making money and more of making beautiful pictures.

LIEM TOEN LOK, S'baia, Java.

Garbo is a machine made actress, turned out by Hollywood. Dietrich acts under the influence of Von Sternberg, but the perfect understanding between star and director makes Dietrich the most interesting and beautiful actress of the age.

LEILA RONALD, Middlesex, England.

"The Son of India" was a grand picture, but there were many mistakes. One would hardly expect a one hundred per cent American to have a Russian name—then why allow a prince, who was obviously a Hindoo, to bear a Mohammedan name? Hindoos and Mohammedans are as far apart as the poles in everything. Another thing that did not go well with the crowd here was to see a Hindoo kiss a woman. Such a thing is absolutely not done, be the woman his wife, mother or sister.

EUSTACE CLARENCE BARR, Bombay, India.

America goes to talkies mostly for entertainment. In Europe we look upon them not only as an amusement, but as an important branch of art.

E. GOULD, London, England.

In my opinion, Paul Lukas is the most lovable and fascinating personality on the screen.

MISS J. HUTTON, Adelaide, So. Australia.

At last a picture has arrived that makes us think for ourselves. That picture is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

JIM ROBERTS, Victoria, Australia.

We want to see Maurice Chevalier in gay little romances like "Innocents of Paris." I have always liked him, but if I have to watch many more of his screen philanderings as in "The Smiling Lieutenant," I shall give up the ghost.

LILLIAN DUSKY, Gisboom, New Zealand.

The alluring beauty and the fascinating personality of Joan Crawford have placed her at the head of the star list. I consider her the best screen actress and the most wonderful woman in Hollywood.

ANGELA RIVERA, San German, Porto Rico.

Six months ago we left America to make our home in Stockholm, Sweden. We had been in the habit of taking our young daughters to a movie about once a week, but here we discovered the existence of a new form of censorship. About nineteen out of every twenty pictures are marked, "Children forbidden." Now we are doubly thankful for every clean picture, which the whole family may enjoy together.

Our monthly copy of PHOTOPLAY is welcomed with great rejoicing and read from cover to cover. It's "news from home" to us now.

MRS. ROLF HURUP, Stockholm, Sweden.

According to an American lady reformer I heard lately, "The movies appeal only to children and illiterates and leave a bad effect upon young people." Why do these American reformers have to come here to poison our minds against American movies? Do they not realize what a wonderful appeal the motion picture has?

CARLOS BERNABE, Philippine Islands.

Why give so many young girls with nothing but sweet faces so much prominence upon the screen?

ARNE DENCKERT, Stockholm, Sweden.

RANDOM OPINIONS

Why in the name of good movies don't they give Richard Arlen a break? He is one hundred per cent perfect.

MARGARET CONRAD, Philadelphia, Penna.

Here's a bouquet for PHOTOPLAY for having such an intelligent answer man.

MARY A. BALL, Torrington, Conn.

YOU WANT THEM TO GROW Sturdy

*Here's the dish to help them—
"better bran flakes"*



DON'T you often hear the children talking about the champion golfer, the tennis stars of the year, about the outstanding figures of today's sports? They know all about them, imitate them, hope some day to grow as strong and sturdy.



This desire comes from the eagerness of their muscles. They need nourishment . . . lots of it. They need the healthful food that helps keep you fit and well.

There's a delicious ready-to-eat cereal that meets this need . . . Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. They're filled with whole wheat goodness.

Whole wheat is one of the most nourishing foods. Nature has made it a storehouse of rich value, of iron and other minerals, vitamins and proteins.

Kellogg has made these *better bran flakes* extra delicious by adding the wonderful flavor of *Pep*—and extra healthful because of the bran—just enough gentle bulk to be mildly laxative.

Give your children these delicious flakes often. For breakfast, for lunch, for an after-school snack. For the bedtime meal. And enjoy them yourself.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green package at your grocer's. *Quality guaranteed.*

FOR CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's *SINGING LADY* every afternoon, except Saturdays and Sundays, over stations affiliated with the N. B. C. from Coast to Coast. 5.30 Eastern Daylight Time, 6.00 o'clock Central Daylight Time, 5.30 Pacific Coast Time. Songs and stories children love.

A Buffet Supper Idea



Adrienne Ames gives Sunday suppers buffet style

Good substantial food is Adrienne's recipe for successful Sunday buffet suppers. Note her smart tucked sheer silk frock—perfect, isn't it?

ADRIENNE AMES is one of my favorite Sunday night supper hostesses. You can go to her house with hardly more than a late breakfast foundation and know that your ravenous appetite will be done right by!

Adrienne's parties are planned with a very good thought in mind, and that is, that guests are more likely to carry away a lingering memory of simple but good food, rather than fancy, indigestible things.

The buffet type of Sunday supper is quite the rage in Hollywood now. A large or small number of guests can be entertained so easily this way—and buffet affairs have that charming, informal atmosphere everyone likes. Chafing dishes or hot plates will keep things warm while the guests file past to take their choice. A typical menu for one of her suppers is as follows:

Oysters and Mushrooms	Scrambled Eggs with Corn
	Cheese Rolls
Red and White Cabbage Salad	Tomato and Artichoke Salad
	Stuffed Dill Pickles
Coffee	Tea
	Petits Fours

Oysters and Mushrooms—Here's a delicious dish! Peel and stem two pounds of mushrooms, cut into pieces and stew slowly in two tablespoonsful of butter for an hour. Ten minutes before they are done, add two more tablespoonsful of butter. When this butter is melted, add one tablespoonful of flour, blend well. Let the whole mixture simmer a little longer before adding three quarters of a cup of cream. Then add one cup of cooked finely cut celery and oysters. The oysters should be cut in half, lengthwise. Before pouring your mushrooms and oysters in a chafing dish, add a teaspoon of bitters.

Adrienne's *scrambled egg and corn* dish can be made in a jiffy.

She scrambles together one dozen eggs, one cup of whole kernel corn, half cup of cream, salt, pepper and paprika. This, too, is served from a chafing dish. Strips of bacon curls can be used as garnishment.

If you have never had *cheese rolls* the way Adrienne makes them, you have a treat in store for you. She orders hard club rolls from the bakery. These are cut in half, crosswise. Then the soft part is removed and packed tightly with a cheese mixture consisting of a half pound of cream cheese, two tablespoonsful of mayonnaise, one tablespoonful of cream and one half cup of cooked, finely chopped chipped beef. The rolls are then set away until the cheese mixture is firm. Adrienne then slices these in half-inch slices and serves. Don't fail to try this!

Red and White Cabbage Salad—This salad is as colorful looking as it is good. Two cups of shredded white cabbage and two cups of shredded red cabbage are mixed with one cup of thin mayonnaise. To this is added two dozen and a half Spanish spiced olives. Chill and serve in a bowl bedded with lettuce.

Tomato and Artichoke Salad—Four large tomatoes, sliced and cut into fours are combined with a medium sized jar of artichoke hearts cut into small pieces. To this is added one tablespoonful of tiny pickled onions and the whole mixed with French dressing to which a tablespoonful of caviar has been added. Chill and serve in a deep bowl of lettuce.

Have you ever eaten *stuffed dill pickles*? Ends are cut off the large dills and the centers are scraped out. Then this tasty mixture is stuffed into them: one small can of deviled tongue, one tablespoonful of celery chopped very fine and a dessert-spoonful of mayonnaise. Chill for several hours so that the mixture will stiffen.

Cut in thin slices and serve on crackers.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.



**"A week ago
I had dandruff
so badly**

NOW NOT A TRACE"



**DO THIS ONCE
A WEEK**



"After a bad cold, which kept me in bed nearly three weeks, I began to have trouble with my hair and scalp. My scalp felt itchy. Every time I combed my hair quite a little of it fell out. And I developed a very trying case of dandruff.

"I had never been bothered this way before and naturally was quite alarmed. I tried several expensive treatments, with very little success, and then my husband suggested that I try Listerine. I was pretty skeptical but I decided to do as he suggested. I used it four times.

"You can imagine my delight at the end of a week to find that there wasn't a trace of dandruff and that my scalp no longer itched and burned. I have told other women about

it, and they say they too have found it wonderful in keeping the scalp and hair clean and healthy."

This statement is typical of those contained in letters from thousands of people all over the country.

If you are troubled with loose dandruff, give Listerine a trial. We do not claim that it is infallible but in most mild cases it gets quick results. Even severe cases have yielded to it.

Listerine attacks surface infection, removes and dissolves scaly crusts, soothes inflammation and cleans both scalp and hair.

Send for our FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. P.H.7, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE *relieves itching and burning scalp*



Cecil Beaton

WHILE Janet Gaynor is in the process of going sophisticated, Connie Bennett breaks out with a fresh young girl smile minus a single taint of glamour. Bet you never saw a picture of the Bennett girl like this before. And the reason? Connie is happy. Recently she said, "I've found everything I want in my marriage and work"



Irving Lippman

IN success or failure Barbara Stanwyck stands by her husband, Frank Fay. Their vaudeville turn—which Barbara did with Frank when she might have been making movies—did not fare well at the Palace Theater in New York. Frank was not offered fabulous sums for his independently produced picture, for which both had such high hopes. But Babs doesn't care. She loves her Frankie and that's that. She's back at the studios now. "Night Flower," for Warners, is her next



Clarence Sinclair Bull

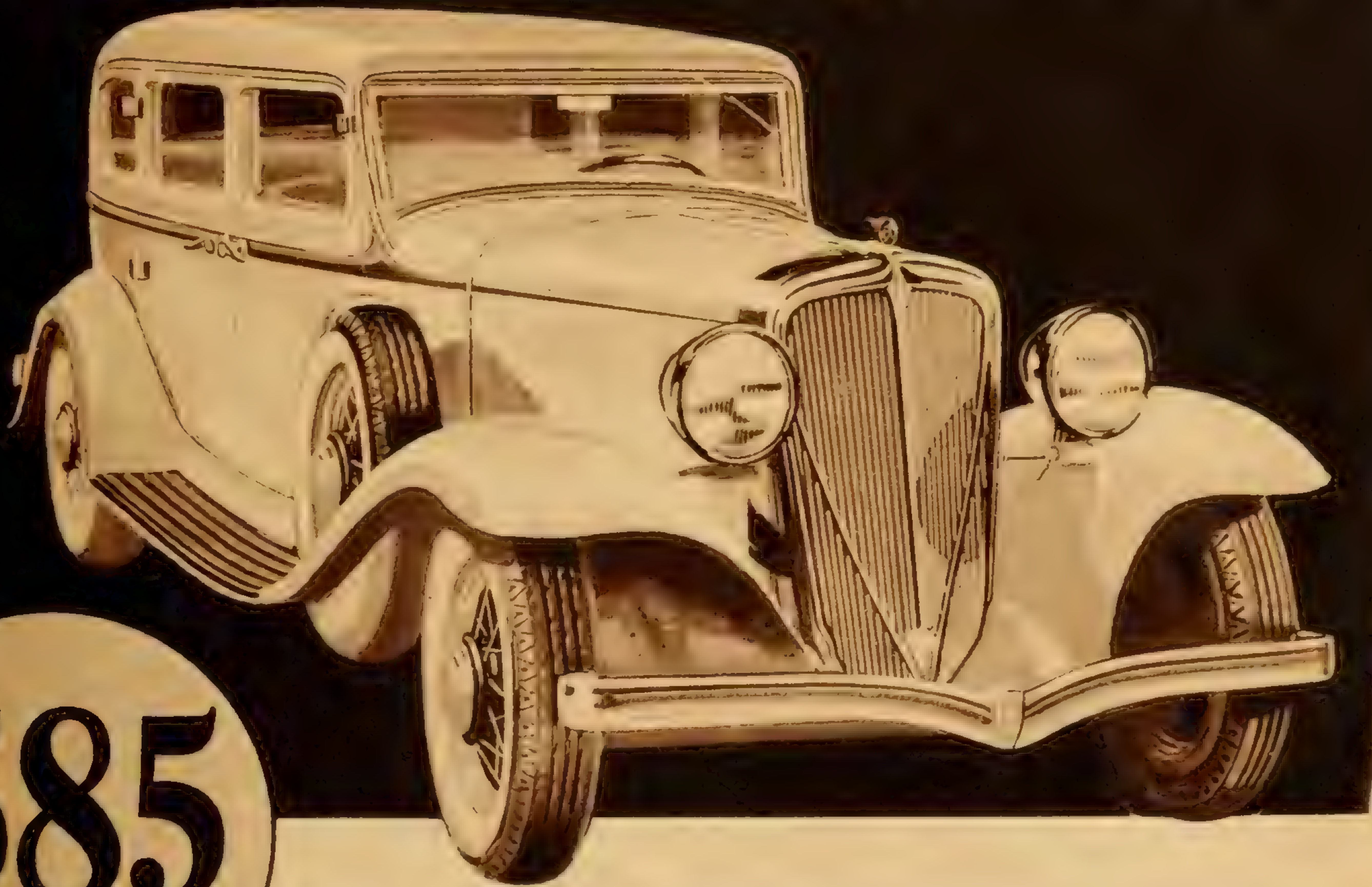
GARBO'S "ridiculously long lashes," as Ramon Novarro called them in "Mata Hari," are real. And that passport in Garbo's pocket is real, too. But just to make your day brighter—and ours, too—we'll let you in on the grand secret that there are heavy negotiations afoot between Garbo's manager and her studio that will probably mean Garbo will go to Sweden only for a visit, but will return to Hollywood in a few months to take up her picture career exactly where she left it



Ernest A. Bachrach

ANN HARDING went for new bangs and a new personality with her divorce. Once known as "the happiest woman in Hollywood," she has now become aloof and introspective. Right after her Reno decree she kissed her ex-husband, Harry Bannister, with tears in her eyes. Everybody believes they're still in love

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and up, at the factory

THIS sensational Rockne Six is aerodynamic in *speed* and aerodynamic in *style*.

Its tremendously powerful six-cylinder engine gives you a pick-up of 50 miles an hour in 17 seconds! A top speed of 75 miles an hour in 21 seconds!

It's a long car with a low-swung, rigid frame that allows you to make turns at a pace other cars don't dare.

The flare of its fenders, the streamlining of its hood, the slope of its radiator and windshield, the sweeping gracefulness of its top combine to decrease wind

resistance and increase speed.

Try to match what the Rockne does with anything any other low priced car has to offer! Try to match the advancements the Rockne gives without extra charge—Free Wheeling and Full Synchronized Shifting, Silent Second, Automatic Switch-Key Starting, 4-Point Cushioned Power!

Even though you're not yet ready for a new car, go to a Rockne dealer and take out an aerodynamic Rockne for a trial drive. Before you've traveled a mile you'll understand why motorists who know *value* when they see it are putting their money in the Rockne.

Models and Bodies	Model "65"	Model "75"
Coupe, 2 passenger	\$585	\$685
Coach, 5 passenger	595	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 passenger	620	720
Sedan, four door, 5 passenger	635	735
Convertible Roadster, 4 passenger	675	
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All prices f. o. b. factory

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How to be a Perfect Hostess



How a Hostess without a maid serves dinner without leaving the table . . .

This book of 128 pages, illustrated with photographs and drawings, tells you this, and how to:

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- Give birthday parties, luncheons, receptions, and so forth.
- Entertain with games for young and old.
- How to be a perfect hostess, with many wonderful recipes and hundreds of helpful suggestions. You'll love this book.

Send for this *Book of the Year*

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S BOOK FOR THE HOME

It's the sort of book every woman has often wished for. A complete guide to smart, successful home entertaining—written by a famous authority.

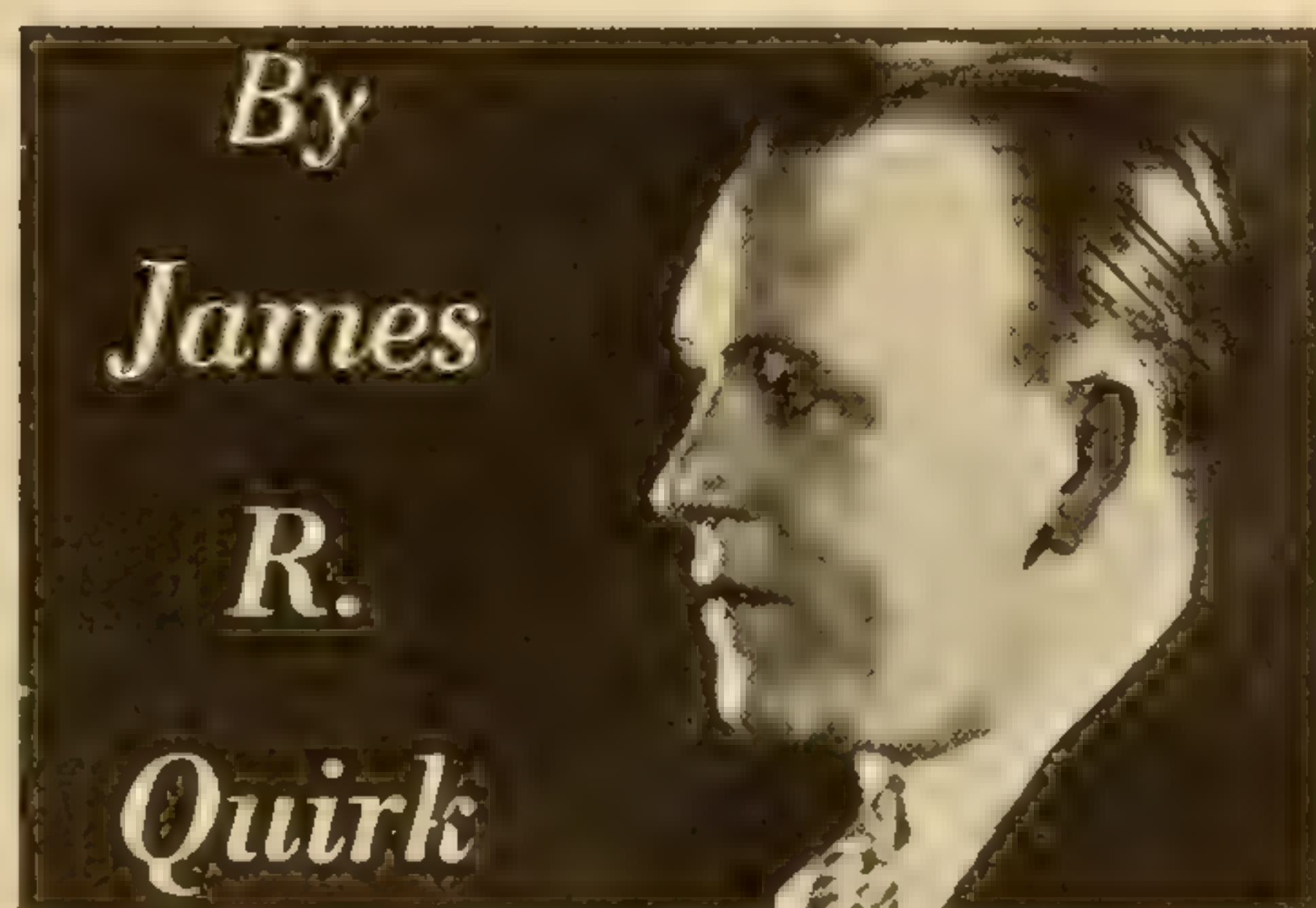
It tells women what women want to know—whether you live in a cottage or a castle. Published and presented as a contribution to hospitality and sociability by Coca-Cola—the drink that makes a pause refreshing, the natural partner of so many good things to eat.

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 Enclosed find 10¢ stamps or coin to cover cost of handling and mailing; for which send me the book, "When You Entertain" by Ida Bailey Allen.
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PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots



IF any human being ever did turn over in his grave, such a thing must be happening in the old French cemetery where lies the body of Gustave Flaubert. For out there in Hollywood one of the minor producers is taking his great masterpiece, "Madame Bovary," which is considered one of the greatest novels ever written. The copyright game laws are off this great work, but because of the nature of the story no one has ever thought of making it into a picture.

The Hollywood producer has retitled it "Indecent." Now to be consistent all this producer has to do is to take "Hamlet" and retitle it "Lust." Anything to get the dough, I suppose, but it is a flagrant example of the highest crime in motion pictures, bad taste. Ugh. Ugh.

GARY COOPER, our silent he-man of the great open spaces, has returned to Hollywood from his European travels with more continental polish than you would ever expect a Montana boy to acquire in one month. He is now a perfect example of what the well-dressed man should wear—in London. We hope an accent does not crop out on the sound track of his next picture.

Gary was taken right to the hearts of the public because of his own simple personality, and if there is any change in the lad we are going to recommend that he take a six months' leave of absence, throw away those perfect fitting duds, go right back to Montana, and rub that polish off.

IN spite of the fact that there was a plot afoot at her studio to make Marie Dressler save herself from unnecessary strain and that everyone, from Louis B. Mayer to the lowliest prop boy, insisted that she take plenty of rest, "Grand Old Girl" may be Marie's last picture.

Marie isn't ill—the Lord be praised! She is just tired.

She has never conserved her strength. During the war, when she was already beyond the half-century mark, she delivered twenty-eight Liberty Loan

speeches in fourteen days. And that's just like her.

She has given of her money, her time and—most important of all—her energy. She has made thousands of people laugh with her and cry with her and love her.

"Grand Old Girl" is going to be a different type of characterization from any Marie has created. She's going to remain a bad old girl right to the end of the picture instead of turning goody-goody.

BILL POWELL has a message of hope to all aspiring drama students. If you aren't at the head of your class, don't worry.

At Sargent's Dramatic School, there was one lad who took all honors and it was said that when the boy hit the boards of Broadway the Barrymores might just as well give up.

That was years and years ago. The other day an unkempt extra player sidled up to Bill on the First National lot and struck Powell for a dollar. "You don't remember me, do you Bill?" he asked.

And then Bill looked and knew. It was the bright boy of the class.

"WHY," writes a reader, "do you never in PHOTOPLAY tell us about what the motion picture industry is doing to overcome the terrific drop in the value of the stocks that were sold to the public? I will venture the opinion that thousands of your subscribers like myself still hold stocks bought at peak prices."

Possibly, my friend, because I am personally more interested in pictures themselves than in the finances of the business. And, furthermore, because the men who are attempting to bring the business out of the slough are as much at sea as you and I.

The human equation is greater in this business than in any other because each unit of product depends upon the initiative and cooperation of so many individuals. Its raw materials and its machinery are human beings. Writers, directors, players, executives, each a cog impossible to design and tool with any degree of precision. The bankers who asserted that it

could be run on a strictly business basis have found to their sorrow that when they attempted operation on such a principle the financial results were ghastly.

The patient isn't dead, but it's pretty darned sick.

A YEAR ago, when the entertainment stocks were right in the middle of a terrific slide, the boys at the steering wheels of the sleds decided it might be seemly to do something about putting on the brakes and slowing down.

So they slashed salaries of stenographers and clerks in the mahogany panelled offices in New York and, in a few instances, marked the salaries of the big shots from \$3,000 a week down to \$2,950. The economy craze became such a mania that in several cases the salaries of relatives were actually cut ten per cent.

"HERE, here," they wired the big shot producer executives in the Coast studios, "you must cut the cost of pictures."

So the Coast big shots fired a few gatemen and office boys and wired back, "We are with you heart and soul," and went back to the backgammon tournaments which had been so rudely interrupted by the stupid New York businessmen. Time enough when the important tournament was over to find a story for the five and ten thousand dollar a week stars. And besides, the Eastern executives were crass fellows, thinking only of money and knowing nothing of art.

"Creative artists like us," said the backgammon players, "need mental relaxation after our colossal mental efforts. I will double you, Max. Shoot the dice."

THAT goes for seventy-five per cent of them. The other twenty-five per cent are eccentric fellows absorbed in the making of good pictures for the very joy of it. Simpletons who never experienced the ecstacy of throwing two double sixes in succession, or know how to play a grand slam with thirteen trumps, or go around a golf course under a hundred and twenty.

If the proportion between these two sets of men could be changed around it would result in you and I going to the movies two or three times a week like we used to, thus solving the major problems of the boys in the New York offices and putting up bigger numbers under the stock exchange symbols representing the entertainment stocks. We don't say we are going to pay off in a hurry the appalling losses piled up by the former managements of some of the companies, but we will contribute a trifling hundred million dollars a year or more, and that ought to help a little.

BUT, as our old pal Dr. Munyon used to say, There is hope. Listen to Sidney R. Kent, the new president of the Fox Company:

"This industry has got to quit kidding itself. We must strike a balance on the worth of executives as

well as stars, writers, and directors. . . . A lot of brains have not had a chance here in Hollywood because of executives protecting their thrones and positions. Deliver or else . . ."

LISTEN to John Hertz, new chairman of finances of the Paramount Company:

"You must fight your way upstream. That is where the coonskins are. You must fight clean with recognition of the other fellow's rights. No hitting below the belt. No kicking."

A Chicagoan who fought his own way up from the streets to millions, he knew what he was talking about and so did his auditors.

INTO the volatile panorama rides a bright and eager eyed young man from the West, Merlin H. Aylesworth. He comes with a brilliant record of accomplishment in the world of public entertainment in that he is the man who, as president of the great National Broadcasting Company, guided radio from its crystal set days to its present potency.

A few weeks ago he was drafted as president of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Company, known on the picture billboards as RKO. He's got a job of reconstruction and reorganization to do that will require all the vision and ability he showed in building the world's greatest broadcasting system, and all he has in reserve as well.

He showed his mental and executive wares in one of his first statements. He said:

"The greatest asset the motion picture business possesses does not show on the balance sheet of any company. It is the motion picture habit of the American people. Compared to that the physical assets of theater properties and studios are negligible."

Mr. Aylesworth, you said a mouthful. Good luck to you.

THE box-office seems to be more quickly effective than the ballot-box, when it comes to public reaction.

When a majority shows its mind at the box-office the producers bow and say, "Thanks. We need the money. We'll try to give you what you want."

When a majority shows its mind at the ballot-box the statesmen say, "Thanks. We needed the votes. Now try and get what you want."

MR. STOCKHOLDING SUBSCRIBER, I may have bored a lot of my readers by trying to give a few close-ups and long-shots of the picture business, but I've got a lot off my mind and I crave the indulgence of thousands who are more interested in what is happening to Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. I promise not to talk business next time, because I am taking a train for Hollywood and will give you the real inside on those three and others next month.

The Nuttiest Quartette *in the World*

By Sara Hamilton



Zeppo

Harpo

Groucho

Chico

THERE are some people who swear the Four Marx Brothers were pulled out of a silk hat along with two white rabbits and a soiled dove. For their grandpappy, as a magician, toured Europe for fifty years in a covered wagon that carried his wife, innumerable children, together with his scenery and a harp.

He could just as easily have been a sewing machine agent for all the magic he knew. But he got by. For each night at the end of a dubious performance, grandpappy very generously offered to cut off anyone's head and put it back on again.

So you see the Marx madness began with grandpa who lived to be one hundred and one, and thought nothing at the age of ninety-five of snitching a cold potato from the ice box, in the middle of the night, and eating it.

For several reasons no one ever hastened to take up grandpa's offer of a head amputation.

So his standing as a worker of magic, stood. Doubted of course, but still stood.

Until one eventful night when a huge German yokel decided grandpa knew his business and volunteered.

Grandpa was flabbergasted. He produced an ax. Hoping the victim would back out. He never flinched. Deciding the ax was too easy, he came on with a saw. Rusty around the edges. The yokel thought he saw a big improvement. He was for it one hundred per cent. Grandpa was stumped. Finally he came on carrying a basin and towel. And the yokel loved it. Actually grew impatient for the proceedings to begin.

So grandpa stepped quietly out the back door and somewhere else, his career as a magician considerably damaged in places.

But one of the little girls beneath the cover of that wagon, felt the call, the lure of the theater even after she grew up,

**The "Mad Marx Brothers,"
who act just as goofy off
the screen as they do on**

came to America, and married Sammy Marx, the tailor.

Hence the Four Marx Brothers on an American stage and screen.

They have caught the spirit of grandpa's gay blufferino and they carry on.

As a matter of fact the way they carry on is the stock-in-trade of the four Marxes.

Theirs is an indefinable, gay, swirling, sweeping madness that's beyond description. Or understanding. Or explaining.

There is nothing of the practical joker about them. Or crudeness. Or maliciousness. As a matter of fact, beneath it all lies a smattering of common sense, which makes it all the more confusing.

LIKE the tea party in "Alice" when the March Hare, sadly dipping his broken watch up and down in the tea, remarked to the Mad Hatter he didn't think he should have put the butter in the watch as the Hatter suggested, as now it wouldn't go at all. Whereupon the Mad Hatter shrugged and answered, "Well, it was the best butter."

Which, of course, silenced the Hare, who nevertheless felt somewhere, something was wrong. But what?

So it is with the Marxes.

For instance, here comes *Herr* Lubitsch across the lot. The inevitable big cigar in his mouth. A genius. An artist to whom Hollywood serenely bows. Out of their dressing-room step the Marxes. Without a word, without an instant's planning, or a moment's hesitation, Harpo will seize *Herr* Ernst and into a wrestling bout they'll go. In broad daylight. For no reason. The other three standing by. Seriously contemplating the twirling two.

And Lubitsch, completely [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Clara Bow—Housewife



This, ladies and gentlemen, is Missus Rex Bell, generously serving her good husband with a he-man helping of he-man hash. Clara Bow does all the cooking at the rancho—not only for Rex but for the ranch hands and the guests as well. What's more, she bakes her own bread and makes her own cakes. Honest, she does!

YOU'D never have believed it of Clara Bow. And yet, it's true!

It's true that Clara, of all people, has developed into as completely domesticated a *hausfrau* as any bride ever was. Up there on that hard-to-get-to desert ranch of hers and hubby Rex Bell's, she's the cook and the chambermaid and the little housewife, one hundred per cent!

She cooks hash and prunes for hubby, with her own little plump hands. She washes the dishes. She even *bakes bread*—and cries when the dough won't rise! She makes the beds and sweeps the kitchen floor and raises merry cain if anybody has the gall to come in and disarrange the pots and tins from the way she wants them to be.

She's *Missus* Rex Bell, and all the wise know-it-alls of Hollywood who said that Rex Bell would merely become *Mister* Clara Bow, when she married him less than a year ago, can go soak their heads in a bucket of brine. Because Clara Bow is *Missus* Rex Bell—and how!

Yes, I know it sounds like a dream, or like one of those things Ripley puts in his Believe-It-Or-Nots. With years of Holly-

wood experience behind me, and having seen and observed and known Clara Bow when she was The Brooklyn Bonfire, I wouldn't have believed this myself, even if eighteen press-agents with eighteen bibles had come and sworn to it. No, this is no press-agent yarn.

This is fact—because with my own eyes and ears and other wits (if any!) I learned it's true.

You see, with a cameraman, I popped in at Rancho Clarito (that's what the Rex Bells call that 600,000 acre stretch of cactus and yucca trees and desert of theirs) on a day when neither Clara nor Rex had any slightest expectation that someone from Hollywood was coming to visit them—much less a movie magazine writer with a cameraman to take pictures of them.

There was no chance for them to frame up the happy domestic scene. There was no advance warning for them to get ready with those happy-bride gags and things. It was a total surprise to them. Which, it seems, is proof enough that the amazing things about Clara Bow that are to be told herein are true, and not simply bunk.



Here is the Clara Bow-Rex Bell desert mansion, built in the middle of the wilderness at a terrific cost

Of Rancho Clarito

By Carl
Vonnell

Does that wink look familiar? Yessir, it's the old Clara Bow hot-cha. But Clara wishes that she could leave the screen forever. Only the need of money draws her back, for she is completely happy, absolutely content just being the busy *hausfrau*. You certainly must read every word of this almost incredible story



In short, it's simple fact that Clara, from the sex-appeal "It" girl of her movie heyday, has by some strange process of matrimony and love, developed into a happy bride and housewife, immeasurably glad to be away from the crowd and Hollywood, and sorry beyond words that she has to go back to Hollywood to make one more picture.

Yes, she *has* to. It's not because she wants to make a movie, or star on the screen, or be famous, or go Hollywood, that she's going to star in "Call Her Savage" for Fox. It's because—and here's another surprise!—because they need the money, do Clara and Rex.

If Clara had her way, she'd never set foot in Hollywood again, much less a movie studio. But you can't build a five-bedroom palace in the middle of a Nevada desert, with running hot and cold water, electric lights, a talkie projection room and all modern improvements, without money.

It must have taken Clara and Rex a couple of hundred thousand to build that amazing place of theirs, about which I'll tell you more. And Rex certainly didn't have the couple of hundred thousand.

And you can take it from Clara herself, all this talk about her having a lot of money sunk in a trust fund that'll support her and pay her \$500 a week, or something like that for life, is just so much hooey.

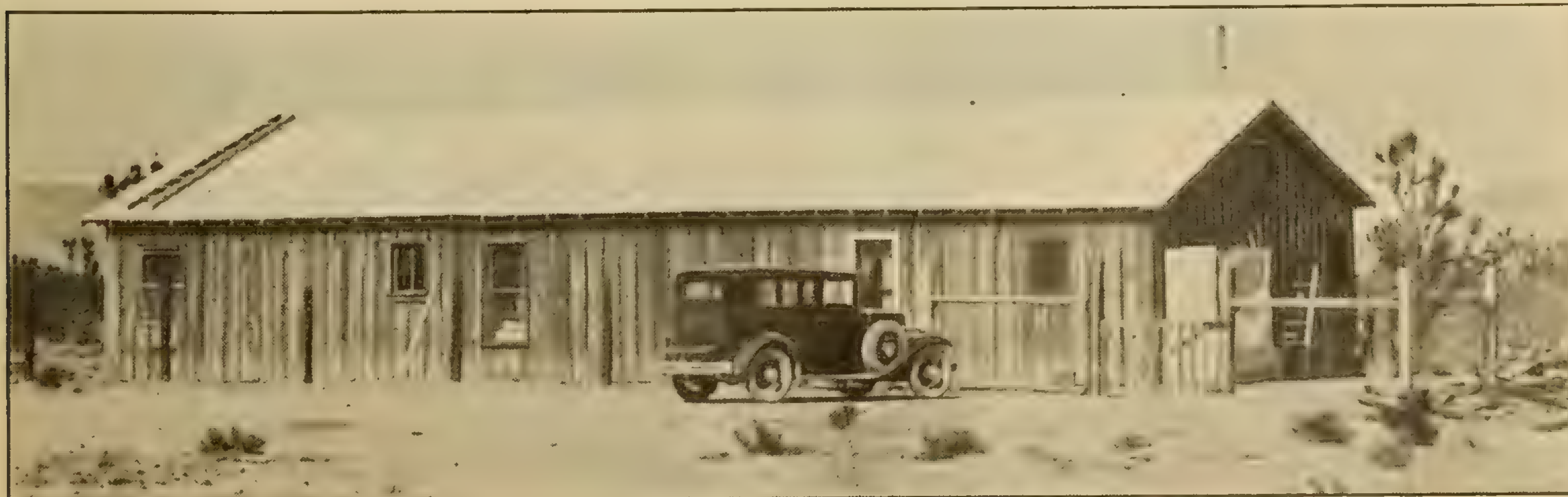
"It's just another Hollywood rumor," she says. "All this (and her hands encompass that desert castle in an embracing wave) costs money."

And so, for \$75,000, Clara Bow is going back to Hollywood, with a definite reluctance inside of her, to make a movie.

And that's the first time *that* set of facts has ever been told. You remember, if you read PHOTOPLAY a year ago, the details of Clara's life on Rex's ranch, before they were married. They lived then in a match-box of a shack, unpainted wooden walls with no modern improvements of *any* kind—not even running water. Not even a bathroom.

And their only bathing facility was a canvas-walled lean-to against the side of the shack, with a pipe spraying ice cold spring water from overhead.

At that time, Clara and Rex stood in front of that funny shack, pointed off across a gully, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



And here's the shack they occupied a year ago (the new one is on the same site) where Clara learned to live



Photo by

SEE here, Kay Francis, that's no way for a lady to act—pointing a gun at Bill Powell. Tut, tut, didn't you know that Bill's wife, Carole Lombard, has just had a nervous breakdown? Now you're giving Bill the jitters, too. Helen Vinson is the keenly observant other girl



Stagg

SCENES like this happen often on "The Jewel Robbery" set at Warners. The worried fellow on bended knee is director William Dieterle; the lad by the "mike" is the "boom man," and the curly haired boy at the right is the sound mixer who can make or break a star's voice



The *Lion* Tamer

directing a Swanson picture—made Gloria behave so that *he*, rather than *she*, should direct it. "The Trespasser" had resulted. They knew this fellow who had bullied Phillips Holmes to success in "The Devil's Holiday," and laughed Nancy Carroll into triumph in the same picture. They had chosen with shrewd acumen when they appointed this nervous, versatile, hot-tempered, and at the same time level-headed, dynamo as their tamer.

He drew out his watch and turned to greet the man who has never been late in over forty years of stage and screen experience. Lewis Stone.

Director Eddie Goulding. Lion Tamer Clyde Beatty. Their jobs were much alike when Eddie made "Grand Hotel"

Stone said, "Good morning," sat in his chair, opened his script, lit a cigarette and waited.

"It doesn't look very much," said Goulding, "but I think it will be effective."

Stone smiled charitably; closed the script; stamped his cigarette; said: "Do you need me? I know my part already."

He had looked at the script for *one moment*.

Goulding smiled. He recognized the sarcasm. The part was so small that one moment was all that Stone had needed.

A flutter and bustle. The barking of a dog. "Woggles" and his mistress entered to greet the man who had not directed her since her first days in pictures. And there had been plenty of fireworks in that ancient Crawford-Goulding combination!

"Hello, Eddie. What's this? A rehearsal?" asked Joan.

"Well, just a reading," temporized the tamer.

"I know my part. I *read* the script last night."

Stone looked up. "We're all right then, Joan!"

Joan ignored him. "Do you really want me to stay? It's silly. It's such a *bit*." Irony in her voice; tears near the surface.

The smile which struggled on the lips faded as Goulding answered, "I think you'd better stay."

She turned on her heel. "All right. Call me when the others get here." Her habit of punctuality had cheated her of a good entrance!

The polite silence between Messrs. Stone and Goulding was broken by a voice: "What the h—— is all this? I've

By Ruth Biery

WHEN it was decided to film "Grand Hotel" with the most important cast ever assembled for a single picture, plans were made at once to keep the making of it a secret.

The "powers that be" at Metro know that Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt could not work together without complications. Everybody else in Hollywood knew it, too. It would be contrary to star nature.

A single lion may be tamed by his keeper. But six lions in *one* cage for an indefinite period? *That* would be contrary to *lion* nature.

A huge, cold, gloomy, dark stage. No lights. No excited bustle of production. A long table. Ten chairs. In front of each chair a blue manuscript.

It was one minute to nine in the morning.

A man entered. Rapid, short, determined steps. Sweater. Kerchief about his neck. Edmund Goulding, the *Lion Tamer*.

Metro officials believed it would take temperament to control temperament—but temperament well-molded with common sense and a gentlemanly *finesse*. They knew this man who had insisted upon



Here's the funniest off-screen episode during the making of "Grand Hotel"—when Joan's dressing-room knocked Lionel Barrymore down

of "Grand Hotel"

never rehearsed in my life and never will. Let the gentlemen from the stage do the rehearsing. I wouldn't play a man like this. He's a dirty fellow. The public likes to laugh at me. Perhaps cry sometimes. But in all the years I've been on the screen, I've tried to keep the stuff clean. Here I am pitched into playing some — some —. I hate the fellow. I tell you I hate the fellow!"

Wally Beery had entered, flinging the foregoing remarks at the assistant director, Charles Dorian. A man who's afraid of nothing. Stars do not impress him. He calls them by the first name and he's always on hand with proper epithets when they're late or unruly. The *Assistant Lion Tamer*.

"Well, tell it to the director!"

Wally stared at Goulding. "Hello, Eddie. What's all this?"

"Just a reading."

"I can't read. I've forgotten my glasses!"

A MAN with a slight limp entered. Pale face. Curious, pathetic, blue eyes. Hat on the back of his head; cigarette drooping from sagging lips. "Thank Heaven!" Lionel Barrymore removed the cigarette to offer his greetings. "Here is a production on which we can get some rehearsals. Looks like the theater! It's great, Eddie. How did you persuade them to let you do this thing properly?"

Beery turned toward the door. "Well! You can rehearse without me. I can't rehearse."

Lionel plunged into his pet subject. "Rehearsal never hurt anybody. They tell me you aren't so good in your lines!"

"At least I get something out!"

The two friends glared at each other. Stone threw away the stub of his cigarette and leaned forward. He had already begun to play the part of the shell-shocked and war mutilated doctor who just watches and watches—in "Grand Hotel."

Ten thirty! The slightly Irish voice of the restrained and almost judicial lion tamer

"I beg your pardon!" Garbo and Crawford met for the first time when the picture was half finished



ILLUSTRATED BY
VAN ARSDALE



Just one of the many things to drive Director Goulding mad were the seven famous microphone voices all shouting for lunch at the same time

reading lines. Only Jean Hersholt seemed to listen. Joan was tating the center of a large wall flower. Wally Beery was reading a newspaper—without his glasses. Stone sat back, smoking a cigarette, lit from the stub of another, thinking, perhaps, of where he should plant primroses in his famous ranch garden.

A voice interrupted. "Where is the Swede?"

Joan leaned forward. Her eyes narrowed. She pricked her finger. A question she had not ventured to ask but to which she wanted an answer!

"Away on a vacation!"

"A terrible thing about Edgar Wallace." No one knew who hurried the exclamation. The assistant Lion Tamer was suspected.

A whistle. Twelve o'clock. Beery arose. "Lunch!" he announced.

"Better finish this sequence," suggested Edmund Goulding.

"Lunch," thundered Beery and was gone.

Joan looked up. Should she follow? After all, Goulding had a temper, Joan remembered. She didn't want to be the first to start something. "I'm hungry, Eddie. After all, I was here early—"

"Let's finish the sequence," Lionel Barrymore interrupted.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Vilma

How the most publicized marriage in Hollywood has weathered five amazing and happy years

I SLIPPED into a projection room at the Radio Pictures studios the other morning to await the preview of a picture and accidentally caught one of the rushes of the new Constance Bennett picture, "What Price Hollywood."

In this picture a producer was addressing his "yes" men.

"We are going to have a wedding. It is to be the biggest wedding ever held in Hollywood. I want it to be the most gorgeous, the most stupendous—." I did not catch all the superlatives he was using. "I want a *million dollars* worth of publicity from it."

The "yes" men nodded in unison.

The producer referred to in this "take off" on Hollywood was Sam Goldwyn; the wedding that of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque.



It was a good choice. There has never been a more "Hollywoodish" wedding. I presume you have heard the story of the guest who stuck her fork into one of the turkeys and found it was papier-mache? There were turkeys to eat, of course. But that wedding had to have more turkeys than any other! Props were used for the "extras."

Naturally, everyone said the marriage wouldn't last.



Rod LaRocque's bedroom is exactly as it was when he and Vilma were first married, except for a few new gadgets. That funny looking phonograph at the foot of the bed is Rod's alarm clock. When it's time to get up in the morning the record plays "Moonlight and Roses." Rod's the world's champion sleeper

& Rod

By Evaline Lieber

Photographs
by
Tagg



The lovely living room at the LaRocque home gets turned into a photographer's studio whenever Rod feels the urge to shoot. And no matter what Vilma Banky is doing she poses obligingly. Incidentally, Rod is a good portrait artist. He develops his own negatives and makes his own prints. Note his quite elaborate set of lights and his excellent camera

Couldn't! It was simply a Hollywood show. The means of securing one million dollars worth of publicity for star Vilma Banky by producer Goldwyn.

Yet Vilma and Rod have celebrated their fifth anniversary. The wedding has long been forgotten; the marriage has lasted. A few bets have been collected. Not many. There were only a few who chanced a dollar on the permanence of such an obviously show-window union.

After seeing these rushes, I drove down to the house on Lanewood to talk with Vilma and Rod. The same house where Rod took his show-bride five years ago.

I expected changes in that house. Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., have been married three years and doing-over their home has been at least an annual occasion. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg moved every six months until they built at the beach after the arrival of Irving, Jr. Clark Gable and Mrs. moved three times that I know of in less than two years.

I had been to the LaRocque home shortly after the marriage. I naturally didn't expect to recognize a piece of furniture in it.

But I found that there have been no changes. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

While other Hollywood folks change their furniture as often as their husbands and wives, Rod and Vilma remain true to their home and to each other. This dainty boudoir is the perfect frame for Vilma's blonde loveliness. Off from this room is Vilma's tiny study—a miniature sun parlor



Cal York

Announcing-



She's captured John Gilbert's heart and all he is asking Virginia Bruce these days is say when. You'll see her in "Winner Take All" and then you'll understand why Jack feels he is making no mistake in this, his fourth venture. Serene, blonde, and—oh—so beautiful

WEDDING bells for Virginia Bruce and Jack Gilbert. At least, that is the way it looks as we go to press.

They have made no formal announcement but they are talking about possible dates for August, when Jack's divorce from Ina Claire becomes final.

Incidentally, she is tentatively scheduled for Jack's lead in "Down Stairs," the picture which he will make from his own original story.

Although Jack and Virginia have been going together more and more frequently since Lupe Velez went to New York and left Jack without a gal friend, Hollywood has not taken the romance any more seriously than it takes most of Jack's frequent infatuations. Then one of the little birds that reside on the Gilbert estate tipped us that the tall, beautiful, stately blonde had for the fourth time turned Gilbert's thought to matrimony.

Virginia's entirely different from any of the wives whom Gilbert has had previously. We understand that is her only worry. Can a calm, cool, stately person keep temperamental, emotional Jack happy? She is trying to decide

that question, we understand, before she sets the date.

VIRGINIA was a chorus girl in New York. Paramount signed her. She didn't make the grade and returned to the stage. A year and a half later, Metro brought her back to Hollywood. Her most important part, to date, was the second lead in the James Cagney picture, "Winner Take All."

She is a direct antithesis of the first Mrs. Gilbert, the little Southern girl whom Jack married and divorced before he was an international figure; from Leatrice Joy, the volatile



When Miriam Hopkins gives a party, she takes all the guests upstairs to look at this historical bed. Here is the downy couch upon which Garbo slept. Miriam rents the Garbo house now

brunette or Ina Claire, the animated, temperamental pet of Broadway.

Those who know her best, say she is the type whose natural blonde hair never gets out of place—nor her naturally serene temper. She really looks more like Greta Garbo than any woman who has interested Jack since Garbo, herself.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Wide World

A real movie kiss you won't see on any screen. When Lilyan Tashman came back to Hollywood from her personal appearance tour, husband Eddie Lowe was at the station to give her this greeting. In a minute Lil is going to tell him just how many new dresses she bought

right or not. The acting profession thinks that he has a fair chance of winning out and getting the weekly stipend he thinks is coming to him because of his ability to make the box-office jingle. He is making about one-fourth of the money made by Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, neither of whom has anything like his box-office drawing power.

The producers, however, say that a contract is a contract. They have already raised him from \$450 a week to \$1,450.

Jimmy seems to be as stubborn off the screen as on. He has said that he believes that his character is so definitely established on the screen that it will be short-lived; that he must get in his hay while the sun shines.

Hollywood doesn't take his threat to chuck the screen and study medicine very seriously. It will take him six or seven years to study and serve his hospital apprenticeship before he can put out a shingle as an M. D. That would bring him pretty close to forty by the time he got down to the real work of serving pills and mending broken bones.

and is quite continental-minded. Both she and her husband, the Marquis, could live pretty well for the rest of their lives on a million dollars, which she will have.

The Marquis is a pretty regular fellow. I like him. So does every one, but he has his troubles. It isn't easy to be a star's husband in Hollywood. You saw what happened to Harry Bannister and Ann Harding.

YOU can't get any bets either way on the result of Jimmy Cagney's battle with Warner Brothers over his weekly check, and sentiment is divided as to whether Jimmy is

Garbo likes a big bed. The mattress of this is so large that it had to be made in several sections. The quilted spread and all the furniture has a sturdy look. Now it's Miriam's guest room

CONSTANCE BENNETT has denied that she is going to retire from the screen, but I have inside information that she intends to.

She is going to England in September for a few months, and when she returns will devote one more year to pictures. I don't think Constance is any too crazy about movie work. She lived in Europe for five years, you know,



Ray Jones

It's our bet that Jimmy is going to be back on the screen before long and that "Winner Take All" will not be his last picture. Our guess is that the lawyers will get together in a put-and-take game, and that Jimmy will come out of it with at least \$1,000 more a week.

HOLLYWOOD this month was a seething city of rebellion. Almost every day some star walked into a different producer's office and said, "I won't. I won't." And almost every day a different producer said to a different star, "If you don't you'll be sorry."

Perhaps it was because the town has been kept in a state of excitement by the uncertainty of the Garbo contract. We've given you, month by month, round by round accounts of that greatest hold-out in motion picture history. Things looked pretty bright when Garbo's manager and M-G-M went into long huddles and word leaked out that Garbo would take her vacation in Sweden but return to make more "moom pitchers."

AND then came the Hollywood opening of "Grand Hotel" and the gag that set the film colony on its collective ear. Master of ceremonies Will Rogers announced that Garbo would appear after the film was run off—which was startling enough. But when Wally Beery, who used to do comic female impersonations, walked upon the stage, made-up in a broad burlesque of Garbo and said, "I t'ank I go back to Sweden," the first night audience was knocked for a triple somersault.

THE next day the company tossed off the whole thing lightly and began to rave about Joan Crawford, which is another significant gesture. For in Joan's new picture, "Letty Lynton," she is as glamorous as the divine Swede ever dared be. Joan's hats and her amazing (and unbecoming) mouth make-up are emphatically Garboesque. And you'll hear the Hollywood know-everythings telling you that this is M-G-M's attempt to build *la* Crawford up into a second Garbo.



Come right in, Leslie Howard. We're delighted you are going to make your smash hit stage play, "The Animal Kingdom," into a film, with Ann Harding. You ought to see the fan mail that poured into PHOTOPLAY as a result of your few pictures

A pair of shoes for every day in the month—almost. But this is June Clyde's studio shoe wardrobe. She wears them on the screen. Note the tricky way the shoes are hung on the back of the closet door in her dressing-room. June's a cute trick, too

JIMMY DURANTE was doing his usual clowning on the set the other day when an executive walked over and said, "Listen Jimmy, don't you think you are getting too prominent to be kidding around this way all the time? What would you think if you saw Garbo acting like this?"

Jimmy thought a minute and then said, "Boss, what would you think?"

OF course, you already know about the Marlene Dietrich-Von Sternberg squabble which was caused by the studio's refusal to okay "The Blonde Venus," a film yarn that Marlene wrote for herself. Incidentally, this row brought out the fact that there is no clause in Marlene's contract which states that only Von Sternberg can direct her. It's simply a sort of verbal agreement and you'll hear folks tell you that the reason for the trouble was that Paramount wanted to see what Marlene could do without Von.



Powolny



Jevons

Remember when Edna Best ran away from Hollywood and refused a leading rôle because she could not be separated from her husband? Look at Herbert Marshall and then don't blame her. They made a film together in England—"Bachelor's Folly"—and Herbert has signed to do one for Paramount, when their stage play closes. You can bet Edna will go along

So the difficulty was solved when it was decided that Clara should work on the old Fox lot on Western Avenue, which has been deserted since Movietone City was built.

Nobody from other sets will be dropping in on her when hers is the only company at work.

But if Clara could get money doing anything else, nothing could drag her back to Hollywood.

On another page of this magazine you'll find the reason given in one of the most graphic and amazing stories ever written about Clara, with a bunch of facts that will set you on your ear

PRICK up your ears, folks, here's great news.

That laughing, peppy, bright-eyed little Irish girl, Colleen Moore, is back home—back in Hollywood, and chances are more than even that she'll be back in pictures before Marlene Dietrich can bat an eye.

Remember how discouraged Colleen was when her contract expired and later when a play of hers flopped? She's discouraged no longer. She made a hit in the West Coast stage production of "A Church Mouse" and now has signed a contract with M-G-M.

She's a different girl—a *chic*, sophisticated glamorous young woman.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Now listen, Hoot Gibson, how could you quarrel with a wife as pretty as Sally Eilers? When Sal was in New York she denied a rift, then she went back to Hollywood and the blow-up came. There's lots to be said on both sides and friends suggest the couple try arbitration

Patched up as the row now is, the whole squabble was made worthwhile when a wise-cracker flipped, "The reason Marlene can't do the part is because she skinned her knee and can't play the big emotional scene."

BESIDES the fact that she just naturally doesn't like pictures any more, one of the real reasons that Clara Bow took so long about signing her contract to do "Call Her Savage" was because she didn't want a lot of people watching her as she worked and she was afraid if she should ask to have her set cleared, folks would say she had gone ritzy.



Bachrach

Guess which is Dolores Del Rio? All right, she's on the left, but doesn't Josephine Ramos look like her twin? Ever since Josephine has handled Dolores' fan mail, they have been taken for sisters. And now Dolo has succeeded in getting her friend a picture break. They've known each other four years. Miss Ramos has a part in the new Wheeler-Woolsey comedy



Gene Robert Richee

SOMEONE asked Mitzi Green if she ever got a chance to play like other children, what with vaudeville and pictures. "Why, I play all the time," was Mitzi's answer. But don't think that she believes life is just one big game. She really does take her work very seriously

How a round-cheeked, chubby little girl can look so much like the elderly English gentleman, George Arliss, is one of the wonders of Hollywood. Did we refer to Mitzi as a little girl? A thousand pardons, Miss Green. She is now a grown young lady of eleven—and a trifle cynical about life, love and art



Come On Back, Mitzi

LET your Garbos return to Sweden, let your Connie Bennetts retire, let your Janet Gaynors go sophisticated—Mitzi Green is coming back to pictures. And, as far as I'm concerned, that's the big news of the month.

You can take all your glamour girls and lay them away in cellophane. But let Mitzi cavort for the cameras. And I'd rather hear Mitzi say, "I know a secret. I know a secret," than to watch Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich do the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

For months and months and months—too many months, if you ask me—Mitzi has been doing a vaudeville turn, and Hollywood hasn't seemed the same. But a very pleasant little bird whispers that *La Green*, the divine, is going to act the title rôle in "Little Orphan Annie." You know that comic strip character. Won't our Mitzi be great? It's right up her alley!

You can count on Mitzi Green. She is one star who positively will not do a carbon copy of Garbo. What's more, *Mlle. Green* is just a bit fed up on glamour and believes that what the cinema needs is good, human stories with more heart interest and less sophistication.

Mitzi, who is now an old lady of eleven, would like to run for president on a no-more-glamour and a no-more-arithmetic ticket. "Keep glamour off the screen and arithmetic out of the school room," is Politician Green's slogan.

At the moment when I asked her about the state of her *affaires du coeur*, *Fraulein Green* was torn between strawberry *parfait* and chocolate layer cake *a la mode*. She admitted that her heart was as undecided as her stomach, for she cannot decide which is the greater passion of her life—Freddie March or Eric Linden. The fact that Freddie is a perfectly good married man and Eric as free as bad advice in Hollywood, did not enter into the calculations of this heartless home

wrecker. I remember when Mitzi was a mere girl of eight she confided secretly to me—and eighteen other people who were there at the time—that Buddy Rogers was the only man in her life.

Now, looking back over her youthful peccadillos in a mature fashion, she said, "Buddy is a darling, but he's such a boy." And that disposed of the Rogers personality for all time, as far as Mitzi is concerned.

Mitzi is very definite about her career. She's been doing vaudeville so she can have her milk and spinach regularly, but the pictures are her real love. "I like Hollywood so much better than anywhere else," she said, looking very much like her own imitation of George Arliss. "In Hollywood you can do as you please. For instance, in the morning when I'm not working I like to put on an old pair of trousers. You can do that in Hollywood and nobody thinks anything of it. But you can't do that in New York." (Just after voicing this profound sentiment, she decided upon the strawberry *parfait*. But she didn't eat it. Instead she got to musing about her work.)

"IT'S all very different now," she said. "I'm very sorry when they cast me as just a bratty little kid. In 'Honey' it was all right. But remember that I was just eight years old then. But when I played in 'Girl Crazy' I thought some of the lines were too broad. I'm eleven now and if I do the same things I did in 'Honey,' people will think I'm just a very bad person and rude to my elders. And some of the lines they wanted me to say in 'Girl Crazy' were ridiculous—lines that no child would have said."

Now maybe you think I'm kidding by putting too elaborate words in Mitzi's mouth. I assure you that I'm not. And to quote Mitzi in any other fashion, to be patronizing and say "such a little darling" to a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

By Katherine Albert

The Girl

with the Haunted Face

By Hale
Horton

YOU have seen that haunted face on the billboards, on the screen and in magazines and newspapers. The face of Joan Crawford. You know those too-big, searching eyes, that full mouth which seems to have known suffering, and those gaunt cheeks. Around the studios you'll hear that the Crawford expression is a pose, an attempt to imitate Garbo, a rank affectation. And yet it seems to me that that haunted look could come only from some inherent loneliness or some terrible, futile yearning for a goal beyond reach.

Let us study the woman behind that face—Joan Crawford herself. As this is written she is suffering. She is searching for happiness, but deep down in her heart she believes that she will never find it.

"Happiness to me," she explains, "means peace of mind, which of course is a mental state. And I know that unless I acquire it pretty soon I'll have a severe and protracted nervous breakdown. And yet, on the other hand, if I *should* find a certain peace of mind, it would mean I had come to a point in my life where I no longer cared to develop. In other words I would be standing still, simply existing—for to develop is to live, to stand still is to exist, and to go backwards is death. Obviously, if I arrived at a point in my life where I was standing still, it wouldn't be long until I went backwards in the meantime some peculiar force keeps forever pulling me on and on, until I think I shall die unless I find rest."

So Joan is driven on toward tragedy in a wild search for a state of being, which, if she paused for breath, she might find within herself! And the driving force of her life is fear. Haunting, harrowing fear. A fear that develops from a terrible inferiority complex. And Joan knows it.

"I have one of those things all right," she nods. "And I mean it truly. I'm not saying it merely for effect. Perhaps I thought that since I was born without the advantages enjoyed by other girls it would be necessary for me to accomplish something outstanding in order to

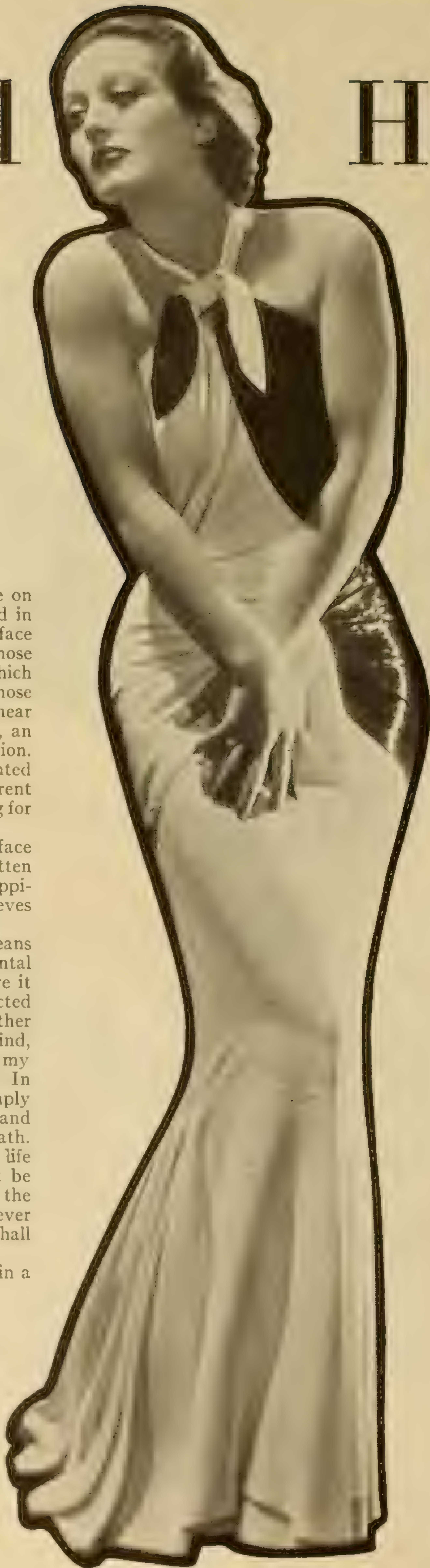
become their equal. So I determined on a dancing career.

"After the first thrill of achievement, however, I realized that dancing alone was inadequate, that I must look elsewhere if I would taste real happiness, if I would fill that queer, aching void in my soul. I then decided to become an actress. Surely *that* would bring me the respect of the world! But somehow it left me dissatisfied. And since one invariably fears the unknown, I live each day in fear of the future."

Unless curbed, the fierce driving force of the girl, her utter inability to relax, is certain to leave her with a nervous breakdown. Indeed, she fully expects one, although her mania for "development" has left her with no conception of the phrase "over work."

"WHILE making 'Possessed,'" she relates, "I wept each morning on my drive to the studio and I wept all the way back home. And I found it impossible to sleep at nights even though I had a horror of staying awake forever thinking! So I'd lie in bed, contemplating the future. I fear it with all my heart and soul even as I fear the dark.

"I no longer enjoy parties, as I find the inaction and light pleasantries unbearably jarring on my nerves. And when I do attend them, wild thoughts run through my head. On occasion I feel that I must get into my car and speed through the night over some lonely road. Such thoughts fill me with terror and as a result I act on them at once. Naturally people are beginning to think I have gone





At a glance this appears to be the picture of a radiant, happy girl. Look more closely and you will discover intense sorrow in Joan Crawford's eyes

a little cuckoo. I'm sorry, but I find a certain consolation in these wild night drives; and especially as my car roars along the road by the ocean, susceptible to my slightest whim, fully under my control, I feel that I'm Lord of All.

"Watching the white foam lash the rocks, I order my car to move faster and faster as though to rush away from the terror of the night even as it hems me in. And during those moments I nearly fool myself into believing that I've succeeded in crushing that restless urge, that I've found peace.

"Sometimes I think that perhaps I'm just going through a period of unrest, and yet sooner or later I always realize that I am not only *not* going through a period of unrest, but that my nature has been the same since the day I was born, that I've always known this fear of the future, this haunting fear which drives me on and on . . ."

And unless Joan realizes that peace is to be found within a person and not necessarily in material achievement, it rather looks as though her life will develop into one mad, futile quest for some Holy Grail that her lips will never touch. Fortunately, through the teachings of a friend, she is beginning to understand the truth.

"When these moods are upon me," she continued, seeming to relax a bit, "I often telephone to a dear friend and beg him to come over. He possesses a great mind and the rare ability to listen. He lets me rave on about my troubles, troubles which to such a man as he must seem pitifully small, and when I calm down he invariably says, 'I understand perfectly. That's quite natural,

Joan.' He never makes me feel that I'm acting in anything but a normal manner, that I'm doing anything wrong.

"The other day he brought over a book called 'In Tune with the Infinite,' which has helped me through moments of darkest despondency. It's not that I'm necessarily getting religion. It's only that I'm gradually learning to *believe* in things, in life, in people, and most especially in myself. This friend, as well as the book, is making me realize that unless you believe in a thing you can never understand it, and as a result it frightens you. Furthermore he's teaching me to laugh at myself by explaining why it's foolish to take life so hard. Perhaps if I learn to believe in myself utterly and to chuckle at myself when I'm doing something perfectly absurd, I shall lose my fear of the future. Perhaps I'm finding a permanent relief. If so, I shall face life bravely."

And now, do you consider the hungry, haunting look of Joan Crawford's face to be nothing but a superficial mannerism shrewdly acquired for the purpose of increasing her box-office value—or do you feel it reflects the torturing doubt in her soul?

Joan has always known sorrow, but being an intelligent, as well as a courageous woman, she may eventually find happiness.

Joan Crawford says:

"I was born with such a terrible inferiority complex that I must keep doing things to retain my self-respect. Now I'm a star, and yet that mysterious force keeps urging me on and on.

"Marriage gave me a tolerance and patience that up to then I had never known, but it has not killed that force which drives me on day and night.

"It would be impossible for me to enjoy having my husband place me on a pedestal and worship me. I never could sit home day after day and wait patiently for my husband's return at night.

"Don't think because I have failed to find a certain illusive state of mind, I necessarily want to try another marriage. No one else is to blame. It's all me.

"Perhaps there is a new experience which, when I find and conquer it, will satisfy this longing of mine. In the meantime, I must try to develop.

"Perhaps if I learn to believe in myself I shall lose my fear of the future."



*All the beauty
tricks of all the
stars brought to
you each month*

Shade the face, and face the shade, is our July warning. If ever hair and skin need protection it is now. A broad-brimmed fascinator, such as shields beguiling Kay Francis, will prevent the immeasurable harm of an over-dose of sunburn and will add something to your personal charms as well. But this shade is not enough. Be sure that glare from sunlit sands, waters, spaces, is never reflected onto yourself. It will burn more cruelly than torrid suns. Kay, if you need consolation, is a freckle type. Screen make-up restores her natural gardenia skin tones on the set, and for evening a powder base and deeper-than-skin shade of powder are her remedies.

Confidently June Clyde reposes beneath her cellophane blanket. It is a barrier against painful burn. Colored cellophane filters the sun's blistering rays, so with a transparent coverlet you may burn only to the degree you wish. A red blanket protects one hundred per cent; a green blanket fifty per cent, with violet and amber next in line. A dazzling new stunt for you sand sirens!



Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck

THE burning question in July is, literally, the burning question. At this time we are all more or less confronted with the possibility of our bronzed, yellowed, raspberried, strawberried or reckled selves. It is not a pleasant picture; excessive sunburn is often painful and disfiguring, and sometimes it is fatal. Hollywood knows the case of the girl who, tanned and leathered from burning until her skin toughened and pores closed entirely, died from poisoning. This is an unusual case, but every summer brings its sun victims.

The regrettable part of this sunburn tragedy is that usually there is no reason for it. A becoming tan, a rosy outdoor look, these will earn you compliments any day. But a tan with alligator-skin texture, deep, dark freckles, a lobster hue, certainly get you nothing but the critical comments of friends and possibly the doctor's office. I know very well the temptation of sprawling under a summer sun, of going hatless, ofasting yourself à la naturel into sparkling waters. But think twice before you do.

Think first of the sunburn creams and lotions, preventive and curative, the oils that divert the burning rays yet permit the degree of tan or burn you desire, and protect the skin texture. There is magic in them, you will agree after a trial. A good sunburn preparation and a daily timing schedule whereby you gradually attain your tan will give you a summer skin that others may love to look at as well as touch.

Hollywood finds the juice of fresh strawberries a successful cure for burn. This juice is a mild bleach, takes out the sting. Fine for Hollywood with strawberry season on forever. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 47]



Anita Louise is preparing for Malibu. Summer time is cream time if you have your skin at heart. Cream guards against weathering and burning



Wild waves and burning sands hold no fears for Betty Gillette. An application of oil before exposure, another after, and her skin avoids that too-summery look

Sheila Terry is the tanning type. Vinegar sponged lightly over her skin draws out the heat and permits her to brown evenly and without pain or inconvenience

A rich cream is Gloria Shea's panacea for sunburn, for Gloria both burns and peels. Cream before the beach, cream after, and her skin remains flower-like

Relax for Youth and Beauty



Arletta Duncan, at seventeen, is on the sure road to beauty at forty. Notice her flat, pillowless bed. When Arletta sleeps or rests, her spine is straight, her throat smooth, relaxed. This position helps to prevent a sagging chin, those lined necks we see, even in the young. A thick pillow throws the neck into unnatural line, encourages drooping of muscles. You will grow to like your pillowless couch if you will try it for a while. Also, there is no beautifier like sleep. The quantity varies in most instances, but you can soon discover your own needs. Hollywood, when it works, is the sleepingest town you ever knew. All lights out by ten-thirty.

Anita Louise gives you a lesson in relaxation. Cover the eyes with gauze or cotton saturated in cold tea. Relax completely for fifteen minutes preferably without a pillow. Marvelous for tired eyes, for lifting your spirits, revivifying you. Eye tonic or boracic-acid solution is also a great restorer





Coquettish veils require extra art in make-up, thinks Virginia Bruce. Brown veils need coral rouge, lipstick, warm powder. Black veils demand true red tones. All veils need more rouge, an iridescent eye-shadow



Dressing up in cold cream to be photographed is Hollywood's latest fad, as illustrated by Lillian Bond. It gives the face a lively quality. Constance Bennett and Ann Harding also appear à la crème



One secret of Lillian Roth's glowing skin. She uses a soft toothbrush and soapsuds at nostril and chin areas to insure immaculacy against oil

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

A strawberry lotion or cream would probably be more convenient for most of us.

Hollywood is also pretty well freckled, especially Joan Crawford, whispers a little bird. But Hollywood does not mind its freckles. It covers them for work; it covets them for play. The cycle of artificiality has been run until it is refreshing to get back to things put on the face by nature, such as a freckle.

O. K. Hollywood, but for the rest of us let's limit them to a mild sprinkling, a golden dust across the nose. Beyond that they are a deterrent to skin beauty and are often more difficult to bleach away than a brown or red burn.

On this matter of burn Photoplay comes forward, puts down its foot firmly and asks you not to burn recklessly.

OPPPOSITE you will notice Lillian Roth and her little tooth-brush which, as I have explained, she uses for something else.

Lillian has let us in on a perfectly grand home facial which she gives herself about every two weeks. It begins with cream to remove any make-up, passes on to a good soap-and-water cleansing where the little brush comes in for nostrils and chin, ends in a thorough rinse.

Next she applies a hot towel to open the pores more thoroughly, then paints her face with milk of magnesia which must stay on until it is dry like a mask—perhaps twenty or thirty minutes. Lillian then washes this off in clear water, applies an astringent. For a thin, dry skin a skin tonic or cold water might be substituted.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Lillian Roth finds a soft black-lead pencil perfect for elongating her dark brows. The left brow is natural; the right is gracefully lengthened, arched

Soft Curling Waves For The Blonde



Blonde hair usually is lovelier with some benefit of curl. Yet tight crinkles often destroy line, minimize the beauty of coloring, and appear very commonplace. The blonde, of all types, must choose her curls with discretion. Adrienne Dore's new shorter bob features a perfect curl for her hair. The whole treatment is unusual, too. The upper right side is bobbed in two steps, the upper step curled upward in a loose pompadour roll. This creates a very distinctive silhouette



From the right side you see to fullest advantage the gentle waves and youthful softness of this arrangement. For permanent, water wave



The back offers a double feature—swirls and close neck curls. For day wear brush this back hair into a roll; for evening cluster curls



The left side goes very tricky with a flat wave and an extended face curl. The part is high, permitting a sweep of color and sheen

A Chic Coiffure For The Brunette

Photoplay readers doubtless held shadowy shears while Claudette Colbert was getting this new short bob. She prefers a long bob, she tells me, but has been bobbed thusly at the letter request from her followers. A grand bob it is, and a grand disposition, Claudette. The hairline is revealed at the neck, broad waves fall softly over the cheeks, and the forehead hair is brushed back to accent that little forehead point. Claudette's hair is heavy, glossy and black



The side views of this coiffure are as interesting as the front. The waves over the cheeks, which Claudette always affects, frame the face charmingly and slenderize the contour. When the hair is drawn back from the face it is immediately enlarged in appearance, although this is an amazingly youthifying trick for fair-skinned people. And since Claudette's dark eyes have crept into the picture, let me whisper that she considers the daily use of an eyewash necessary to health and beauty, and a curling device helps those lashes creep heavenward

More Beauty Hints on Page 84



Fredric March—who made a screen success in spite of family objections; who is considered the best youthful character actor in Hollywood; who has stayed married to the same woman for five years and who never gave Will Hays any trouble! When he was a boy the motto which he kept stuck upon his mirror read, "Be a whole man to one thing at a time." And Freddie has not forgotten that doctrine

The Baby of the Family

Don't miss a word of this fascinating story about Fredric March, written by his own proud sister-in-law

By Mary Dupuy Bickel

"DON'T spoil him. We mustn't let him get spoiled!"

That's what the various members of Fredric March's family — Frederick Bickel it was then—have been reminding themselves and each other ever since he was little. To them he will always be the baby of the family.

It is only in the last year or two, since he has gone successful in a big way, that they are beginning to look at each other and realize, now that he is grown up and *still* not spoiled, that perhaps he is made of stuff that doesn't spoil!

For today he is just as quietly, humorously modest as he was the first time I ever saw him—when he was fifteen years old.

It was during the intermission of a tea dance at the Alpha Delt house in Madison, Wisconsin—the *old* Alpha Delt house—the one on Langdon Street. I was a co-ed then, sitting on the porch with a young man named Jack Bickel—quite a nice person, I thought, never dreaming I was going to marry him—when we saw a boy coming toward us across the lawn, and my companion said, "I want you to meet my kid brother. He's up here from Racine visiting me."

There was such a lot of quiet pride in his voice that I knew this must be a very special family.

We watched him come, a tall, young boy in



knickerbockers, with the serious, candid eyes of an idealist, and lips that quirked upward. His brother, smiling as he watched him, said to me in a low aside, "He's the pride of the family."

It was Freddie Bickel, who later changed his name to Fredric March, shortening his mother's maiden name, Marcher, to do so.

Later, when I was welcomed into the family as the first daughter-in-law, I decided it was the closest family group that I had ever known. In those days no member of that circle—three boys and a girl and their parents—could, or wanted to decide anything of importance without a conclave of all the others. Father and Mother Bickel would ask each other in their soft, sweet voices: "What do you think, Cora?" "What do you think, John?" followed by the oft-repeated, "You know best, dear."

I HAVE a letter which shows this closeness, which Fred, then a lovable youngster, wrote to his big brother, Jack, who was a college freshman. After telling about the hair cut he got last Monday, and about seeing Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," ("sat in pit. 50c. Gee, it was fine!") he goes on to say, "I have been very earnestly watching proceedings between you and fraternities. It may not be any of my business and I hope you won't get sore, but I thought my opinion might help a little. I hope you will not consider anything but Alpha Delt. I know what H.L. would say" (that means Harold, the older brother, already an Alpha Delt)—"to use your own judgment. That's all right, too. But looking at it another way, if I ever get as far as you are, and have to decide between two fraternities, yours and Harold's, you can readily see it might be a little hard . . . With lots of love from your kid brother, Fred."

Needless to say, Jack pledged Alpha Delt. No mere fraternity was going to come between these brothers.

Freddie, the baby of the family, was the last, perhaps, to outgrow that dependence on his family—his need for advice in making his decisions. An amusing example of

Here's the family to whom Freddie March (née Bickel) is still the baby. (Top row, left to right) Harold, the oldest brother; the father; brother Jack and Fred. (Lower row) Harold's wife; Elizabeth, the married sister; Mary (Mrs. Jack) Bickel, the authoress of this story, and Florence Eldridge, Freddie's wife, also of stage and screen

it occurred after Jack and I were married but still living near the University, and Fred was a college student (another Alpha Delt, of course!). He traipsed way out to our house one day, a good mile and a half, and explained, apologetically but very much in earnest, the object of his visit:

"I have to get a note book, Jack—and what do you think?—shall I get one that opens—" (here he spread his hands sideways) "this way? Or this way?" And he spread his hands up and down!

Naturally, that passed immediately into the treasure chest of family jokes.

For a group as closely knit, as deep in their emotions, as serious and idealistic in their aims, they have always had, however, a marvelous sense of humor.

ON my first visits to their table, not understanding them very well at first, I remember positively *suffering* with sympathy, especially for Fred, who, as the youngest, came in for the most kidding. To literal me, brought up in a family where we said what we meant and no nonsense, it seemed as if his feelings must be terribly hurt, they were so apparently brutal to each other, so seemingly sincere in their cutting sarcasms. But I soon learned to enjoy, with them, the neat comebacks which Freddie invariably had at his disposal. With as grave a face as the rest he would make some devastating remark which left them, for the moment, speechless. Until they could gather their forces for the next attack.

They were like lambs in wolves' clothing, to reverse a good old simile. Perhaps it was their apparent gravity that deceived me in the beginning. In my family, if you made a joke you laughed as heartily as—usually more [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Recognize the future "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? Freddie when he was page boy in a church entertainment

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *RADIO PATROL*—Universal

INSTEAD of a gangster tale, now comes the glorification of the police and an interesting glimpse of the other side of the picture. Full of suspense, action, thrills and tragedy; a story of an officer, tried and true, on his daily beat.

The training of rookies for police duty, their work, their lives, their thoughts, all bring a new and refreshing idea to movies.

Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton are both outstanding as officers, who are buddies in their radio patrol car and who love the same girl. Bob wins, but weakens in duty and accepts a bribe. As a result a bank is plundered, an officer killed, and Bob himself redeemed through sticking to his post to the death.

Lila Lee, well and lovely, makes a fine comeback.



★ *STATE'S ATTORNEY*—Radio Pictures

JOHN BARRYMORE is splendid. And you'll like the picture for that reason. But the story is so obviously built to give Barrymore "a great characterization"—as the producers would say—that you're kept jumping breathlessly from scene to scene.

It's about a shrewd, witty and unscrupulous lawyer whose clientele is made up mostly from the underworld, but who is made district attorney and finally turns on them.

There is nothing startling in this story, but when you see Barrymore's inimitable performance, you will have had your money's worth. William (stage) Boyd plays the gangster, while Helen Twelvetrees, Mary Duncan and Jill Esmond furnish the Barrymore feminine background. It's an adult picture and not for kids.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY*—Warners

THIS is neither unusual nor exciting, but it moves along in a smooth, pleasing fashion, free from dramatic high-lights, but comfortable and homey. It will delight the thousands of George Arliss followers who have eagerly awaited his every picture since "Disraeli." What's more, it's clean—a picture fit for every member of the family to see. And although it is reminiscent of "The Millionaire," it stands firmly on its own two feet.

Briefly, the story concerns a wealthy man who returns from abroad to find his family in such a whirl of social activities that he can't get even a glimpse of them. From the sage wit of his valet, he learns that "only the poor stay at home." Whereupon, you know that he is going to become "poor" instantly. This he does in his sly, humorous manner, which keeps you interested, even though there is only one surprise development.

Mary Astor is charming as the wife. Evalyn Knapp, the daughter, shows great sincerity in her work. William Janney is the enthusiastic, polo-playing son, but the boy that will have you in stitches with laughter is young Hardie Albright, who plays the straight-laced suitor in a manner that is worth the price of admission. Arliss has done more powerful rôles, but you'll like him, anyhow.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY AS YOU DESIRE ME
RADIO PATROL STATE'S ATTORNEY
ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE
BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

The Best Performances of the Month

George Arliss in "A Successful Calamity"
Greta Garbo in "As You Desire Me"
Eric Von Stroheim in "As You Desire Me"
Melvyn Douglas in "As You Desire Me"
John Barrymore in "State's Attorney"
Edmund Lowe in "Attorney for the Defense"
Evelyn Brent in "Attorney for the Defense"
Tallulah Bankhead in "Thunder Below"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126



★ AS YOU DESIRE ME—M-G-M

WE hate to write the words, "This may be the last Garbo picture you will see," but at this moment it appears that she will not make any more now . . . if ever. And Garbo has never been more marvelous; never has she possessed such youthful beauty or such wistful appeal.

The story begins in Budapest, where a super-gay Garbo in a platinum wig, is the sweetheart of a depraved novelist, the latter played very expertly by Eric Von Stroheim. Owen Moore, a friend of years before, sees her and appeals to her to return to her titled husband in Italy, from whom she was separated. She joins her husband (Melvyn Douglas) even though her mind is befuddled and she cannot be certain that she belongs there.

Here she appears without the wig and looks like a girl of eighteen. The photography throughout is like some lovely painting.

The love scenes between Douglas and Garbo are the high points of the film and they almost equal the ones played so long ago by Gilbert and Garbo.

If this must be her last picture, we are glad it is such a fitting swan song. And you don't need us to tell you not to miss this film.

You couldn't be kept away!



★ ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE—Columbia

IF you think you are fed up on courtroom pictures, don't make up your mind to pass them by until you have seen this.

And don't miss the performance of Edmund Lowe, who carries off the honors.

Evelyn Brent is seductive and does excellent work in the rôle of a beautiful woman of questionable morals, while Constance Cummings again acquits herself creditably in a straight rôle, the stenographer who stands by her boss to the finish. Dorothy Peterson and Donald Dillaway also have important parts in the story.

It's difficult to find anything new about this story. It has been done so many times, but it is packed with suspense and you won't want to miss it. There's a surprise finish.



★ BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE—RKO-Van Beuren

WE have had many animal pictures, but never one more absorbing than the film record of Frank Buck's expedition into the Malay jungles. In it, is an eight-minute fight between a twenty-four foot python and a tiger.

Every single frame of the picture was made in the jungles and is absolutely authentic. For years, Buck has been in the business of catching wild animals alive and bringing them back to sell to the zoos of Europe and America.

One scene shows him capturing a baby elephant with his bare hands. Five weeks were occupied in the preparation of this scene alone, as it was necessary to separate the herd from the baby elephant and drive them forty miles away.

Here is a picture that will live a long time after the current sex pictures and melodramas are forgotten.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

**WINNER
TAKE ALL—
Warners**



**THUNDER
BELOW—
Paramount**



TAKE a good look at the little red-headed fighter, James Cagney, for he says he wants more money or he will leave the screen. Again he has a sympathetic rôle—that of a boxer who, sick himself, goes into the ring to win money to help his sick sweetheart. He wins, and then goes haywire over a blonde fashion plate who deserts him. Marian Nixon is appealing as the country girl and Virginia Bruce is easy to look at in the blonde rôle.

A LITTLE more lightning with the thunder and this would have been a better picture. Tallulah Bankhead in a too-melodramatic plot emerges as a finished actress and a beauty. Charles Bickford, Paul Lukas and Ralph Forbes are the three men in her life. There's an unhappy ending, but excellent acting by the entire cast. Not the most thrilling picture made, but interesting.

**THE
WOMAN IN
ROOM 13—
Fox**



**MISS
PINKERTON
—First
National**



MORE suspense, a building toward a climax and swifter direction would have made this a winner. The story deals with a wife who refuses to postpone her divorce in order to save her husband's career, only to have him blast the happiness of her second marriage. Elissa Landi as the wife, Ralph Bellamy, Neil Hamilton and Gilbert Roland add strength and conviction to an otherwise weak story.

JOAN BLONDELL steps forward in an entirely different rôle and you'll love her. As hospital nurse, looking for something to break the monotony, she is sent to care for a hysterical old lady who has just seen her nephew murdered. George Brent (and don't compare him with Clark Gable!) plays the part of an inspector. If you like mystery stories, you can't afford to miss this.

**THE RIDER
OF DEATH
VALLEY—
Universal**



**SINNERS
IN THE
SUN—
Paramount**



REMEMBER the good old days? They're back—with Tom Mix racing with death to rescue a pretty girl (Lois Wilson), swaggering fearlessly after dirty villains, lost on the desert with only Tony, his horse, to save him. Who can do that grand old hokum better than Tom and Tony? No one, we'll say! The kids will eat this up and Dad will be glad of the excuse to take Junior.

CAROLE LOMBARD and Chester Morris do their best with this unconvincing but not unentertaining story. Carole plays a mannequin (you must see those clothes, girls!) and Chester is the poor but ambitious garage mechanic who loves her. But Carole aspires to the so-called better things of life and, only after each has had a taste of riches with someone else, do they discover that "love is all."

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**LENA
RIVERS—**
Tiffany Prod.



**SKY
BRIDE—**
Paramount



AN old-fashioned story with the Kentucky blue grass and its horse racing traditions as background. Charlotte Henry, a newcomer, is exceptionally pleasing and Beryl Mercer excellent as always, but the old story of the deserted mother's orphaned offspring discovering her wealthy father at the psychological moment is just a bit thick. James Kirkwood, as the father, plays a sympathetic rôle and does it well.

HERE'S a swell picture with plenty of aviation thrills and a dash of some good sentiment (maybe patterned after "Broken Lullaby"—but who cares?). Richard Arlen, as the stunt flyer who crashes his pal's plane, gives one of his best, most natural and restrained performances. Jack Oakie does a sympathetic character and very well, too. Not so much love interest, but grand suspense.

**LOVE IS
A RACKET—**
First National



**NO GREATER
LOVE—**
Columbia



SO this is what happens when a chatter columnist falls in love. Whewie! Just human, after all. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is fine as the columnist who falls for a pretty face (Frances Dee), finds himself in plenty of trouble and loses the girl in addition. Bouquets for Lee Tracy as the newspaper pal and for Ann Dvorak as the girl about a man's apartment. Swell direction wasted on a weak story.

NEW YORK'S East Side is brought to your door, along with the problems of a merchant named *Cohen*, who undertakes the care of an orphaned cripple. His great love for this child and her devotion to him make a human story that tugs at your heart-strings. Alexander Carr and the child, Betty Jane Graham, bring you plenty of tearful moments. Splendid dramatic entertainment.

**NEW MORALS
FOR OLD—**
M-G-M



**THE
TENDERFOOT—**
First National



THIS gets off to a fine start, but somewhere on the way it loses sight of the object of all this splendid acting and falters to the finish. Lewis Stone and Laura Hope Crews are the parents of Robert Young and Margaret Perry (a bright newcomer) who try to plan for their children's good, but it doesn't work out right. The direction, in places, fairly sparkles, but the story misses.

THIS time Joe E. Brown is a cowboy from Texas, who hits New York with \$20,000 which it takes a slick theatrical producer only a couple of hours to lift. Even if you don't know the show business, you'll laugh until your sides ache, so beware of sprained ribs. The story is weak, but the gags—and rubber-faced Joe—are swell. Ginger Rogers, the girl, is good.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 86]

Don't Call Him "Skippy"

Jackie Cooper airs his
views on life and things
to *Le Gare Chandler*

IMAGINE yourself walking right up to the front gate of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio with an appointment in your pocket to interview Jackie Cooper, no less. Of course, I'm the lucky palooka that all this happened to, but as I was saying, just imagine yourself.

Right off the bat the chap in the front office looks over your credentials and makes out a pass. Then he buzzes an electric lock on a thick walnut door and—presto! You are inside. Half a block to your left along the narrow street of the studio city and you enter the publicity bungalow.

Near the bottom of a big black-board inside the cool, spacious office is a notice that looks like the fight announcements at the American Legion Stadium. "Cooper-Chandler"—that's what it said.

I was hardly prepared for the bout that was to follow. Some interviewers have outlines of a general conversation worked up in advance; others jot down a lot of questions to ask; maybe some of them even have psycho-analysis cards to be filled out in blank form.

Might as well tear 'em all up when J. Cooper is the interviewee. Wouldn't be worth two cents.

What a boy! What a cyclone!

IT would have taken two dictaphones (on wheels) to have recorded our conversation *verbatim*. Nonetheless, I found out everything I wanted to know in five minutes. The rest of the dinner hour chatter was pure velvet—nothing stingy about Kid Cooper. When he hands out an interview, it's a genuine man-size affair. Another half hour and I could have written a biography with several volumes to cover Jackie's quaint viewpoint on places, things, people in general and Wally Beery in particular.

"Y'know Wally?" There was a reminiscent smile as Cooper recalled—one of those broad smiles that looks as if it is about to explode. "Well—I was over at Wally's house the other day—he came walkin' into the room—y'knew he had a new baby didincha?—sure, he adopted it—well, y'see he came walkin' into the room with this little baby in one hand (brief pause to let the picture sink in), and what d'y's'pose he had in the other hand?—yeah! (excruciatingly)—some diapers!"

Short intermission as Jackie scurries across the commissary to shake hands with someone in the next room, the while we are recovering from the shock.

"Where was I—oh, yeah—y'know, I wanted to go up in an airplane with Wally once, and Mr. Mayer wouldn't let me on account of my contract, so mother dear (here he rested his arm affectionately on Mrs. Cooper's shoulder)—mother dear and I went out on Mr. Mayer's yacht a lot of times, an' I caught a fish that was this big once (hand high above head)—honest—an' we cooked it an' ate it right on the boat.

"Well, when the boat started rocking just a teeny bit, mother

dear got tur'ble scared an' seasick an' everything—" Here Mrs. Cooper interrupted. "Why Jackie, the boat was rocking dreadfully. We were afraid it was going to sink." No reply from Jackie; only a broad grin of tolerant understanding in the direction of his mother dear.

"Did you get seasick?" I inquired.

"Naw (scrumptiously) of course not. I just stood up on deck all the time, I did—watchin' the mast lean way over—" Here Master Cooper illustrated the acute angle of the mast with a knife, leaning dangerously near the level of his mother's consommé.

BEFORE we had come over to the commissary, Jackie had been busy autographing a series of touching farewell messages to give to members of his company, thanking them for their *bon voyage* wishes for the success of a six weeks vaudeville tour in the East. The particular company upon which Jackie was so fondly unburdening his feelings consisted of Chic Sale, the comedian; Harry Pollard, the director, and members of the cast of "When A Feller Needs A Friend," in which Jackie plays the rôle of *Limpy* as a tragic little crippled boy, trussed in a torturous leg brace.

Jackie again.

"Y'know, Chic Sale is s'posed to be my great-grandfather—he was in the Civil War an' the Battle of Manila Bay an' maybe the World War—I forgot, but it don't make any difference. Y'see, he's my great-grandfather an' he comes out without even gettin' killed or anything. I wish," sighed Jackie, "I wish they wouldn't make mesay 'gee' all the time—I can't even say 'gee whiz,' just 'gee'—an' then I have to do a lot of crying besides. Did you

know (here Jackie opened his eyes as wide as an owl's) every time I have to cry it costs my company ten dollars! (Another pause to allow me to grasp the enormity of this terrific waste of money.) Yes sir! (emphatically) Y'see, they have to sit around and wait for me to make up my mind to cry."

I can well imagine Jackie bursting into tears at the sight of his directors and cameramen sitting idly about because of him since, besides his mother dear, there is nothing that Jackie seems quite as anxious about as "my company."

"**Y**EAH, an' another thing, I have to do a lot of talkin' with my hands." Jackie waved his right hand through the air in an eloquent flourish that would have put to shame the most lucid gesticulations of a Frenchman or Italian.

Those hands of Jackie's are very valuable appendages. Talulah Bankhead, who is one of J. C.'s most ardent admirers, goes into ecstasies over them. It's a fact.

Some of these sensitive-faced actors who stagger around in front of a camera with their [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Cecil Beaton

"Pardon the yawn. Honest, it's not the company, folks," says Jackie Cooper. Nor is that a yawn of boredom—for Jackie couldn't be bored when the world is so full of exciting things like boats, marbles, jackknives, tops, and strings



Hal Phylfe

SOME old meanies said that Johnny Weissmuller can't play dress up parts. So just to show 'em he can look as smart as the next fellow, he had this natty picture taken especially for PHOTOPLAY. But this isn't the way Johnny usually looks. He quite startled New York by walking along Broadway hatless and in a turtle-necked sweater *a la* Hollywood

Fashions From New Pictures

Seymour



DO YOU want a hat you can wear with a dozen different costumes? Here it is, tipped smartly forward on Virginia Bruce's pretty blonde head. The brim is ballibuntl straw, the crown is a new angel-skin piqué arranged in wide strips to show the hair here and there. The brim rolls up in back. That straighter-over-the-eyes line is new.

A FASHION scoop! A first pose of Garbo in one of the striking outfits she wears in her new picture "As You Desire Me." And doesn't this prove that Garbo can be glamorous in plain clothes as well as exotic cloth of gold?

STUDY this costume of Garbo's closely—but I don't suppose I have to tell you to do that! It has all the elements of a true sports outfit plus those little extra touches that spell—Garbo! There are the sleeves that blouse like a smock—the deep blue jacket with its double-breasted parade of buttons going up to the shoulders. There's the simple dull-silk dress with boyish turn-down collar. And the beret worn visor-fashion over the eyes.



HERE'S the jacket sketched in detail. Aren't the epaulet sleeves a clever note?

SUMMER is never properly ushered in until you can dress up in a large capeline straw hat. They not only flatter your face, but your frock, too. Especially if the frock is a striking floral print like this one which Evalyn Knapp wears. Her hat is ballibuntl in natural color, with a soft dipping brimline and shallow crown. This is a favorite Hollywood hat seen at smart afternoon gatherings. The sole trimming note is a colorful band.

A SMALLER brim but the same shallow crown distinguishes Virginia Bruce's stunning hat shown in two poses below. This is the type of hat you can wear on warm summer days with your printed silks and sheer cottons. Virginia wears it with a cool-looking floral-printed dress which has ruffy batiste collar and cuffs for trimming. This hat is white—the cluster of blossoms at the back and the bow in front are perfect. Many summer hats have revived the charming fashion of flower trimming.



Seymour



HAVE you seen a more charming summer dress than this one which Loretta Young wears in "Week-End Marriage"? Pale blue satin has been fashioned with a simplicity of line but a subtlety of detail. That bateau neckline, with an organdie collar, gives the smart high effect and is new. The bodice looks almost box-pleated in its treatment. Very youthful.



THE new evening silhouette that is being seen about Hollywood these nights is quite straight, often with fullness coming directly from the waistline, rather than molded as before. Such a frock is this one of Mae Clarke's. Deep-ivory dull crêpe has been designed with skirt fullness starting from the waist. A wide girdle fastens at the back with a brilliant buckle. The back is cut low, but the neckline forms a cowl at front where Mae pins a jeweled leaf. In "Night World."



HERE'S a close-up of the waistcoat girdle on Loretta's evening dress. Like it?



WHETHER or not you have a chance to play bridesmaid as Anita Louise does, you should have a delightful confection like this for special summer gaieties.

IT IS pink organdie—and the designer has made it very feminine but not too elaborate. Ruffles of the organdie trim the short cape-like sleeves and outline the high waistline. Two deep ruffles edge the long, full skirt. A sash of orchid velvet is knotted high in front, falling from the waist in long, graceful streamers. Anita's wide-brimmed hat in a pale blue affects the eye-tilting line that most large hats show this season. Flowers under the brim.

ANOTHER of the fluffy frocks that young things yearn over is this one Arletta Duncan wears in "Back Street." It's cornflower-blue maline, with flaring shoulder caps in a quaint wide-shouldered effect. Maline rosettes on peach ribbon form a belt.



Hollywood Is Wearing Blue



THE tri-color scheme of the Olympics is getting more than a hand in Hollywood fashions these days. Blue in practically every shade and as an accent is popular. And stripes are the brightest note seen both on and off the screen. Florine McKinney bands her brimmed rough white straw hat in the same tri-color stripes she wears as a scarf on her jacket dress.

IN THE sketch you will see Florine's dress with its short dark-blue jacket and light-blue silk dress. Note that the short sleeves of the jacket show the dress sleeves beneath—clever, that! From "Horse Feathers."



DON'T miss Loretta Young in "Week-End Marriage"—her new clothes will show you a lot of clever costume tricks. There's this striped girdle, for instance. It's a different belt for silk frocks. Wide at the hips, the brilliant stripes are brought into a belt at front and narrowed in the middle back. Worn on this pale beige dress it is unusually striking. The material of the dress is a new dull sports crêpe in a rather heavy texture with a corded surface. Loretta's corded turban and accessories match a blue stripe in the girdle.

Seymour

YOU haven't believed those rumors that prints are out of the picture this year, have you? Don't, because they bloom successfully every year. Arletta Duncan chooses a youthful flowered print to wear in "Back Street." The silk is printed in small flowers of blue, red and white. Pleated ruffles give a crisp effect. Trick arrangement of the white collar, isn't it?



HOLLYWOOD stars have adopted the little jacket as their own particular fashion fad. The briefer they are, the smarter. Loretta Young wears one in "Week-End Marriage" that I want you to look for when you see the picture. It's the one above. Hardly more than a bolero, it has tapering ends which cross at front and button on the shoulders near the neckline. The sleeves are quite full, but blouse over a tightly tucked wrist. Cuffs of the navy-blue dress material contrast nicely with the eggshell silk of the jacket.

REMOVE the jacket, and lo! you have a very simple but charming short-sleeved dress. Although the frock, which you will note in the small sketch, is without elaboration, it is cleverly fitted to the figure by means of a deep set-in waistband. The light silk of the jacket makes cuff banding on the sleeves.



Stax

IN spite of the ragged sweater and torn stockings you needn't be wasting tears on this little lad, for his weekly pay-check makes yours—and ours—look as anemic as boarding house beef steak. “Spanky”—of “Our Gang”—is one of those natural born actors, and if you haven't seen him yet, you'd better run to the nearest theater for a load of his cuteness

Dick und Dof Über Alles!

Hotel Central Bar,
German Film Headquarters,
Berlin.

DEAR Editor:
Oops! You've gone and done it again! If you hadn't given me a father's curse and then ordered me to check up on the motion picture situation in Siberia, I never should have run head-on into the film problems here in Berlin, Germany.

As it looks now, I'll never even see Siberia, let alone smell it, or even find out what the Siberian Cinemaniacs think of Joan Crawford's luxurious leggery. I am right smack up to the cowlick in the problems which face us American film fans in Berlin, and it looks as though the job would take me all summer, providing my elbow holds out. I've got a charley-horse in it already.

When you practically kicked me out of New York, editor, I took the hint. The next thing I knew I was in the grill room of the Central Hotel (they call it a "bar" here, for some reason).

Herr Schramm, justly famous tender of this "bar," came over to my table, where I was cowering and leering.

"What will you *haben*?" he asked.

"I will *haben* a small hooker of lemonade, *bitte*!" I said, quick as a twink, for my German is even better than my Russian.

"We *haben* no lemonade, but we *haben* beer," replied Herr Schramm. "You are an American, no?"

"I am an American, yes," I answered, sticking seven inches of nose into the foam. "The famous editor of PHOTOPLAY has sent me to Siberia!"

"Ach!" said Herr Schramm.

"Ach me, too," I said. "He wants me to find out all about the Siberian movie situation."

"Don't you go one steppe!" said Herr Schramm, sticking my trunk farther into the creamy suds. "What a movie situation we *haben* here!"

AND have these Germans a problem—and it is one, editor, with which every American picture fan is concerned!

There aren't enough American movie comedians to go round!

You see, these Berliners want to laugh more than anything else, and there isn't a thing to laugh about except movie comics!

As a result, they paste comedy prints together with chewing gum and tire tape and run them until they fall into two-inch lengths.

Here's an idea, editor. I was stag—er, strolling up the *Kurfurstendamm*, which is a sort of Broadway, giving the girls the loose eye, when I saw a crowd milling around and around. "A moider," thinks I, "or at least a good fight!" So I ups to the crowd and pushes me way in.

And what do I finds? A movie theater! It was mortifyin', as Ant-Eater Durante says.



They may not be Garbos or Dietrichs in Hollywood, but the laugh-hungry German people are ready to vote for them and throw out Von Hindenberg and Hitler, who talk of nothing but the serious problems of this fretful world

By
*Leonard
Hall*

"Dick und Dof," say the biggest letters, "in 'Hinter Schloss und Riegel.'"

That, editor, meant less than the dust. But on pushing farther I found that "Dick und Dof" were nobody but Laurel and Hardy, our old pals of the kick-in-the-pants school! And the crowd was breaking noses to get in! Imagine that, editor! Laurel and Hardy running neck and neck for mayor of Berlin—which is some city, larger than Painesville, Ohio, back home!

They were even billed above a Chaplin comedy at the same house. Herr Schramm—the fellow who keeps this so-called "bar"—says it is because so much film has rotted out of the

Chaplin picture that it only runs three minutes.

Is that a situation? And Harold Lloyd! *Herr lieber donnerwetter und drang!*—which is, in American, hot zam! How they love that boy! He, too, is billed higher than a kite, in letters which make German lady stars look like ten cent extras on a quickie lot! Right down the block from the hotel, he's advertised in a film called "Harold, Halt Dich Fest!"—which my keen Teutonic brain translates as "Hold Everything," or words to that effect.

AND when that's settled, what do you figure is left for the dramatic stars? A small plate of cabbage mit noodles, and no more.

Even such a twinkler as Marlene Dietrich—a real hundred per cent German product like beer and pretzels, but prettier—gets nowhere in competition with the comickers. "Shanghai Express" is all over Berlin in German, Austrian, Swiss and Bulgarian versions, but nobody goes except the folks who couldn't bite and kick their way in to Laurel and Hardy.

Now, is this a situation, editor? Can you imagine five hundred Laurels and Hardys, all on white horses, licking one Marlene? Yet they are doing it, right here in Berlin!

And that isn't all!

Maybe you remember the German picture, "Zwei Herzen in Drei-Fiertel Takt," or "Two Hearts in Waltz Time," which was such a smash in America? It was the only Teutonic tone-film to mop up a fortune since talkies ruined the silent business!

Now they are using almost the same name in everything they make, just for luck. All over Berlin a big picture is showing which is called "Zwei Herzen und Ein [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

PHOTOPLAY'S traveling
reporter gets his beer and
his facts mixed in Berlin



"Cimarron"

The PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal for the best motion picture produced in 1931

WITH a landslide of votes, "Cimarron" runs away with all the honors.

This mighty picture was chosen as the best film of 1931 in the *Film Daily* trade journal poll; it was given the highest award by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, and now receives the distinction of being the choice of the millions of picturegoers all over the world. Thus the trade, Hollywood itself, and now the final critic—the audience—pay the highest tribute to "Cimarron."

This is the twelfth annual award of this honor. PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Gold Medal, which your votes present, is the Nobel Prize of filmdom, greatest distinction any film can achieve.

"Cimarron" rounds out a dozen winners in this yearly institution. Previous winners were "Humoresque," 1920; "Tol'able David," 1921; "Robin Hood," 1922; "The Covered Wagon," 1923; "Abraham Lincoln," 1924; "The Big Parade," 1925; "Beau Geste," 1926; "7th Heaven," 1927; "Four Sons," 1928; "Disraeli," 1929; "All Quiet on the Western Front," 1930.

This is a splendid array of films, but "Cimarron" ranks with the best of them and carries out the Gold Medal tradition—for it is free from mawkish sentimentality—yet it is rich in real sentiment; it is as clean as Western air—without the cheap taint of sex vulgarity; and, what's more important, it is a



This enormous set was flung up on a strip of California desert. It is a typical Oklahoma "boom" town, complete in every detail. The town, known as "Osage" in the production "Cimarron," cost the Radio Pictures Corporation \$100,000 to reproduce. It was here that most of the action for 1931's best picture took place. Hundreds of extras and horses were used

Wins!



Wesley Ruggles,
whose direction
made "Cimarron"

motion picture—done with motion picture technique with its dialogue subservient, at all times, to its action.

In fact it has the two elements that have characterized every one of the Gold Medal winners—pure heart interest and action.

This is, incidentally, the first time that a Radio Picture has won, and PHOTOPLAY congratulates this comparatively new company for its daring to produce such a picture.

For "Cimarron" broke many of the iron-bound rules of picture making. Edna Ferber's great story, from which the film was made, was acclaimed as a masterpiece of literature, but was thought to be impossible for the screen. The wiseacres shook their heads when the book was bought. "The story is too episodic," they said. "It covers too long a period of time. Besides, it is a costume picture—and that will never do!"

But its director, Wesley Ruggles, had a



Richard Dix and Irene Dunne were perfect as Yancey and Sabra Cravat. Irene, then a newcomer, was shot to stardom. And not even Dix's best friends believed him capable of such a remarkable characterization



That stuttering comedian, Rosco Ates, was brought to public attention in "Cimarron," and has been proving himself worthy of Ruggles' faith in him ever since. Here he is in a powerful scene with Richard Dix

vision of a truly remarkable cinema and, backed by his company (which had the vision, too), he was allowed free rein in bringing "Cimarron" to the screen.

He chose Howard Estabrook to write the continuity and dialogue—a wise choice—for Estabrook stuck closely to the story but translated it into the language of the motion picture. He and Ruggles worked together. There was a perfect affinity between director and adapter.

The result was a smooth flowing film that showed complete harmony.

There are scenes which will live always in the mind. The famous "land rush" in which hundreds of people, wagons and horses make the historic dash for the new country—Oklahoma—ranks with the finest screen moments, including D. W. Griffith's famous ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Perhaps only those who worked on the picture—and it was an organization picture, with every member of the company sure of its greatness—know the terrific effort it entailed. A total of 42,000 extras were used—including Indians, brought [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

What! More Olympic Swimmers?



No, just three Hollywood beauties playing at Malibu. Note the boyish look of the beach attire

"I'm her best friend and severest critic," said Rubberneck, the big inflated hound, as he gazed fatuously at Bette Davis. Bette, who has been busy carving out a big success for herself lately, takes the sun in the briefest of the one-piece bathing suits. It's a tweed-knit in white and the belt ingeniously crosses through the low sunback decolletage to fasten in front. Rubberneck remarked that white is one of the favorite bathing suit colors with the stars, along with red and blue

Adrienne Dore is crazy about the beach and beach clothes. She has any number of clever suits, each entirely different in coloring and style. For both sunning and bathing, she likes this bright red and white suit with its halter neck. The back is cut low enough to allow a liberal suntan. Notice how the white is carried out in a design at the front. A brief skirt covers the trunks beneath. And when sunning, Adrienne keeps her waves in place by a printed scarf which she ties about her head



You would think everyone was in training to be an athlete the way exercise is being taken seriously at Malibu. Beach clothes are of the most practical type. One of the popular fads is Olympic shorts like those track stars wear. They either lace or button like these Ruth Hall is wearing — shirts, sweaters and quite often a bandana bib form the top half of the costume. Joan Blondell has a whole wardrobe of shorts in various colors with bibs similar to Ruth's



That Dore girl certainly knows her beach and yachting fashions. Here she is all dressed up and looking for a yacht! She tops the popular white flannel slacks with a swagger nautical white coat in three-quarter length. Slacks have stolen the show from beach pyjamas this year—they are worn over bathing suits, sweaters or shirts. Adrienne has another coat in bright red she wears with these

Does the higher waistline appear in beach clothes? Decidedly, look at this smart blue and white suit Adrienne Dore wears. A high tide in blue marks the waistline here, which is further emphasized by the clever detail of white buttons. The white top has a moderately low neckline outlined in blue stitching. Again you will note that Adrienne prefers a brief skirt to the strictly one-piece effect



How Do YOU Look In A Bathing Suit?

SYLVIA is known throughout the world as the beauty marvel of Hollywood. She is responsible for many of the beautiful figures you see on the screen. For the past five or six years she has been making the stars lovely and she has received as high as \$100 for a half-hour's treatment. She is the masseuse de luxe of the film colony. But now she devotes her time to teaching women and girls throughout the United States how to do for themselves what she has done for the actresses. And hundreds of readers of PHOTOPLAY express delight with results. Sylvia is ninety-five pounds of concentrated energy, and the magic of her reducing and form-remedying knowledge is imparted to you each month on these pages. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she writes.

By Sylvia

do you look in a bathing suit? Here it is summer and you've got to look nice on the beach. But do you? Take stock of yourself, you in-between girls, and then get to work.

And, incidentally, you fat girls and you thin girls can listen in on Aunt Sylvia's little lecture. It won't do you a bit of harm. I'm going to tell you how to reduce the lumps on your figure and how to fill out the holes.

Dozens and dozens of famous film stars have come to me simply to reduce certain parts of their figures. They have said I have worked miracles on them. But if you do what I tell you, you can be your own miracle worker. Ready? Now listen.

Squeeze Off Extra Flesh

I'VE told you fat girls that unless you take off the extra weight, your brains are as fat as your bodies.

I haven't been any too kind to you thin girls, either. But your letters tell me that I have shown thousands of thin and fat girls the road to lovely figures.

Now I've a special message for the in-between girls. Don't think, just because your weight and height conform to those silly charts, that you can sit back smugly and say, "I don't need to diet or take exercises. My weight is correct for my height." Listen to Sylvia, instead.

Now stand in front of your mirror. Take a good long look at yourself. You're not so fine as you thought you were, are you? No, you're not fat. Neither are you thin. You're just in-between—but that doesn't mean you're perfect, not by a darn sight.

Look at yourself closely. You have a flat chest. Your abdomen sticks out. There's a lump of flesh on your hip bone. Your legs are skinny and there are flabby muscles on the inside of your legs. Well, you'd better do something about it and do it quick!

I'll wager that you probably look very fine in a smart evening dress especially designed to show off your best points and conceal your defects. But how



A close-up of the most famous pair of hands in Hollywood. These fingers have moulded the figures of hundreds of stars. Powerful and supple are Sylvia's hands, but you can do for yourself what she has done for the stars. Says Sylvia, "Any stubborn lump of fat can be squeezed off as I am doing here—and that goes for arms, legs, hips, thighs, stomach—any part of the body except the bust. Take up handfuls of flesh and squeeze hard—then let it slip through your fingers like mashed potatoes. You can smash off the fat cells. Get to work, girls, and get rid of the lumps. You can if you really try hard"

THE first thing to do is to start on a good diet—one that will give you plenty of nourishment and plenty of pep and will keep you at an average weight. (I'm talking to the in-between girls now—you fatties and you skinnies stay on the diet I've already given you.) While you're on the diet, start working on the lumps. Here's the building-up and nourishing diet for the in-betweens.

Breakfast

Glass of water.

Dish of strawberries or any other kind of berries with a little brown sugar (no cream)

or

Cantaloupe or any other melon with a few drops of lemon juice (no prunes, plums or apricots).

Half a glass certified milk.

One coddled egg. (To coddle an egg, boil water in a pan, shut off flame underneath it. Put egg in the water and cover pan with a top. Leave egg in for ten minutes. This is the healthiest way to prepare eggs.)

Two slices of whole wheat toast with butter.

Cup of coffee with brown sugar and cream.

To Build Up And Shapen The Legs And Hips



To build up and shapen the calves of the legs, hips and thighs take this exercise, which I call the scissors movement. First lie on the floor in the position that I'm in here, place both hands under your hips to raise the hips up and spread the legs as wide apart as you can get them



Now pull legs together as you see me doing. Then stretch legs out again and cross left leg over right leg—that is, reverse the position of legs. This works very fast and just like a scissors. One two and one two, etc., fifteen or twenty times a day and you'll get results

Luncheon

Half a head of lettuce and half an avocado. Over this pour two heaping tablespoons of cottage cheese in which sour cream has been stirred. Salt and pepper.

Jello with thin coffee cream. Iced tea.

Dinner

Cup of jellied soup. Double French lamb chop, broiled

or

Small steak, broiled or Two small pieces of broiled fillet of sole

or

Broiled liver or whatever meat agrees with you.

Two heaping tablespoons green lima beans or

Small baked potato and be sure to eat the skin (if large

baked potato scoop out middle and eat the rest, including the skin).

Two heaping tablespoons of steamed turnip tops.

Eight stalks of asparagus (on all vegetables you can have butter, put on cold after the vegetables are off the fire.

Lettuce and cucumber salad with French dressing.

Small dish of fresh fruit with brown sugar and cream. (If you use canned fruits, pour off the juice and take a few drops of lemon juice before eating the fruit. Use no sugar.)

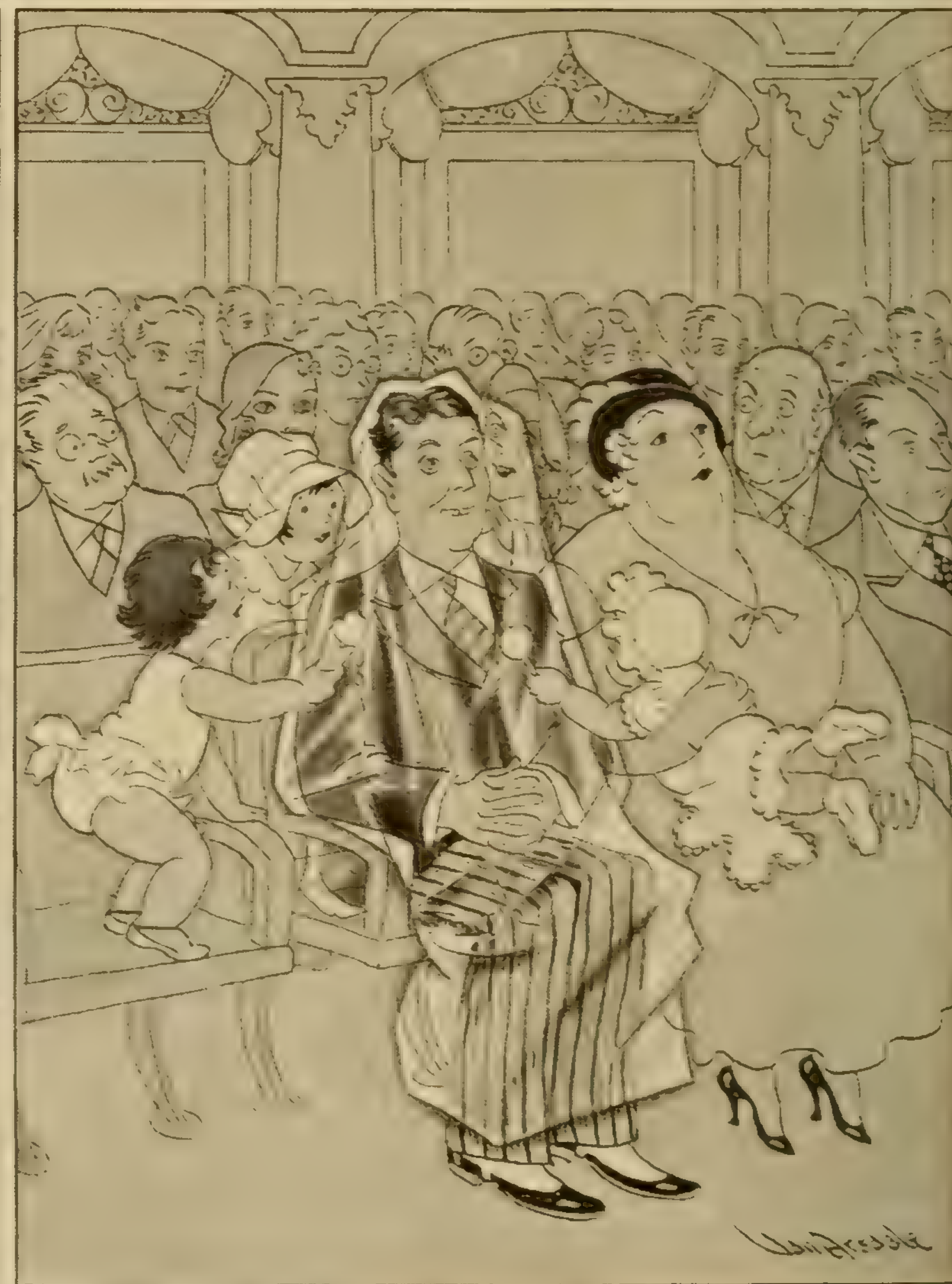
Demi tasse.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

To Reduce Upper Leg and Thighs

Lie in the position I am in here, raising the hips with the hands underneath. Slowly draw the right knee forward and lower the left leg—but don't touch the floor, yet. Now reverse, drawing the left knee forward, toward the chest, and lowering the right leg to about three inches from the floor. Then put both heels on the floor and relax. You'll need to relax. This is one of the most tiring exercises I've given you—but it absolutely will do the work. It will also reduce the stomach. Do the complete exercise only about three times at first—working up to as many times as you can stand. But concentrate on the part you want reduced and feel those muscles pull! You'll be tired for a few minutes when you've finished. But it takes off lumps, too





A new use for cellophane—baby-proof wrappers for bachelors



Marian Nixon and Janet Gaynor. Great friends and they look alike—but they are different. Marian more the woman and Janet the dreamy little girl. Theirs is, surely, a strange and tangled story



Marian and Janet

A story of the part
Fate played in the
careers of two girls

By James M. Fidler

WHEN "After Tomorrow" was shown throughout the United States, ardent movie-goers began asking each other, "Where has Marian Nixon been hiding?"

"Why wasn't that girl discovered before?"

"What's kept her off the screen so long—why, she has the same sweet and poignant charm that Janet Gaynor has."

"Marian Nixon and Charlie Farrell are a lovely team."

The answer to these questions and opinions is found in an amazing chain of circumstances, a couple of flukes of Fate and plenty of "What would have happened if—" For not so many years ago, Marian Nixon was a star and Janet Gaynor was an extra girl. And not so many years ago Marian played Lady Bountiful and sent Janet to apply for a part for which Marian was wanted but couldn't take. The part was that of *Diane* in "7th Heaven."

What would have happened if Marian could have taken that part? Would she have skyrocketed her way to stardom and would Janet have kept on being an extra girl? I'll leave that poser to folks with a lot of spare time and get on with the story of Marian, Janet and Fate.

Ten years ago Marian and Janet were unknowns. Marian had come to Hollywood in a vaudeville act that found itself suddenly stranded in Los Angeles. She became an extra in pictures. Janet was also an extra and occasionally danced in theater prologues to help out with family bills.

So these two girls started from scratch, as thousands of others have done, with nothing but pretty faces, charm and ambition.

But Marian struck a faster pace than Janet, got herself noticed by good work and good behavior and was rewarded by a one-year contract with Fox. Janet kept on being an extra for a year, while Marian got some good parts—good for a beginner.

Janet, Marian, Janet's boy friend and I were pals and that year we were together almost constantly. It was along toward the end of Marian's contract that we went to the theater together one night to see the stage play, "7th Heaven." We were especially interested because Marian had been promised the rôle of *Diane* in the film version, provided she re-signed with Fox. I remember we all talked about what a good opportunity it would be for her and how well she could handle the rôle.

But just at that moment Fate, disguised very neatly as the Universal Studios, stepped in and offered Marian a contract at twice the money she had been offered for a new Fox contract. Marian took the cash and let the credit go.

With Marian gone, Fox was having trouble casting two of its biggest pictures, "Johnstown Flood" and "7th Heaven." That studio tried to borrow Marian from Universal but Universal said "Nix."

Marian thought of her friend Janet, got her on the phone immediately and told her to go at once to Fox and apply for both jobs. She got them and rode instantly to fame, while Marian strung along in second rate rôles that never once—with the possible exception of Richard Barthelmess' "Young Nowheres"—brought out all of her talent and charm.

Janet became a star after "7th Heaven." Marian was merely a capable leading woman. Janet followed "7th Heaven" with "Street Angel," "Sunrise," "Sunny Side Up," "Daddy Long Legs," etc., etc. Janet was an important personage, a money-maker for her studio, a real screen find.

And Marian—who might have had the rôle of *Diane*—found herself going down the other side of the hill of fame. Each time that she thought she was to come into her own, something happened. She received a good salary, but no glory. And for the last several years she has been just one of the many good leading women who are consistently forgotten when good parts come along.

THIS might have been the end of the story, except that Fate—the zany—had a few more threads to weave together before she was through with Marian and Janet.

Janet was assigned the co-starring rôle with Charlie Farrell in "After Tomorrow," but Janet was making one of her periodical decisions to get away from the honeycoated heroines and prove herself a real actress, so she turned the part down and Marian took it—just as, years ago, Marian had given up "7th Heaven" and Janet had taken that.

What's more, Frank Borzage was given the job of directing the new Nixon-Farrell team. Just to make things more tangled up than they already are, it was Borzage, you remember, who brought Janet and Charlie to fame [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

An Extra Girl's Diary

HAVE you ever wondered what an extra girl thinks about?

About the stars, you've read everything. You know what they wear, whom they love, what they think of this and that, what they cook (if any) and eat, how they live—you know the stars better, you movie fans, than you do your next-door neighbor.

But the extra girl you don't know at all. And for every star in Hollywood, there are hundreds of them—each of them working, living, thinking kids. Each of them cherishing in her heart the hope, the wish, perhaps the conviction that some day she, too, will be a star.

And so few of them ever make the grade. Once in a while, one of them pops her head up over the mob, starts climbing the ladder to the heights. How far up she gets is a matter that depends on her—and luck. And one such is Ann Dvorak.

Ann Dvorak isn't really her name—it's just the name she took because she didn't want people to know whose daughter she is. Her mother is Anna Lehr, as *PHOTOPLAY* told you last month. She was a star in the days when the name "Vitagraph" meant big things in movieland. But Ann, graduating from high school, her heart set on a movie career, didn't want to crash her way on her mother's name. So she reached back into half of that Irish-Czech ancestry of hers and chose Dvorak, of all names.

She started at the bottom—an unknown, like countless other girls who struggle in Hollywood. She must have something—because today Ann Dvorak's head is above the mob.

She's the girl who was the sex-appeal in "Sky Devils." You'll thrill to her exotic allure in "Scarface" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Already, the fans are writing in, asking to know about this "different" girl they've seen on the screen. Ann Dvorak's heart is leaping high with hope. How far she's going to climb the ladder she's started, time alone can tell.

But that's not what



An amazing self-told tale of one girl's heart-breaking climb up the slippery Hollywood ladder

By Ben Lloyd

this story is about. This story is to give you what you rarely get—a glimpse into the heart and mind of an extra girl. For, during the days when she was just one of the thousands, Ann Dvorak confided her hopes, her heart secrets, to a little blue book, her diary. And, to anyone who is interested in Hollywood and its people, some of the things she has written there are a revelation—both of Hollywood and of Ann Dvorak.

It begins back in 1928, when she graduated from school. She wanted to be a movie actress. At first, she asked her mother for help. There's this entry in mid-1928:

"Made an appointment (or rather, mother did) to see Douglas Fairbanks. Imagine it! One girl out of a hundred—nay, two hundred!—gets a chance to see a man like he is. That is, they never can see him in his private office and have a little talk about themselves. I'm lucky, that's all, in having a mother who knows these people personally.

"Mr. Fairbanks is a very courteous and interesting man. He is very handsome, too. He wore a little black beret, and his face was tanned to a dark brown. He has a very pleasant laugh, which I found out through his amusement over my extreme youth and inexperience.

"I HAVE found out that the really big people—that is, those who amount to something and who have a great deal of responsibility—are the ones most likely to be tolerant and understanding. Some little fortieth assistant director would probably have just taken my name and address, shooed me out of the studio, and thrown away the paper he had written it on. Instead, Mr. Fairbanks introduced me to his secretary, and she is going to attend to the details of my costume and wigs, etc. for a test. You see, they are making a picture of the Louis XIII and XIV period. Oh God, I hope I photograph well enough . . ."

That same day she turned critic: "I saw John Barrymore in 'The Tempest.' He just misses being marvelous.

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 112]



Ann Dvorak, who recently married Leslie Fenton, despaired of ever having a studio seat with her name on it

"It's so easy to keep your skin lovely at home..."

MRS JOHN DAVIS LODGE

New York society leader shows you how she gives herself a beauty treatment . . .

FRESH and flawless as a tea rose, Mrs. Lodge's complexion is as uniquely lovely as her long golden hair, like *Mélisande's*.

She gives herself her daily beauty treatment in her own home.

"Cleansing, first," she emphasizes. "Yes, and here's what gets the skin really clean—Pond's Cold Cream. No matter what price you pay, nothing else cleanses so marvelously!

"Relax . . . Now wipe away the cream. How? With Pond's Cleansing Tissues! They are much softer. Pond's Cold Cream and Cleansing Tissues are all you need for exquisite cleanliness.

"But the skin needs stimulating, too, to keep it looking young. Pat, pat with Pond's Skin Freshener. To refine pores—pep up your color.

"Finished? Not yet! *Protecting*—that's what our skin needs next—to keep it fine and smooth. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives this necessary protection. Invisibly! It gives the loveliest peach-bloom finish, and you needn't powder again for hours.

"That's all I do—never neglect this simple routine. And always repeat it after exposure.

"AND, of course, at bedtime! That's a special ritual. Cleansing always with Cold Cream and Tissues to remove the day's grime. Then smooth in fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate. Leave on overnight.

"You see, the skin needs four things to keep it lovely—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating, Protecting. Just these four preparations are all you need. It's so easy—just in your own home!"



MRS. LODGE as she applies Cold Cream over face and neck . . . lets it sink into pores to float out dust and grime. Wipes away with Cleansing Tissues.



SATURATES COTTON with Skin Freshener and pat-pat-pats until the skin glows . . . that refines pores, tones, firms and brings fresh natural color.



BEFORE POWDERING, smooths a protective film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, when dressing for the evening.



MRS. LODGE, AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT • Photographs by Nicholas Muray

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmized for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. G • 114 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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"I'm
20"

Screen stars keep the charm of Youth

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to *keep* youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so exceptionally *white* that no other soap can rival it!

Begin today to let it care for your skin. You're sure to be delighted with the results, just as the famous stars are!



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

JEAN HARLOW, favorite of the screen: "I have found the secret of a fresh and youthful complexion — regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

"I'm
30"

"I'm over
40"



Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

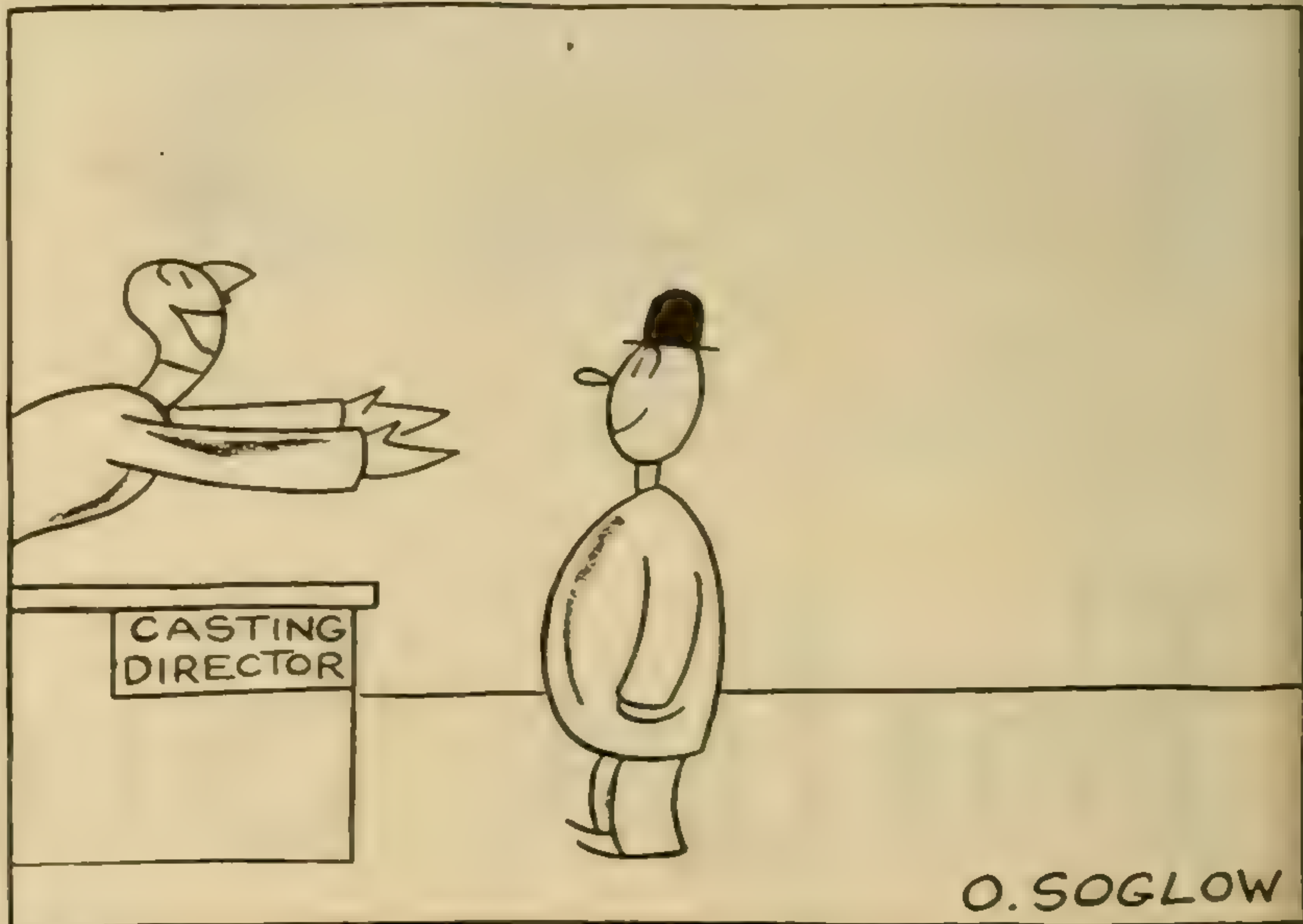
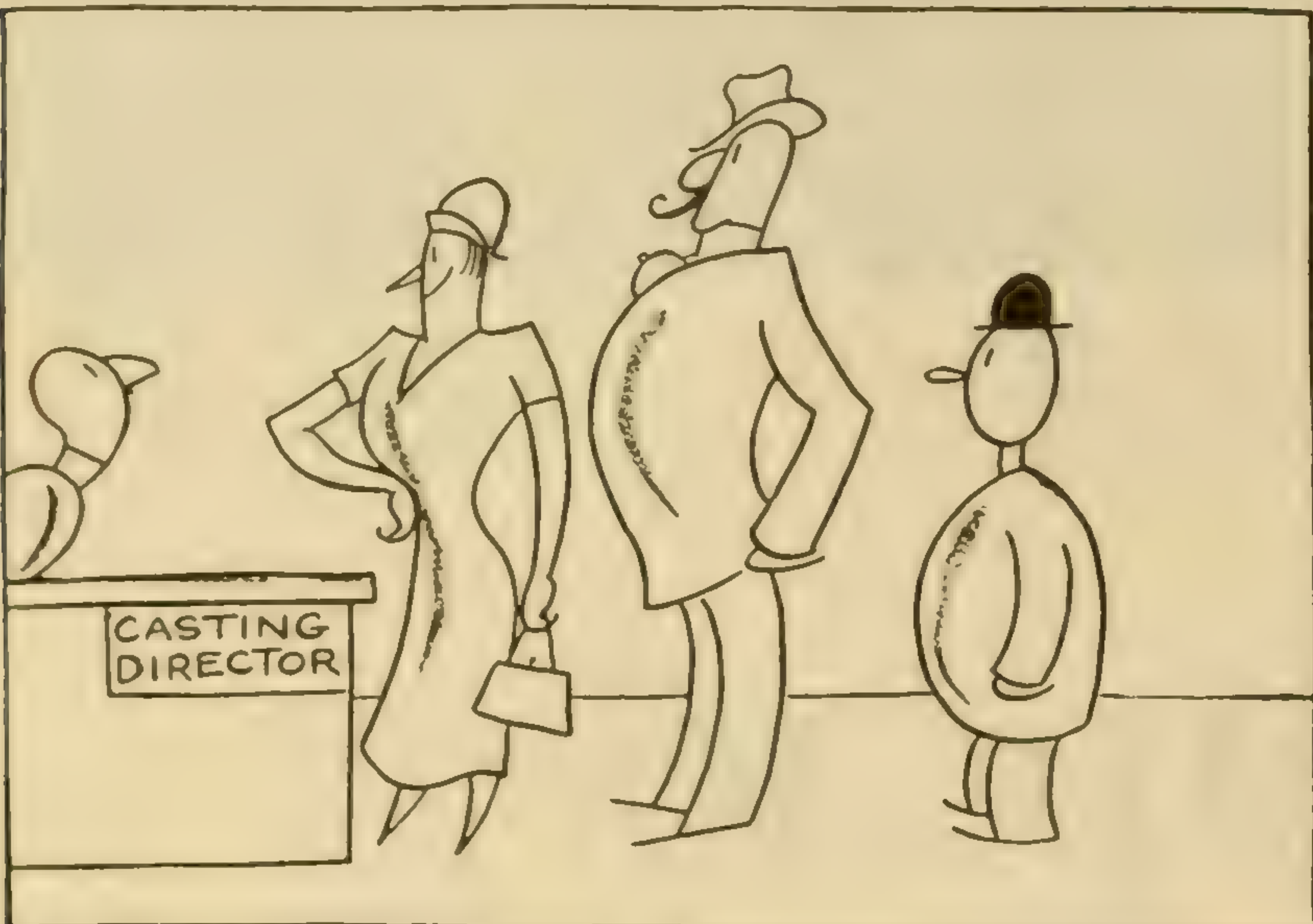
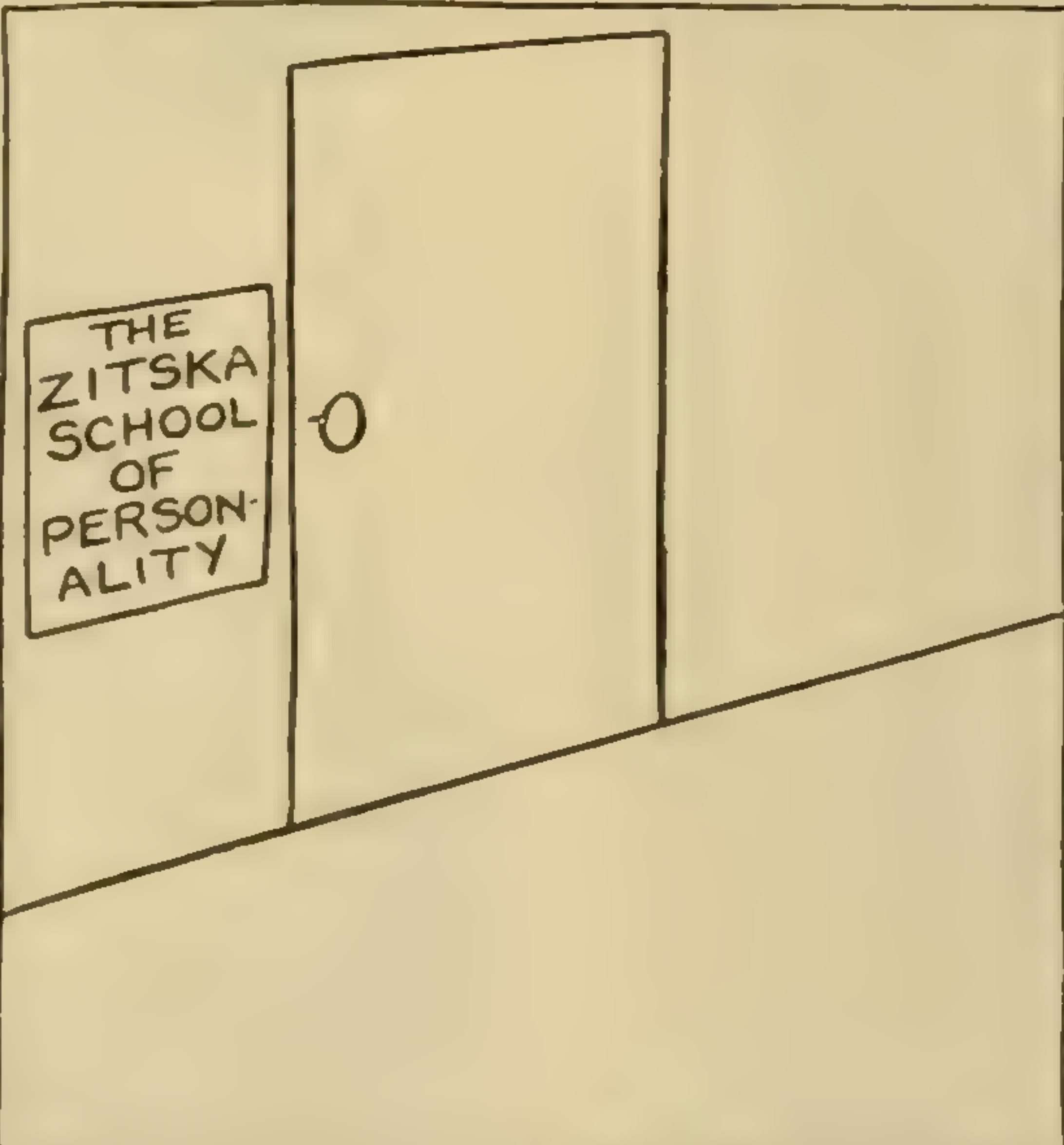
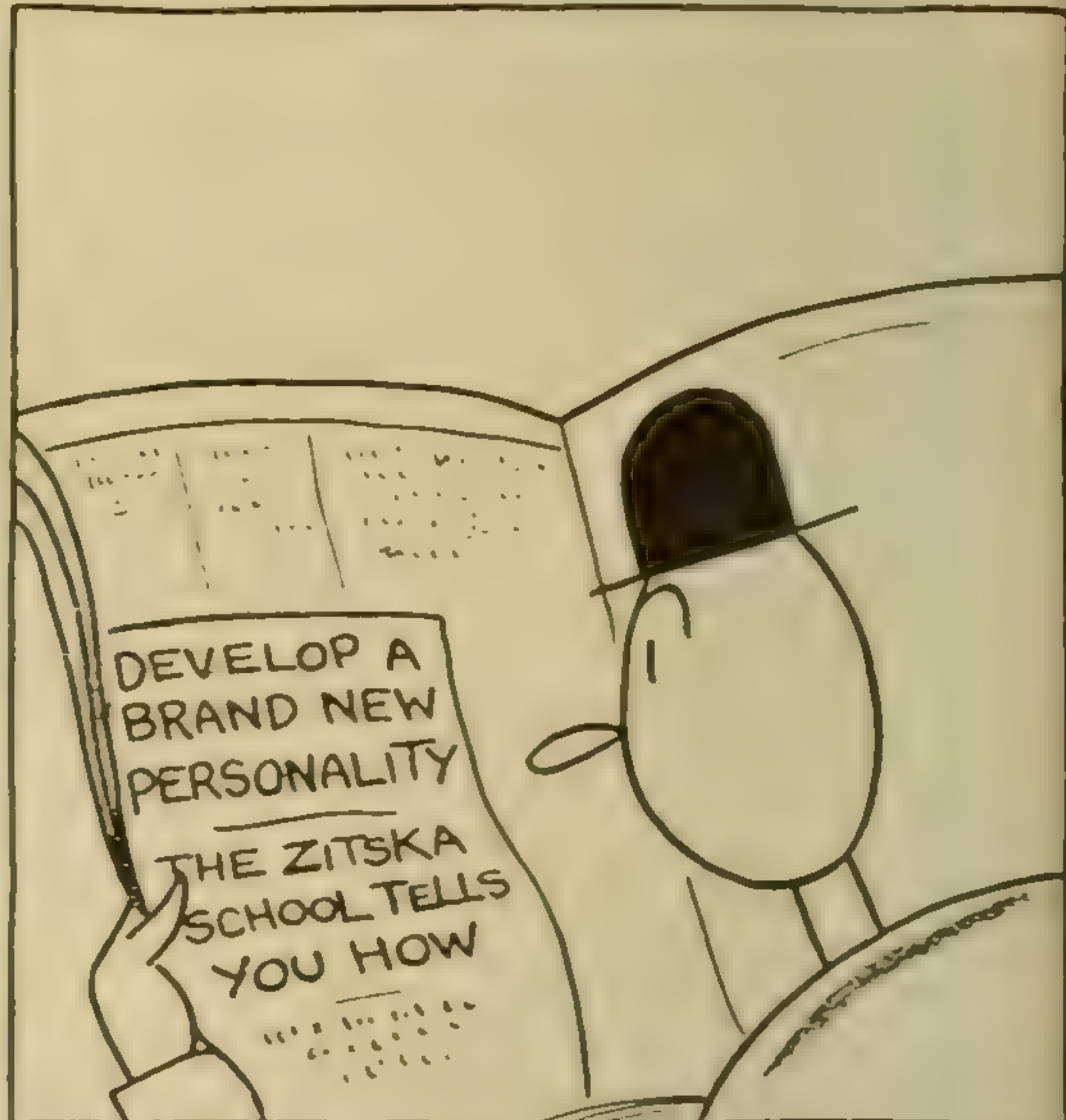
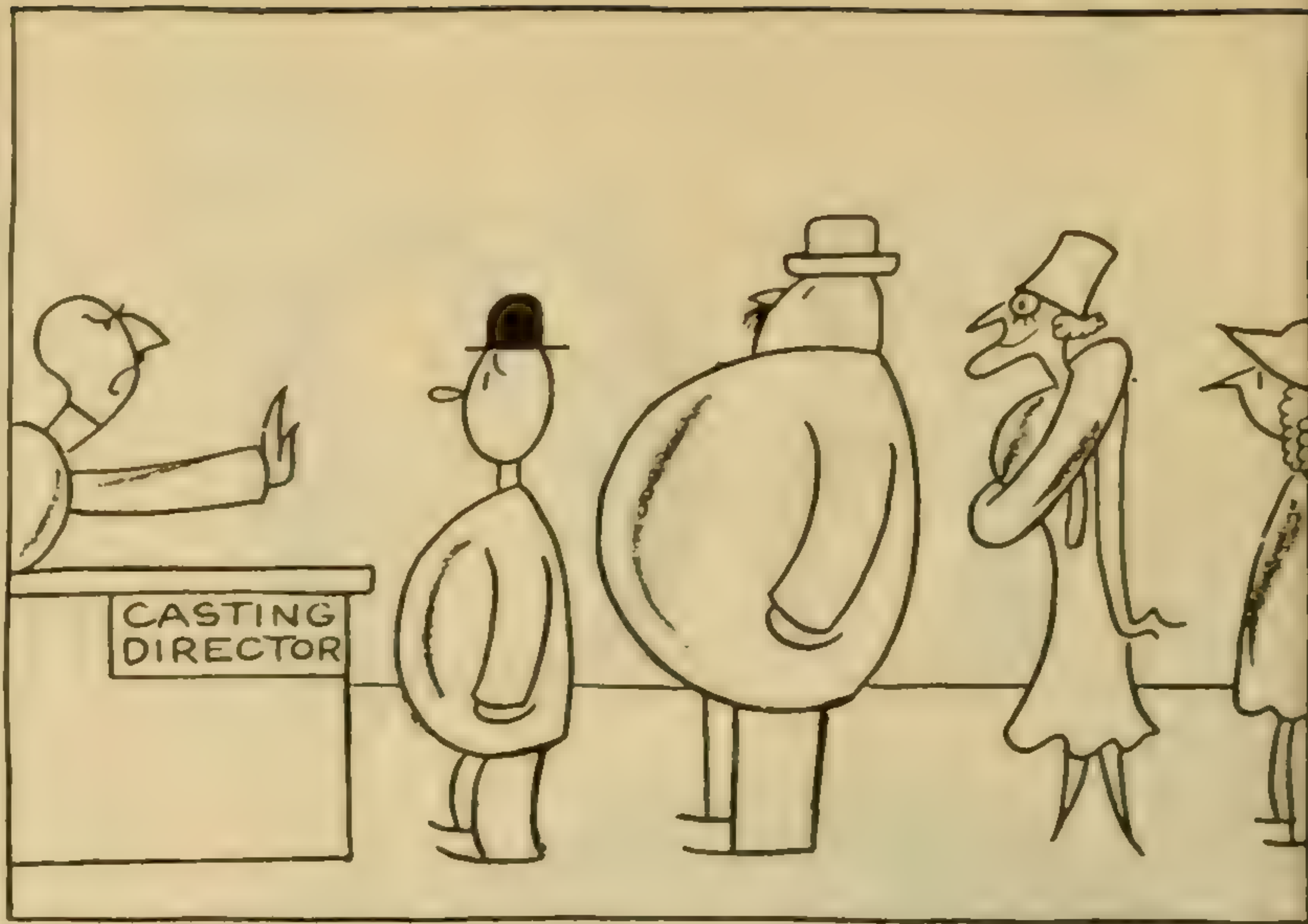
VIOLA DANA, beloved screen star: "Like most actresses, I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap has a wonderfully soothing effect on the skin."



Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray, New York

NAZIMOVA, glamorous star of the stage and screen: "I laugh at being over 40—my skin is so soft, so smooth. For years I have been faithful to Lux Toilet Soap!"

Toilet Soap_10¢



O. SOGLOW

Strikingly, radically new

most important improvement in sanitary protection

since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new

Phantom★Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Re-designed to end all fear of revealing outlines, no matter how close-fitting the gown, how filmy the silks you wear ... soft, as always, and easily disposable.

AT LAST! A radically new design in sanitary protection. You are scarcely aware you have it on. Made by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why? Because it is so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest-fitting of evening gowns. Not the slightest bulk suggested even under the filmiest of summer silks.

Remember how often an evening has been spoiled because of your discomfort? Self-consciousness? That feeling of a supposedly smooth-fitting frock marred by revealing outlines? That's unnecessary now! The new PHANTOM KOTEX sanitary napkins fit smoothly, perfectly, inconspicuously.

Kotex features retained

The special Kotex features are retained, of course. It is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; treated to deodorize; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily.

Today—American women use more than twice as many Kotex pads as they do all other sanitary pads combined. More

than 24 million pads were used in hospitals alone last year.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX. Try it. Learn what a difference it makes. Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex"—so you can't get inferior substitutes.

Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history. This new improvement comes to you at no increase in price.

On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the little booklet entitled "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, Room 2105, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



PHANTOM★KOTEX

so called because—
you scarcely realize
you are wearing it!

No revealing outlines—The new PHANTOM KOTEX is flattened and tapered so that ends are completely inconspicuous.

Greater security—The smooth, snug fit gives greater wearing ease than you've ever before experienced.

Lastingly soft—disposable—The same softness and absorbency for which Kotex is famous. Disposable always.

New Kotex Belt, narrow, adjustable, only 35c—Wear it with the new PHANTOM KOTEX. The combination makes for complete ease, for completely inconspicuous protection.



Ferenc

PORTRAIT of Bill Powell talking to himself as he awaits the call of his director in the doorway of his portable dressing-room on the studio set. What's he talking to himself about? Probably muttering about sitting around all day, all dressed up and nothing to do

Why *Throw away* what you *Save*?



This year's smartest frocks come in washable linens and cottons and silks. Lux keeps them fresh, unfaded, lovely as new all season through.

It's a bargain...but only if you keep it like new...

"WE FIND we're dressing on just about *half* what we used to spend," women tell us. "That's partly because we're shopping for 'bargains.'"

"But it's also because we're actually keeping everything like *new* so much longer.

"In the old days, a charming sweater blouse or a silk dress spoiled in washing didn't matter so much. But now we can't *afford* washing failures. They would wipe out what we save on low prices!

"So nowadays we're not taking chances with the ordinary soaps.* We wash *everything* nice the *safe*

way—with gentle, mild Lux suds."

LUX is the first item on *any* woman's economy budget! Because these tiny diamonds are *made* to preserve colors, to keep silks and woollens soft and lovely. Made to float out the perspiration acids that discolor and weaken fabrics. Remove all odor that might offend!

Thanks to Lux all your bargains can be *real* ones! That enticing sweater, your charming printed silks will last this summer and next

*Such soaps, whether cakes, powders or chips, often contain harmful alkali which fades colors and weakens fibres. Even one washing with such a soap may do damage nothing can repair.



This charming evening dress is of flowered organdy—delightfully crisp and fresh when it's new! To *keep* your pretty frocks new, give them safe Lux care.

winter, too. Even dresses you used to have cleaned, your gloves, your pocketbooks, can be kept fresh and new for ages with *safe* Lux. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



In times like these save nice things with safe LUX



Bourke-White

THIS is the sort of material they are trying out in Russia's new sound studios in search of a feminine lead. But has she glamour? Oh well, the whole Soviet picture business is only political propaganda anyway

STYLED FOR STARS PRICED FOR EVERYONE

The high note of swim suits this season is style. And

truth compels us to say that Catalina tops them all! De-

signed by artists who weave their style-magic with yarn,

Catalina Swim Suits are miles ahead of the procession!

Each suit has a "can't-be-copied" look about it. Each suit

is knit-to-fit by our original Ribstitch process. Each suit

registers a smartness of line, a trimness of fit, a symphony

of color, that makes CATALINA the instinctive choice of

Hollywood's famous stars. Best of all, the price is small.

See them at your dealer's now and mail coupon for illus-

trated folder, fresh from the style-studios of Screenland.



You see "more stars than there are in Heaven" when you see Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. Anita Page, Dorothy Jordan and Karen Morley, three M-G-M players pictured here, will be seen in many outstanding productions during the coming year. So, while you're listening to the roar of the waves don't forget the roar of the M-G-M lion.



CATALINA SWIM SUITS



"LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH ON THE LABEL"



Mail this coupon for FREE "movie-style" folder
Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 South San Pedro Street, Los Angeles.
Please send me, free, illustrated folder, "The Swim Suit I Like Best,"
showing the ten leading swim suits selected for 1932 by screen stars.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Three Beauty Tips From Hollywood

By Carolyn Van Wyck



A basin of steaming water is the only curling iron Sue Carol needs. If you have any natural curl, steam will give you a fluffy head in a jiffy or soften your wave so that you may easily push it into form

MILK of magnesia neutralizes acids externally as it does internally, penetrates, draws out poisons, leaving the skin soft, smooth, beautifully clean. Milk of magnesia also has a most obliging way of clearing up skin blotches and acid bumps. A cream also now includes this healing property.

A CONCEIT from Paris that might have appeal in Hollywood is a nose veil with eyebrows attached to suit mood and occasion. I have told you how players often remove their own entirely to facilitate screen make-up.

JOAN CRAWFORD appeared at the Hollywood premiere of "Grand Hotel," sponsoring that little foible I told you of recently—a well-oiled face. Try it the next time you wear an evening gown, with a little extra eye make-up and a bright lipstick. See what it does for you.

MARLENE DIETRICH curls the ends of her hair by dampening them with toilet water, twirling the ends the way she wants them to go and pinning them until dry. And speaking of toilet water, now is the time when you will find it especially refreshing. A light fragrant toilet water seems just the frivolous touch with tennis frocks, golfing togs and other outdoor apparel.

IN SPITE of cunning bathing caps and good resolutions the hair invariably gets more salt immersions at this time of the year than is good for it. If we conscientiously rinsed every bit of salt from it after every swim, that would prevent most of the havoc. But we don't, and we wonder when it gets dry, lifeless and color-



Marguerite Churchill tells us that a little moist rouge on a paper liner applied to the nostrils gives a fresh, youthful appearance

If you'd like to receive a booklet on sensible reducing, special blackhead and acne leaflet, our July letter of mid-summer beauty aids, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

An atmosphere of romance and curls all in place are the results of this veil which Thelma Todd has pinned coyly about her head. It appears to be two circular veils joined together for a charming effect

less. Remember the fresh-water rinse, and remember a good tonic, especially one with oil in it. And now and then give yourself an olive-oil treatment. Part the hair every inch or so, and with absorbent cotton rub the oil lightly into the scalp. Leave on over night if possible. If you want to make this treatment more thorough, dip a brush in olive oil and brush well into the hair itself. This is especially advisable for burned, sun-dried hair. Follow with a thorough shampoo.

CHANGE is the life-blood of Hollywood. Change in face, change in coiffure, in personality. Thelma Todd, formerly a sweet-faced schoolteacher, today one of the most ravishing beauties in Hollywood; Frances Dee, school-girl, has blossomed into a charming sophisticate; Gwili Andre, New York model, about to make a screen appearance with benefit of Hollywood. Carole Lombard changes her hair for every picture; Karen Morley does the same, sometimes includes the color also.

I THINK this magic of change is one of the most inspiring lessons for all of us who aspire to loveliness, attractiveness, charm. Change seems to be the trick. It is the fairy wand by which new worlds are opened to us. I think this Hollywood habit of continual change is the answer to hundreds of our readers who are not quite satisfied with their lives. So easy to say, I know, but a trick that requires concentration, resolve and definite purpose in mind. But try change in small ways, knowing that eventually it will make itself felt in the larger things.

BARBARA STANWYCK... in Warner Bros.
 "SO BIG" ... *Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively*



*The CHARM of
 Lovely Beauty
 is Created with
 the Magic
 of
 This NEW
 MAKE-UP
 from HOLLYWOOD*

*How to accent your charm
 and gain new beauty with color
 harmony make-up for your type*



THE lovely pastel
 tints of the blonde
 ... the soft, rich mel-
 ody of color tones of
 the brunette ... the
 deeper, glamorous col-
 orings of the brunette
 ... the delicate, yet
 sometimes brilliant ra-
 diance of the redhead
 ... each is a study in
 color harmony for the
 make-up artist, girl
 or woman who creates

MARIAN MARSH
 Warner Bros. Star,
 using Max Factor's
 Lipstick.

beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lip-
 stick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor,
 Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and
 revolutionized make-up in motion pictures
 with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony.
 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by
 secret color harmony principle. Each shade
 is a color harmony tone, composed of scien-
 tifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts
 that satin-smooth make-up you've so ad-

mired on the screen, giving the skin a live,
 luminous beauty... yet remaining invisible.
 A face powder that never appears spotty,
 off-color, or powdery; and never "shines."
 So perfect in texture, even the motion pic-
 ture camera does not reveal it.

Even under brightest sunlight or artificial
 light you may be sure of this satin-smooth
 effect... for screen stars have proved its
 beauty magic under blazing motion picture
 lights. And it clings for hours, for the fa-
 mous beauties of motion pictures will not
 trust a powder that fluffs away.

RUTH HALL,
 Warner Bros.
 player, and Max
 Factor, Holly-
 wood's make-up
 genius, using the
 correct color har-
 mony tone in
 Max Factor's
 face powder to
 blend beauty
 with her brunette colorings.



Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max
 Factor's face powder, originally created for
 the screen stars, at the nominal price of one
 dollar the box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eye-
 shadow, based on the same revolutionary
 color harmony principle... in shades to
 blend with your face powder... fifty cents
 each. Purity guarantee, with Good House-
 keeping Magazine's Seal of Approval in each
 package. At all drug and department stores.

Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead!

Discover what lovely charm and beauty
 you can gain with your own
 personal color harmony in
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 Accept this priceless beau-
 ty gift by mailing the
 coupon now.



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Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of
 Society Make-Up,"... also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony
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State _____	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
		LASHES	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
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"A daily Ivory bath is my way of keeping dainty," says Irene. "Ivory is so pure that it *purifies* my skin and makes it feel silky. No, I'd never use perfumed soaps. They're so drying—and I don't think it's alluring to smell like a soap. I prefer a dainty odorless Ivory bath. It is so much more refined."

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

STRANGERS OF THE EVENING— Tiffany Prod.

THE opening scenes will make you shiver and shudder, what with dead bodies cluttering up the place, but later you realize you are seeing a rip-roaring comedy. Exciting, well-acted, mysterious, and some crisp wisecracks, with Miriam Seegar and Theodore Von Eltz furnishing heart throbs and ZaSu Pitts, Eugene Palette, Lucien Littlefield and Harold Waldridge giving full measure of laughs.

THE CRY OF THE WORLD—*International Film Foundation*

A GLORIFIED newsreel, vitally interesting; a cleverly assembled pictorial preachment against war, graphically portraying the tumultuous years since 1914. It is stark reality without humor. A frank plea for the protection of humanity, it will grip you.

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH—*Paramount*

LACKING the force and punch of his former pictures, George Bancroft as a Russian Red, with a hearty laugh and a windblown bob, gives a mild performance in a mild picture. He falls in love with a dancer (a Russian refugee) and his troubles begin. Miriam Hopkins struggles hard with a rôle completely unsuited to her talents. The plot wanders, the dialogue is mediocre and the entire picture weak.

MAN ABOUT TOWN—*Fox*

EVEN though Warner Baxter has the ability of investing an unimportant rôle with heart-interest and plausibility, you can pass this up. Karen Morley is in it, too, but the story is impossible.

THE ARM OF THE LAW—*Monogram*

IF you like mystery, if you enjoy seeing a modern gold-digger at work and if you care for snappy dialogue, you can find them all in this. Marceline Day, Lina Basquette and Dorothy Revier are lovely.

ESCAPADE—*Invincible*

TWO men and a woman in a triangle. Sounds melodramatic, but it's a pleasant surprise. Sophisticated story and dialogue, and splendid cast including Anthony Bushell, Jameson Thomas and Sally Blane.

ROADHOUSE MURDER—*Radio Pictures*

THERE is very nice and very sincere acting done by young Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, which is totally wasted on one of the season's silliest plots which concerns a cub reporter who, in order to get a better newspaper job, leaves evidence to make it appear that he did a murder of which he was only the witness. Sounds involved? Uh-huh, that's just what it is. And stupid, besides.

STREET OF WOMEN—*Warners*

ALAN DINEHART is a wealthy idler, redeemed through love of "the other woman." Kay Francis is splendid as the sacrificing other woman. But it's Roland Young's playing that saves the story from depressing gloominess.

NIGHT WORLD—*Universal*

THIS picture starts off in a pretentious, promising fashion, and then something happens—everything happens—without rhyme or reason. Lew Ayres, playing a disillusioned youth,

is fast headed for ruin, when Mae Clarke crosses his path and attempts his reformation. It is too bad that such ability is not given a better chance.

THE MAN FROM NEW MEXICO—
Monogram

TOM TYLER takes a flock of cattle rustlers for a ride and saves a blushing wild rose and her old pappy from the infamous clutches of the dastardly villain who practically gurgles, "Ah-h-h—me proud beauty," as he slithers toward the girl. Then came the yawn.

GET THAT GIRL—Richard Talmadge
Prod.

THE plot stirs up considerable commotion about rescuing a girl from a band of schemers, with Richard Talmadge *Tarzaning* to the rescue. This is funny without meaning to be. Shirley Grey is the girl.

THE WYOMING WHIRLWIND—Willis
Kent Prod.

THERE are Indians aplenty in this horse oprey which stars Lane Chandler. The latter, cast as a romantic bandit with the highly original name of *Lone Wolf*, eludes his exasperated pursuers on the Wyoming ranges.

THE RIDING TORNADO—Columbia

A GROUP of old favorites scamper through this breezy Western. There are Wallace MacDonald, Russell Simpson, Montagu Love and Wheeler Oakman, but the hero is the fast-riding Tim McCoy who finds the cattle thief and thereby gets himself a permanent job as son-in-law to the ranch owner.

BORDER DEVILS—Supreme

AS sort of a cowboy Galahad in the Mexican Badlands, Harry Carey goes about generally righting wrongs that do not concern him.

SINISTER HANDS—Willis Kent Prod.

DEBONAIR Jack Mulhall is not as sprightly as usual in this mystery melodrama. Three pretty girls make you think a romance is in the offing, but there is none forthcoming, and not enough mystery to get you excited.

TRAPEZE—Harmonie-Film

ANNA STEN, who did such grand work with Emil Jannings in "Tempest," gives another splendid performance, this time as a trapeze artist in a story of circus life. English captions help those who do not know German.

LOVE'S COMMAND—Tobis

MANY amusing situations arise when an Italian countess, impersonating her brother at a Viennese military academy, tries to avoid detection. Both the marching songs and the waltz rhythms are excellent. English subtitles make it possible to follow this German dialogue story.

HUDDLE—M-G-M

WHEN the end of this college story finally arrives you feel as if you've spent four long years in the theater. Yale is the locale, and the football hero plays the game in spite of an appendix that is on the verge of bursting. Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, Madge Evans and talk of Yale's traditions don't help.

In the August PHOTOPLAY
The Annual Cut Picture Puzzle
Contest



An interesting picture of a charming woman, educated, well-to-do, prominent in the social and civic life of her city. A woman typical of the many to whom we put this question: What tooth paste do you use?

To our delight, the majority answered Listerine Tooth Paste. Certainly to women of means, the price of 25¢ could not possibly have been a factor in deciding upon a tooth paste. Obviously, the quality of the dentifrice itself and

the brilliant results it accomplished were responsible for their choice.

Won't you try Listerine Tooth Paste? See how thoroughly it cleans. How swiftly it erases blemishes and discolorations. How gleaming white it leaves the teeth. How it refreshes the mouth and sweetens the breath.

Bear in mind, incidentally, that it costs you but half of what you would ordinarily pay for tooth paste of equal quality. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
the quality dentifrice at 25¢

Ask The Answer Man

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

"Give us more pictures with George Raft," the fans implore. And no wonder! George brought a fascinating new type of villain to the screen in "Dancers in the Dark," with Miriam Hopkins

MOVIE-GOERS continue to like their heroes rough and ready. The chap who topped the "question" list this month is George Raft, who hails from Tent' Avenoo and Forty-foist Street, New York City. George was born in the toughest part of the town, known as "Hell's Kitchen." He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes.

Folks who see him on the screen as the bad, bold villain never suspect that Georgie once tripped the light fantastic in one of New York's dance palaces for a dime a spin. For several years he hoofed with Texas Guinan's Gang. He was a good hooper, too. He also appeared on the stage in "City Chap," "Gay Paree," "Manhattens," and Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights." A European tour followed, during which he met the Prince of Wales and taught him the Charleston.

George's screen career, which began in April, 1931, boasts of such pictures as "Quick Millions," "Hush Money," "Palmy Days," "Dancers in the Dark," and "Scarface." He was recently given a long-term contract by Paramount.

George was married to a nurse in a New York dentist's office. She once gave him a bracelet inscribed "To My Gigolo."

JACK LONG, OAK GROVE, MO.—Bebe Daniels is spending her time caring for little Barbara Bebe. Her Warner contract still calls for two more pictures. Bette Davis was born in Lowell, Mass., on April 5, 1908. Her real name is Ruth Elizabeth Davis, but when she started to school she wanted to be called Betty. When teacher passed out the enrollment cards, the young miss wrote her name B-e-t-t-e because she thought that was the correct way to spell Betty. Her parents didn't want to hurt her feelings so they let the spelling stand.

JANE ROBERTSON, OAK PARK, ILL.—Yes, Jane, occasionally doubles are used in pictures. That is, when the stunts are too dangerous for the stars to do. Alfredo Codona, the famous circus aerialist, did the aerial tricks for Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus." Gloria Swanson did her own warbling in "Tonight or Never." No danger in that, except to masculine hearts! Gloria was born on March 27, 1898. She is 5 feet, one-half inch tall, and weighs 112.

HELEN FOSTER, SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.—Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer were first wed on August 16, 1931, in New York State. This marriage wasn't legal in California because Gloria hadn't received her final decree of divorce from the Marquis. However, the decree came through on November 8, and the following day Gloria and Michael went to Yuma, Ariz., and had the knot retied.

ALICE HOUSTON, HOUSTON, TEX.—Is the town named after you, or are you named after the town? Jed Prouty is a native of Boston, Mass. Sorry, but I have no record of Mrs. Prouty's maiden name.

LIBBY OF EPHRATA, PA.—Is that a beverage or a new kind of salad? Here's the high-up and low-down on Creighton Chaney. Creighton was born in Oklahoma City, Okla., about 25 years ago. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 205 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. The lad was in the steam-fitting business before he decided to forsake his tool-box for a make-up box. Radio Pictures put him under contract, but when they wanted to change his name to Lon Chaney, Jr., he refused, saying that he didn't want to cash in on his father's laurels. But everybody on the lot calls him "Young Chaney."

A TOBIN FAN, BALTIMORE, MD.—Your favorite, Genevieve Tobin, was born in New York on November 29, 1904. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. She appeared on the London stage in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Entered pictures in July, 1930. Genevieve is still fancy-free, at least so she says. Did you read that story about her in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY? You're not a Tobin fan if you didn't.

C. STANDEN, PEMBERTON, N. J.—You're right, as always. Judith Wood did play the rôle of *June* in "Working Girls," and Dorothy Hall played the rôle of *Mac*. I always get the blondes mixed up, too.

MORT P., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—That arch-villain, Ralf Harolde, was born in Pittsburgh Pa., on May 17, 1899. His real name is Ralf Wigger. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 148

pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. Was on the stage for twelve years before he started shooting his way through pictures. He is a likeable chap off-screen, although on the screen he gives you the impression that he wouldn't hesitate at anything.

BABSEE RAYFORD, VALLEJO, CALIF.—Warner Baxter was born on March 29, 1891. Will you still admit, Babsee, that you went to school with him? Warner has been married to Winifred Bryson since January 29, 1917. They have no children.

ISOBEL, VICTORIA, B. C.—Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City on August 8, 1910. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has dark hair and blue-green eyes. Yes, she's single. She appeared on the stage prior to her movie debut. Some of her stage shows were "Crime," "Many a Slip," "The Front Page," and "Bad Girl." Her latest picture is "Merrily We Go to Hell," which may reach the screen under another name. Sylvia's mother was Russian and her father Roumanian.

ELAINE FROM PASSAIC, N. J.—The four important players in the picture "Four Devils" were Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton, Nancy Drexel and Barry Norton.

GLENN WENTZEL, SIOUX FALLS, SO. DAK.—Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Rascommon, Ireland, on May 17, 1911. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Charles O'Sullivan of Saintsbury, Ire. Is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 114 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Was educated in the Sacred Heart Academy in Dublin. Never was on the stage. Entered pictures as leading lady to John McCormack in "Song O' My Heart." Maureen's next picture will be "Strange Interlude," with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. Still single, but they say Jimmie Dunn wants to change all that.

LILLIAN BLISS, BALTIMORE, MD.—Lil, I was so scared when you threatened me, that I shook like an earthquake. Leslie Howard has been spending his time on the New York stage appearing in "Animal Kingdom." This play will shortly be made into a movie with Leslie and Ann Harding in the leading rôles. Sorry I can't give out home addresses.

VIRGINIA MONTGOMERY, AKRON, OHIO.—I believe I have given Melvyn Douglas' history before, but here it is again. Melvyn was born in Macon, Ga., on April 5, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 182 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. Is married to Helen Gahagen, well-known stage actress. You will probably see Helen in pictures soon, too. Before Melvyn went to Hollywood he played on the stage in "A Free Soul," "Command to Love," and "Tonight or Never." His latest picture is "As You Desire Me," with Garbo.

EVELYNE CAMPBELL, VERDUN, QUE., CAN.—In the picture "Hell Divers," Conrad Nagel answered to the name of *Duke* and John Miljan to the name of *Griffin*. Grant Withers is a native of Pueblo, Colo., where he was born 27 years ago. He is 6 feet, 3 inches tall and has dark, curly hair and blue eyes. Ramon Novarro hails from Durango, Mexico. He was born there on February 6, 1899. Ramon is seven inches shorter than Grant. Can you figure that out? He has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

VERNE BANARDE, SEATTLE, WASH.—Verne, it was Ray Milland who played the rôle of Connie Bennett's wealthy fiance in "Bought." He also played the rôle of the exiled king in "Ambassador Bill."

LUCILLE PEIRCE, HOLLYWOODLAND, CALIF.—Thought you would know all about your favorite because he has been in pictures a long time. Or have you just discovered him? Paul Lukas was born in Budapest, Hungary, on May 26, 1896. He stands 6 feet, 2 inches, weighs 182 and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. Attended the Royal Hungarian University. Was on the stage for fourteen years before he tried pictures. Is married to a non-professional. They have no children.

MRS. T. H. MCFERRIN, OLD HICKORY, TENN.—Donald Cook, who was *Fedor* in "The Mad Genius," is a native of Portland, Ore. He was born there September 26, 1901. Is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 147 and has dark hair and eyes. He appeared on the stage in "Rebound," "Paris," and "The Rivals." Entered pictures late in 1930. His latest picture is "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

MAE MONTGOMERY, LAUREL, MD.—George O'Brien was born in San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 1, 1900. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 176, and has brown hair and brown eyes. Entered pictures in 1924. George served in the Navy during the war. Was light heavyweight champion of the Pacific Fleet. His next picture will be "Mystery Ranch."

EVELYN BRAUSSARD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Norma Shearer played in both "Let Us Be Gay" and "The Divorcee." In the former picture Rod LaRocque appeared with her, and in the latter Chester Morris.

DOLLIE HAGAR, LAWTON, OKLA.—Dollie, your favorite, Peggy Shannon, began her screen career by appearing in Vitaphone shorts, early in 1931. Peggy is a native of Pine Bluff, Ark., where she was born January 10, 1909. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has red hair and green eyes. Her real name is Winona Sammon, and she is married to actor Alan Davis.

KAY DOUGLASS, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Kay, of the two actors you mentioned, Kent Douglass spells his name the same as yours, and Melvyn drops one "s" from the last name. Kent's real name is Robert Douglass Montgomery and he hails from Los Angeles, Calif. Melvyn is from Macon, Ga. They are both 6 feet tall and blond. Kent weighs 170 and Melvyn is 12 pounds heavier. Kent has hazel eyes and Melvyn's are blue.

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KLEENEX
disposable tissues
and destroy

THE worst job on earth! That's what any woman says about washing dirty handkerchiefs.

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Kleenex is made of soft rayon-cellulose in convenient squares, handkerchief size. These disposable tissues are softer than any handkerchief—downy, dainty, gentle, absorbent.

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If you have been sending washing out, you will find Kleenex a great saving over laundry bills. You can use many tissues for the cost of laundering one handkerchief. And think how pleasant to use each tissue only once—selecting a fresh, clean one every time.

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Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

The Nuttiest Quartette in the World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

bewildered, will wrestle for his life. Without knowing why. Tug. Pull. Roll. Toss. The cigar still clenched in his teeth. Not a smile. Everything very serious.

Suddenly, Harpo unwraps himself from the wrestling Lubitsch and off he trots. Without a word. While *Herr* Lubitsch stands in stunned amazement at what has just happened. Looking after him. Bewildered. Still unable to believe that he had openly participated in a wrestling match. For no reason.

LADY interviewers, no matter how sedate, never look quite the same after a Marx interview. At lunch in the commissary they'll wrap their legs about the interviewer's feet. Lay their ridiculous heads in her unsuspecting lap or decide, as a whole, that what she really needs is a good chiropractic treatment and, before the entire dining-room, proceed to rub the lady's back into a blister. Limping home with bruised ankles, skinned back, torn teddy straps, the lady calmly considers the whole thing, sits herself down on the nearest curb and laughs herself sick.

It's so silly.

They're absolutely unawed by anyone. They have as much fun with a carpenter on the set as with the Duke of Manchester in a palace. And this, of course, to a snobbish Hollywood, is beyond complete understanding.

A high and, ah me, how important executive, immaculate in blue coat and white flannels, came across the lot the other day. Mere writers and directors stepped reverently out of the way.

Then out from their dressing-room stepped the Marxes. Suddenly, as one, they spied the executive. And with no word spoken they were at it. They unbuttoned his coat. Tugged at his belt. Loosened his tie. And with both hands clutching his fast slipping trousers, the executive ran for shelter. While three newspaper reporters lay yowling and kicking in hysterical mirth, on the grass.

Groucho it was who, in New York, approached Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount Pictures, and very politely offered him the use of the upper berth in Groucho's drawing-room.

"Of course," he explained, "you'll be in the way a bit and no end of a nuisance but it will save you a little money and give you a place to sleep."

TO this day Zukor still wonders.

They are the least socially ambitious people imaginable.

They are invited to many swanky parties of the New York 400. If they are sure of an amusing time, they go. If not, regardless of Mrs. Astor-bilt's pearl necklace, they stay at home. And play poker.

'Tis said Groucho (Julius), the wall-eyed professor with the comic mustache, has the quickest, keenest wit of any man in America. It works with a lightning-like speed that leaves one breathless. He's two sentences ahead of anyone. The complete joke is uttered before one ever gets half way to it.

Little as it's suspected, Groucho Marx is shy. He

developed his rapid delivery so that if one jokedied a quick and horrible death, he'd have another ready to fill in. He'll omit old jokes in a show and substitute new ones in a flash. There is no half-way station about Groucho. He's either extremely serious, grave or depressed, or extremely mad.

A friend will call on Groucho one night and find him dancing up and down stairs on his hands, and the next night deeply concerned over a coal miner's fate in England or a Chinaman's fate in burning Shanghai.

He's a father with a mother's fierce, maternal love. Groucho adores his Stephen, aged eleven, and his Marion, just four. At gay, hilarious beach parties at Malibu, you'll find Groucho with Stephen, yards up the beach hunting shells by themselves. In the slush and thaw of a spring at Great Neck, New York, they'll come traipsing in from a two-handed ball game, both caked and drenched with slush and mud. But happy. "Don't put Marion to bed for another fifteen minutes," I've heard him phone from the set. And a bit later, "Mama, we were held up again, couldn't she stay up a little longer? I want to say goodnight."

Apart from Stephen, from mama, from Marion, is the other Groucho who recently gave a birthday party to his dad and placed a pistol beside each of his brother's places and came in wearing a gun and holster. All prepared for a family fight!

Chico (Leo) who performs on a piano as no self-respecting piano was ever performed on before, is the oldest, and business manager. He it is who negotiates contracts and walks out on twelve-thousand-dollar-a-week offers with the nonchalance of a man turning down two dollars a month. His little daughter, Maxine, adores her daddy, laughs at all his jokes, and thinks he's much funnier than her uncles.

"On the set at nine, Chico," the director

said recently. "Oh, I can't," Chico replied. "Why not?" the surprised director asked. "Oh, I'll be oversleeping tomorrow," he shrugged and strolled off.

If one is late on the set, the others rag him unmercifully.

They criticise one another's work while the director looks helplessly on. "More action here, Chico," Groucho will say. "More pep." And Chico does it again. With more pep.

Harpo (Arthur), the dumb one with the floor-mop wig, inherited the love of the harp in grandpa's covered wagon. Harpo, with his utter simplicity and lack of pretense, is the pet of the New York intelligentsia. A close friend of Alexander Woollcott. A man whom even Bernard Shaw traveled to see in London. And laughed uproariously when Harpo sprang out of his swimming pool, to greet him, entirely in the nude. The only bachelor, he lives at the beach with a cook and man servant. Thrust by his mother onto a stage in an ill-fitting yachting suit and exactly two and one half minutes notice, with nothing to say, so he said it. And has remained dumb ever since. And spends most of his time, on and off the screen, chasing blondes.

Harpo is an authority on bridge, backgammon and badminton. He will bet on anything.

SO well does a certain New York producer think of Harpo's talent, he recently offered him a serious play of a Theater Guild quality, that even John Barrymore would have leaped at. Instead, Harpo went swimming.

He may look dumb, and act dumb. But you ask someone sometime.

Zeppo (Herbert), the good-looking youngest one, is the least understood. Next to Harpo. Forced by necessity of plot, to be just a handsome juvenile, few know that Zeppo has, next to Groucho, the keenest, quickest wit of any ten thousand men.

Young, handsome, married, Zeppo it is who goes in for swankiness. Rolls-Royces and town houses. While the others live in extreme modesty. He plays the piano, the saxophone and a swell game of bridge.

Many a radio contract as a "crooner" has young Zeppo Marx turned down. His voice is astonishing.

And it's noticeable, too, that at a gathering it's Zeppo at whom they laugh most. His quick wit surprising those who expect this Zeppo to be as unfunny off the screen as on.

THEIR father, seventy years old, who looks fifty and acts thirty, calls them all "darling." He'll visit his darlings on the set.

In snappy spats. Cane. Boutonniere.

The boys call him "Frenchy." Occasionally the boys would take Frenchy with them to view the day's rushes. But Frenchy immediately went into such hysterics at his darlings' antics, that one of the darlings had to lead him out. So he doesn't go any more.

On the last trip out to California, the engineer, conductor and numerous passengers



"Don't forget, Margie, we have a date tonight"

alighted from the train, complete nervous wrecks. With Harry Ruby, who writes shows, and insists upon wearing a baseball cap and playing ball, they alighted at every station and immediately began playing ball. The engineer would whistle, their wives would plead, the conductor would beg, and still they played. Running bases. Striking out. Until the train finally pulled out. Then it was a chase and a scramble to get on. At Albuquerque, the word of the four Marxes' arrival had gone ahead. Even Indians, by the hundreds, had gathered. Chico stood on the back platform and made the address. In broken Italian. While old Indian squaws looked at Indian chiefs, in puzzlement.

Zeppo accidentally dropped a glove and there was an immediate scramble for it, so he tossed off the other one as the train pulled out. Immediately, Chico seized the bell cord, stopped the train, ran back to his berth, grabbed out a suitcase, scattered pajamas, socks, handkerchiefs until he found what he wanted. Then back through the coaches he tore and with a flourish threw out his gloves.

A WEALTHY young friend on the train had arranged for his plane to meet him at Indio, Calif., and he invited the four Marxes to fly on to Hollywood with him.

The studio, all dressed up and ready to meet the train at four o'clock, received their first wire at one-thirty. "The Marx Brothers arrive at four P.M." At two o'clock came, "The Marx Brothers will arrive by plane." At two-thirty, "The Marx Brothers will arrive by train." At three o'clock, "The Marx Brothers won't arrive by train." And at three-fifteen, "I doubt if the Marx Brothers ever arrive."

Deciding to accept the friend's generous offer to go by plane, they left the train at Indio.

Then it was found the combined weight of the Marxes with the plane owner and the pilot was too much for the plane. So without a moment's hesitation, the Marxes calmly removed the owner of the plane and waving farewell to an astonished friend on a large and sandy desert, they flew away.

Halfway there, they discovered they had forgotten to eat lunch, so forcing the pilot to return they alighted for lunch and a bit of baseball.

AND after the train had arrived in Los Angeles the Marx Brothers flew into sight at Clover Field. Exactly two hours and forty-five minutes behind the train.

A Marx Brothers conference is something that defies description. Writers, gag men, Marxes, supervisors, director and producers assemble themselves to discuss the story. The supervisor holds the script. "Who thought up this line?" he asks. And maybe he had never heard it before but up will go Groucho's hand. "And this one?" Up goes the hand. "This one?" And up it goes until long after he's through asking and has launched into a discourse, Groucho's hand keeps bobbing up until the supervisor looks helplessly around and gives up.

Harpo, who carries about a miniature harp for practice, will suddenly pull out the harp and begin to practice. Suddenly, for no reason, Groucho and Chico are wrestling about on the floor. Zeppo, as referee, hops about. Zipping off a writer's shirttail for a towel. Harpo plays on.

Now the boys are out of their corners and at it again. The supervisor sits in a corner, wiping huge beads of perspiration from his brow. He glances around wildly. Harpo plays on.

"Now here, fellows," a writer screams above the din, "let's get this straight. We've got all the entrances fixed but what about the exits?"

"Oh, exits?" the four Marxes yell and grabbing up harps and themselves from the floor, they dash for the door. "Well," they say, "speaking of exits."

And the four, mad Marx Brothers exit.

Maybe you think you can't use soap on your face—but read what Science says about that!

THE HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST



proves that Woodbury's brings loveliness to the most sensitive skin!

Of 612 women entering a Beauty Clinic, many thought their complexions too sensitive for soap.

In the Clinic, each of these women cared for one side of her face with creams alone . . . but the other side she washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

In a week, that "sensitiveness" disappeared on the Woodbury side. In 30 days, the Woodbury cheeks were smoother, firmer, clearer, brighter.

If you think you can't use soap on your skin, make this "Half-face Test." Keep on coddling one cheek. Wash the other cheek daily with Woodbury's. In a month, the Woodbury side will lose that sensitiveness, that dull, flabby droop.

Your skin needs creams, too. But, first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's keeps the skin *new* looking, transparently clear, colorful, and *firm*. And, by keeping pores free of impurities, Woodbury's improves skin texture.

Woodbury's is much more than an ordinary toilet soap. It is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. Begin today to use it on YOUR skin. At drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

Facts about nation-wide "Half-face Test"

- . . . conducted by 15 dermatologists in 14 cities*
- . . . 612 women registered as patients for 30 days
- . . . each woman cared for left side of face by own method
- . . . washed right side of face with Woodbury's Facial Soap.
- . . . doctors recorded greater improvement on Woodbury side in 81 cases of dry skin, 115 cases of oily skin, 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of large pores, 106 cases of pimples.

*Names on file with this magazine.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 819 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐
 Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐
 Flabby Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

Name _____

Address _____

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.



TUNE IN on Woodbury's Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leon Belasco and orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

A DIRECTOR was watching scenes of a certain famous star—and we'll bet you can guess who. "Just look at her," he mused, "working herself up to a great state of calm."

FOR months, PHOTOPLAY has ignored rumors that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are not altogether happy. We felt that those kids would patch up whatever difficulties they were in. And maybe they will yet.

On another page of this magazine there's an amazing story about the Crawford girl. You'll know her a lot better when you read it.

"LIKE father, like son," a traffic cop remarked the other day as he handed Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a ticket.

"How's that?" Doug asked.

"Well, it's not so long ago I handed your father one," the cop replied, "only he was going faster than you, son."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER'S New York visit is the main topic of Broadway conversation. Johnny appeared everywhere—from smart Park Avenue to the lower East Side—hatless and coatless, and often he wore one of the famous Clark Gable turtle-neck sweaters.

And that sort of thing just isn't done in New York—except by a Weissmuller, who can get away with anything. His visits to the M-G-M offices were Roman holidays and not once did he walk properly to the swinging gate and have himself announced. No sir, he just jumped over the railing with that wild Tarzan cry and everybody knew he had arrived.

ONCE when he was doing his swimming stunts in a theater tank his act seemed to be unusually long, for even after the master of ceremonies had run out of dialogue—which it takes a long time for a master of ceremonies to do—Johnny was still kicking away in the water.

A friend of his asked him later why he did it. "You dragged it out too long. Everybody was bored," the friend complained.

Johnny hung his head, "Gee, I'm sorry. You see, I was just taking my workout."

HE'S a simple, unassuming lad—this boy about whom all the girls are raving. He attended a theatrical performance where celebrities were being introduced from among the audience. By some oversight Johnny wasn't called for. And he was the only one who did not notice the slight, but sat there applauding wildly for each celeb. And Johnny was the most important among them.

He is still just a swimmer and can't realize that he is a star!

HERE'S how Mrs. Chico Marx explains her famous husband's accident that sent him to the hospital for several weeks.

"You see, it was this way. Chico was driving along, looking in shop windows and driving through stop signals and just tending to his own business, when another man drove right into his car. Imagine."

NANCY CARROLL was off salary for three weeks while she made up her mind whether to continue at the old figure—and Nancy's figure is pretty good any way you take it—or sever relationships. And Gary Cooper didn't want to play opposite Tallulah Bankhead because he thought the rôle didn't suit him.

THEN came rumors that Joan Blondell was kicking over a few traces and demanding more money. It wasn't money but rest that Joan wanted. She made fifteen pictures during her first year in Hollywood and she fears a nervous breakdown (remember that poor Mae Clarke is still in the hospital) unless she has a breathing spell between assignments. She's going to get it, too.

WE'RE not through with the rebels yet. Marian Marsh and Evalyn Knapp have severed studio connections.



Drawn by Van Arsdale

How can you say this new Johnny Weissmuller has more sex appeal than Clark Gable?

When Marian was chosen for the rôle of *Trilby* in "Svengali," everybody said she was swell and she was made a star at once. But stars—real ones—aren't made that way. The studio saw its mistake, took away her star billing and began to build her up in small rôles, but every time she was offered one of the smaller parts, she claimed that she was ill and couldn't take it. So she asked for her release and got it.

Evalyn Knapp wasn't satisfied with her parts, either, so she quit.

BUT in all this mad mix-up—you can see what a state Hollywood is in—there is one old stand-by, one ray of hope.

Dick Barthelmess made the most startling gesture of all when he walked into the boss' office and said, voluntarily and without the subject being mentioned to him, "I'm ready to take a cut. I'll do three pictures for the price of two."

And that was just after his starring picture, "Alias the Doctor," cleaned up at the box-office.

Of course, high-powered smelling salts were brought for Dick's boss, who may have recovered by the time you read this.

Here's Dick's reason for his amazing statement. He knows world conditions and he says he'd rather work for less than to find himself minus a job later.

Dick is a rich man and he happens to like pictures.

ONE OF PHOTOPLAY'S readers who is a lot smarter than your friend Cal wrote in to tell us about an amazing inaccuracy in "Arsene Lupin."

We saw that picture and thought it was swell, but what we didn't know is that the Mona Lisa could never have been stolen by being rolled and put into an umbrella, as it was in the picture, for the very simple reason that the Mona Lisa is painted on wood!

Shame, shame, research department!

WHEN Sally Eilers was in New York she was mad that bad old newspaper people kept asking her if the squabble that she and Hoot had before she arrived—which PHOTOPLAY reported last month—would mean a separation.

Sally even denied the squabble and told lovely stories about how proud Hoot was of her and her new success.

Then she returned to Hollywood and the blow-up came. There's probably a lot to be said for both sides.

While Sally, recovering from a slight automobile accident, stayed at Bebe Daniels' house, friends tried to patch everything up, but repeated conferences between Sally and Hoot have left them both at an *impasse*, so far.

IF you happen to drop into the Beverly Hills Brown Derby restaurant, you'll see—almost any lunch hour—as sweet a sight as there is in Hollywood—Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable being ultra lovey-dovey and trying to pretend that not even the smallest cloud had ever marred the blue sky of their marital bliss.

When Mrs. Clark went to New York there were no definite plans for her return and there had been serious discussions with lawyers. But that's all over for the time being and everything is, as we used to say in the gay nineties, *hotsy-totsy*.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

She's even lovelier today



The above photograph of Estelle Taylor, taken on December 30, 1926, reveals a lovely young woman. But the girl above can't compare with the magnetic Miss Taylor of today, whose alluring beauty has a haunting quality.



AND WHY? It's not only because she takes care of her appearance, but because she knows how to. She has carefully analyzed in just what way cosmetics enhance and accent her beauty. And she insists on those cosmetics that she has found most successful in bringing out her loveliness.

She knows, for instance, the real reason for using powder. It is to give a smooth even finish to the skin, without hiding

the beautiful transparent texture of the natural flesh. Hours of grooming, of keeping the skin clean and soft and healthy, are wasted if the skin texture is coated with a thick dull mask.

Pompeian has met all the tests of a perfect powder. It does not coat the skin. It clings for hours. It gives a soft fine-textured finish. It is developed in tones that enhance the natural colorings. Flesh for the very light skin, Naturelle (nude) for the blonde with a fair complexion, Rachel for the brunette with a fair skin. Peach for the blonde with a warm skin tone, and Dark Rachel, a warm rich tone for the brunette with a dark skin. You'll love the delicious fragrance and the smart convenient box. Pay more for your face powder if you will, but you can't purchase better powder than Pompeian. The Pompeian Creams, Lipsticks and Rouges are equally high in quality and low in price.



SIXTY CENTS THE BOX
PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

THE state of Hollywood's heart:

Joan Bennett and new hubby Gene Markey had a little spat, but they've kissed and made up now.

Gilbert Roland takes Loretta Young out this month.

ZaSu Pitts, recently divorced from Tom Gallery, is seen places with Ed Woodall, tennis pro. Tom still squires Madge Evans around.

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor are still "good friends."

Irene Rich's ex-husband, David Blankenhorn, is rushing Minna Gombell.

Joan Blondell and cameraman George Barnes still very, very much that way.

Norma Talmadge hasn't gotten her divorce yet.

But Helene Costello and Lowell Sherman have.

Ian Keith and Baroness Fern Andra are "betrothed."

Florinne McKinney, a Texas newcomer, didn't take long to find a boy friend. He's an agent, Nat Goldstone.

Gloria Shea goes to all the smart spots with millionaire B. Toplitzy

And

Miriam Hopkins adopted a baby boy in Chicago.

June Collyer and Stu Erwin don't have to do any adopting. They'll have one of their own before long.

THE divorce proceedings between Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, sister of Dolores Costello (Mrs. John Barrymore), threatened to be sensational, but after a little family linen was washed in the open court, the attorneys got together and decided that it wouldn't do anybody any good to continue and it was brought to a more or less peaceful conclusion. For some years, Dolores and Helene saw very little of each other or of their famous dad, Maurice Costello, the veteran idol of the old Vitagraph days.

Their husbands were not at all friendly, but now that Helene is separated from Lowell the girls are inseparable.

IT happened in a Hollywood beauty shop.

Said a masculine voice from one of the booths, "You must attain a certain hardness, a boldness."

And while the customers wondered at this strange beauty doctrine, a hairdresser parted the curtains to discover Joan Crawford and director Lewis Milestone deep in a discussion about Joan's part of *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain."

IT was not much of a surprise that the comedy partnership of Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey went on the rocks.

Bert felt that Robert was getting the best of a deal the pair were making for a Columbia picture and expressed his resentment by taking a train East. He and Dorothy Lee, the flip little girl who played in many of the Wheeler-Woolsey pictures, will try to knock 'em dead in personal appearances.

CONSTANCE BENNETT is being little Goody Two-Shoes these days and the boys from the M-G-M, Pathe and First National publicity departments listen in pop-eyed wonder while the Radio Pictures press agents tell how Connie is as pleasant as an insurance agent and will go to any trouble to pose for publicity stills. If you remember the Connie of the days before this startling metamorphosis came about you'll realize just how Our Lady of Distinction has changed.

There's a pretty cute reason for it, too. Seems that the big bosses of Radio Pictures decided that temperament was too expensive and they did a little law laying-down for Connie's benefit. The gist of it was that Connie would do what she was told—or else. Connie decided that it wouldn't be "or else."

\$500 Treasure Hunt Ends and Begins!

Next month the hearts of thirty-three persons will redouble their beats, for the names of the winners in PHOTOPLAY's \$500 Treasure Hunt Contest will be published. Checks will be mailed simultaneously with the announcement of the 33 winners.



Now here's more good news: In the August issue will start another \$500 Treasure Hunt. The same sort of absorbing brain stimulator that brought thousands upon thousands of responses in the contest just closed.

Come on in. It's lots of fun, and besides couldn't you use right now a generous helping of that \$500?

In the August PHOTOPLAY on all newsstands July 15

YOU wouldn't feel you had really read Cal York's department unless there was an item about that unusual pair, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. This month they are again denying their divorce and yet moving into separate houses.

And Claudette rhapsodizes like this: "Think of all the excitement it is to go away for a week-end together, when we're not fed up with seeing each other every day." She adds, wisely, that she wouldn't advise this arrangement for all married folks but that it works for her and Norman. So Norm lives in one house and Claudette and her mother in another, just as they have been doing ever since their marriage several years ago.

OFF-SCREEN moment: Marlene Dietrich was walking across the lot. A friend called her attention to a run in the Dietrich stocking.

Marlene thanked him most politely, calmly removed the stocking, replaced the slipper and went happily away with the stocking in her hand.

ODD bits:

So much has been printed about Connie Bennett's salary that folks want to know what baby sister Joan gets. Answer—\$30,000 a picture and four a year.

Janet Gaynor, who never went in for sports, is taking tennis lessons with her mother.

Polly Moran has been made an honorary policewoman of Los Angeles.

Joan Blondell has gone back to her natural brown hair.

Freddie March's secretary is his wife's brother, who has scenario writing ambitions.

Rose Marie Lytton, Chicago heiress, worked for a month as a set dresser just for the fun of it. Her socially prominent family didn't know about it.

THE English translation of Agua Caliente, Hollywood's favorite Mexican resort, is "Hot Water."

Betty Gillette, recently signed by Warner Brothers, is a real society girl.

Sylvia Sidney hates the color red but she bought one red dress simply because everyone insisted that it would be becoming to her.

Cecil De Mille is going to make another picture.

Jetta Goudal, supposedly on a diet, ate five desserts at the Brown Derby in one sitting.

Lyle Talbot, a new lad, swears that his real name is Lyle Hollywood but because nobody thought it belonged to him he had to change it.

IRENE DUNNE and John Boles were chosen for "Back Street" because they could sing. Now that the picture is finished there is no singing in it.

Creighton Chaney, Lon's son, has had his hair permanently waved for a picture.

Richard Dix just paid \$250 for a very fine Scotty dog.

Clara Bow is writing poetry.

Hollywood now has a Screen Guild, like the New York Theatre Guild. Super-worthy stories will be filmed on a cooperative plan.

Douglass Montgomery, who didn't like Hollywood when they changed his name to Kent Douglass, is back in town—but he's on the stage, not in pictures.

When Hollywood ushers click their heels for Ivan Lebedeff he clicks right back.

And did you know about the West Side Riding and Asthma Club of which Groucho Marx is president—the zany?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

LEISURELY blending creates
this marvelous **FLAVOR!**



THE exquisite taste...the flavor of this fine old ginger ale takes months of careful blending to achieve. The choicest of ingredients are *AGED 6 MONTHS* to ripen and mature *before* the blend is sweetened and combined with bubbling Clicquot water. This simple secret of mellower flavor belongs to Clicquot Club alone—the reason for its high favor among those who know good things. Six months is a long time to take for perfect blending, but you'll find the result is worth it.



On the air! Eskimo Night Club

NBC network every Friday P.M.

That EXTRA Something: *Finest of real fruit flavorings. True Jamaica ginger root. Mellowed and ripened by Time. Pure Cuban cane sugar. Famous Clicquot water, sparkling and crystal-clear. Bottled in brand-new bottles.*

CLICQUOT CLUB
GINGER ALE

Three delicious blends



PALE DRY • GOLDEN • SEC

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]



Wide World

Here is the very first picture ever snapped of Michele Bridget Farmer. And does she look like her mama or her papa? Gloria Swanson didn't want to have her baby daughter's picture taken, so the photographer just clicked his camera and ran. Hollywood is anxiously waiting for a look at the baby, but Gloria and the proud father, Michael Farmer, are still in London, where Michele was born and where Gloria plans to make a picture

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Clyde C. Burgert, of Kansas City, Missouri, built themselves a modest home and garage there was one thing lacking—a car. Because of the expense of rearing their three children they felt it would be an unwise investment. But on the night of April 30 a brand new Rockne Coupe was driven up to their home and formally presented to the delighted couple. Lotti Loder, of Fred Stone's "Smiling Faces" company, playing a local theater, made the presentation.

Here is the secret: Mrs. Burgert had submitted an entry in PHOTOPLAY Magazine's weekly radio prize contest and she had won the automobile as first prize for the night of April 16.

Now if the Burgert garage is vacant it is only because the family is running up a lot of mileage.

TRUST Tallulah Bankhead to solve that dentist problem.

When she knows she has to spend an hour with a molar expert she takes her portable gramophone—as Talloo calls it—with her and her maid changes records constantly to drown out the sound of the grinding drill.

WHILE stars demand more money and writers, begging for a two-minute conference, cool their heels, if not their heads, outside the office of Irving Thalberg, there is a certain lad who is never refused admittance nor required to wait a single moment. Young fellow, he is, too—just two years old.

I'll bet you've guessed, smarty! Yessir, little Irving Jr., comes to the studio almost every day with Mama Norma Shearer just to see that everything is hunky-dory on the M-G-M lot. And he is the friendliest and best liked person who ever visited a studio.

WHEN Richard Dix registered at the Ambassador Hotel incognito and alone, eighteen reporters besieged him, "Ah-ha, so you've separated from your wife," they accused.

Dix explained that Winifred was in San Francisco visiting her parents.

"O.K. but why aren't you staying at your apartment or your ranch house?" they persisted.

Rich stammered some excuse. He didn't want to tell them the reason, for he was afraid they'd think him a softy. The real reason? Simply this—that the sight of his wife's clothes and little personal belongings around the house made him so lonesome he couldn't stand it, so he sneaked away to a hotel room where there wouldn't be any reminders of her. And she was only going to be away for a couple of weeks! From where I sit, I'd diagnose the trouble as a case of real love.

AT one million bridge parties, teas and cocktail parties women are asking each other, "Who is Ann Harding in love with?"

And if that lingering, tearful kiss she gave her husband—ex-husband he was then—immediately after she got her divorce from him in Reno is any indication, the answer is—Harry Bannister. You simply can't convince the Hollywood folks that there is any other man in Ann Harding's scheme of things.

Once "Hollywood's happiest woman," she is now its saddest and besides that, she's a pretty sick girl. Her new picture, "Westward Passage," was almost entirely re-made—with director E. H. Griffith at the megaphone. You'll recall that there were long and bitter quarrels between Ann and Griffith during the making of "Holiday" and both swore that they would never again work together.

Immediately after the new version was finished, Ann hopped off to Reno—and the romance between her and Harry was finished by a judge.

I WONDER if Ann saw an item in Louis Sobol's column which told of the opening of Ann's first big stage success, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Bannister, himself an important stage star, stood at the back of the theater and his lips moved with Ann's as she read her lines, for he knew every word of her part. And when the curtain fell on the last act, Harry's friends crowded around him to congratulate him on his wife's new-found success.

I guess you don't need me to point out the irony of that to you!

BUT while Ann was fainting on the set, Harry was putting himself into fine condition in Reno, arising at seven-thirty, taking regular boxer's road work with Kid Herman, training in the gymnasium and going to bed at nine. He's back in Hollywood now, waiting for a motion picture or theatrical offer.

THEY were making out-door scenes for "Hell Divers" in San Diego and over half the townsfolk had gathered to watch Clark Gable and Wally Beery emote.



Acme

Just a bunch of the folks whooping it up at the opening of "Grand Hotel" in Hollywood. Do you recognize two sets of newlyweds—Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey and the Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise? Sisters Joan and Connie Bennett are often seen with their husbands in a gay foursome like this. And note Hank's adoring gaze, as he looks at Connie

Suddenly, Wally held up his hand. "Hey folks, just a moment. I want to introduce Mr. What-a-Man Gable!"

The only thing that saved Beery's life was the fact that he is bigger and stronger than Gable.

For to be called a sheik or to be compared to Rudolph Valentino is what makes Clark mad.

You can tell him—and right to his face, too—that he has big ears; you can say he is a rotten actor—and he grins and bears it.

But even to imply that he's the answer to a maiden's prayer makes him just plain sore!

AND that's why that old gag puller Beery dotes on doing just that. Once, on the set, Clark was surrounded by a bunch of feminine extras.

It wasn't his fault. Women just naturally gravitate to him.

Suddenly, through the loud speakers, boomed a voice, "Mrs. Clark Gable on the telephone for Mr. Gable."

She wasn't at all. Wally Beery had simply paid a visit to the sound mixer and had pulled the stunt just to show the girls that the sheik was already shackled.

Wally isn't the only one who kids Clark like this.

Whenever anyone wants to get the Gable goat that's the way to do it.

ELEGANT noses sniffed as the gusty smell of liver and bacon and onions was wafted down the corridors of dressing room row on the Radio Pictures lot. Blood hounds—and a couple of hungry writers—were put on the scent only to discover that the aroma emanated from the luxurious dressing rooms of the equally luxurious Connie Bennett. But nobody was invited in for luncheon.

Connie was simply having one of her favorite dishes.

I WONDER if Elissa Landi realizes how many people in Hollywood smile when her name is mentioned. It's because they consider her pet peeve—the talk about her royal background—really funny.

You see, Elissa had considered the true story that she is the granddaughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, was hers to tell when she wanted to. She wasn't ready to tell it when PHOTOPLAY got the scoop and printed it.

Was she burned?

Shortly afterwards, another publication denied the story.

Folks thought Elissa's blood pressure couldn't go any higher, but it did.

She was so angry at having her royal ancestry denied that she fumed for days.

WHEN Karen Morley was working in "Inspiration" no one could have been nicer to her than Garbo was. She went out of her way to help the little newcomer with her first picture and even joked with her on the set.

But everything was different in "Mata Hari." It was as if Garbo and Karen had never met—so aloof was the great star. She did not bother even to speak to her except once when Karen's bracelet would not clasp. "Can't you fix it?" Garbo asked and then, with her own hands, snapped it together.

And what caused the difference only Garbo knows.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Worn by
Marian Marsh
Warner Bros.-
First National
Pictures



THE NEW Jantzen Sun-Basque

● Smart Brittany stripes fulfill the dictates of the Continental vogue—flaring trunks with slenderizing pin-tuck design add chic, grace and beauty—the new necklace Shouldaire tie provides for an even coat of shoulder tan with perfect modesty. For all its two-piece appearance the Sun-Basque is a one-piece suit with complete swimming freedom and the smooth, perfect fit of all Jantzens. Jantzen quality is the highest and prices lowest in Jantzen history. You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on the label of every genuine Jantzen. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.



JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 52), Portland, Oregon

Please send me style folder in colors, featuring new 1932 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐

Name _____

Address _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]



Wide World

When Mary Pickford hurried back from New York to meet Douglas Fairbanks upon his return from the South Seas, she was greeted at the train by (left) scenario writer Frances Marion and the Countess di Frasso. The Countess, you will recall, was a member of Gary Cooper's party in Africa and is now going to all the very smartest Hollywood parties with Gary

IN the last few scenes of "Strange Interlude," Norma Shearer and Clark Gable play the rôles of very old people.

Make-up took care of facial characteristics, but besides looking old, Norma and Clark had to act old.

And they didn't dare get out of character. Their shoulders drooped; their voices were cracked.

When the two weeks shooting was over they both bounded off the set like a couple of air-dales let loose from a city apartment. Screaming and shouting—they lept into the commissary and ordered round after round of drippy ice cream sodas.

"Aw, be your age!" somebody mumbled.

"That's exactly what we're doing for a change," Norma retorted.

WHEN Gary Cooper arrived in Hollywood eyes popped like champagne bottles, jaws fell heavily upon chests.

It looked like Gary—a very well fed, healthy Gary—but the clothes! Derby hat, English muffler, Bond Street suits.

And perched upon his shoulder was Toluca, a full grown chimpanzee.

And then the Cooper boy began looking for a home. Apartment house landlords took a look at Toluca and explained that there wasn't a vacancy. So Gary moved to the Roosevelt Hotel. But he soon noticed that Toluca seemed unhappy.

And Gary decided the poor chimp was lonely. He's sent for another little monkey to keep Toluca company. And how he's going to house that family nobody knows.

When I say "family" that's what I mean. Gary plans to have the monks fed from his own table.



Wide World

Herr and Frau Rudolph Sieber at a recent Hollywood opening, and Rudi all dressed up in top hat, looking proud of his glamorous wife, Marlene Dietrich. Oh yes, the ubiquitous Herr Josef Von Sternberg was along

THE smartest horseback party that's ever been given in Hollywood was Marion Davies'. It was a thirty-five mile trek with a stop for luncheon where a complete picnic equipment was already waiting for the party. The food wagons had left before dawn.

There was another stop for afternoon tea, already prepared in the same manner and a hot dinner at the top of the trail, where automobiles were waiting to take the party back home.

But in spite of all this *de luxe* business a lot of meals were eaten off a lot of Beverly Hills mantels the next day.

MANY folks have wondered why Marian Marsh, a girl of eighteen, has been able to portray emotions, on the screen, that would be difficult for women much older and with much greater experience. The answer is a strange one.

Marian fell in love with a man, some years older than herself, when she was only sixteen.

She wanted to marry him, but her father asked that she wait awhile.

Her father was going on a trip to New York and told her he would discuss her future with her when he got back.

But he did not come back—he died of pneumonia in New York.

Heartbroken—she had loved her father very much—she turned to her sweetheart for consolation.

And then, a strange thing happened. He went away on a business trip and the next word Marian had from him was the news that he was married.

So maybe that explains why Marian is on actress who doesn't need the glycerin bottle when a scene calls for tears.

A LUCKY CHANGE FOR HER *by Timmins*

EVERY month Seymour tells you about the new fads that the girls out Hollywood way are starting. And old Cal doesn't think it's fair that the boys never get a break. Those stalwart heroes you see on the screen often do a little fad starting.

Now Bob Montgomery has gone in for an all-white vogue (am I telling it right, Seymour?). When Bob plays polo he wears white breeches and shirt, and even white puttees. Honest to Betsy! Around the studio he appears in white flannel suits without a single touch of color. And all the girls think he looks swell.

BUSTER KEATON bought a bird dog (not, however, the kind that catches the gay birds of Hollywood) and promptly lost it.

One evening Wally Beery arrived home and found the pup capering about the lawn. That night he heard Buster announce over the radio that there would be a twenty-five dollar reward for the dog's return.

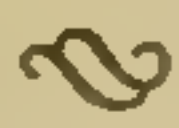
Wally called Buster, "Bring me a check made out to the Motion Picture Relief fund and you can have your dog." And Buster did.

ON Hollywood Boulevard, a famous platinum blonde, now turned red-head, hurries by in sleek black satin. Dozens of eyes turn to catch a glimpse of Jean Harlow. Rod La-Rocque, behind dark glasses, swings by, still remembered by the fans. Chevalier, in white cap and white sweater, enters Henry's surrounded by a gaping crowd of tourists.

Groucho Marx, fake moustache and all, swings into Levy's. And fans in passing cars hang over the edges, to get a look. Colleen Moore, hurries into the side entrance of the El Capitan Theater, and all the customers from the French Bootery come flying out to peek.

But the little brown-haired, grey-eyed woman who strolls quietly down the most famous of all streets, never draws a glance. She is only Maude Adams!

BIG MONEY Awaits Readers of PHOTOPLAY

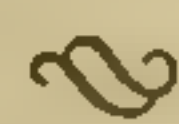


Next month will start the annual

Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

and another fascinating

Treasure Hunt



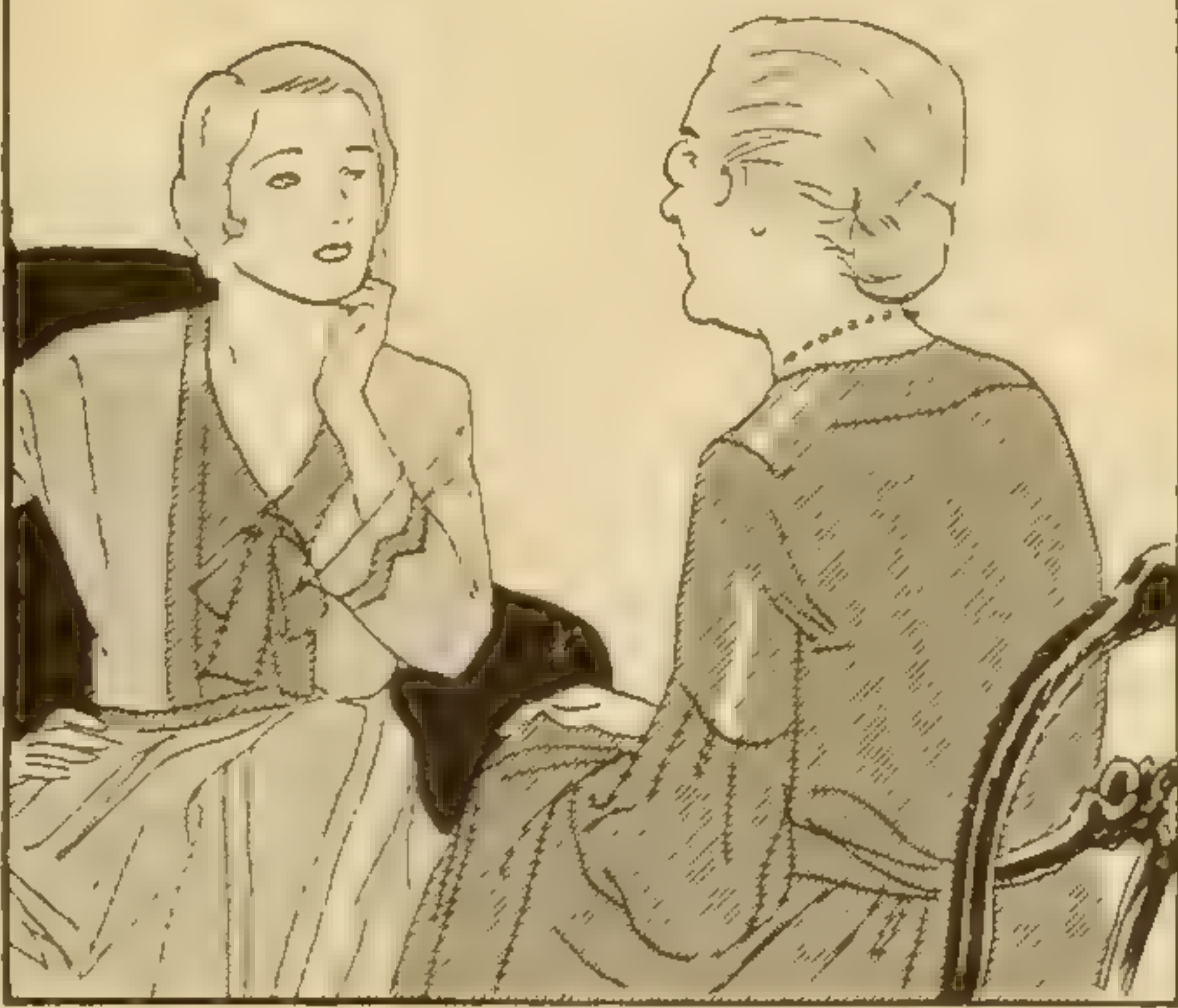
August PHOTOPLAY

out July 15

for sale at all newsstands

OH, I DO WONDER IF I
DID THE RIGHT THING

MARY, WHAT ON EARTH
DO YOU MEAN?
TELL ME



MRS. F. ASKED ME IF I'D LEAVE A LIST
OF GROCERIES FOR HER AT THE STORE.
THEY WERE OUT OF THE TOILET SOAP SHE
ORDERED SO I TOLD THEM TO SEND LIFEBOUY

SHE'S SURE TO LIKE
LIFEBOUY. AND,
REALLY SHE OUGHT
TO USE IT. SHE'S
A LITTLE CARELESS
SOMETIMES ABOUT
"B.O." THAT'S WHY
SHE ISN'T POPULAR



MRS. F. IS PUZZLED

THAT'S FUNNY—I DIDN'T
ORDER LIFEBOUY. HOWEVER,
I'M OUT OF TOILET SOAP
SO I'LL KEEP IT



I'M ALWAYS GOING TO USE LIFEBOUY. SUCH
QUANTITIES OF LATHER. AND HOW FRESH
AND CLEAN I FEEL AFTER A LIFEBOUY BATH.
MY SKIN IS CLEARER, TOO



NO MORE "B.O."—MANY FRIENDS

YOU LIKE LIVING IN
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD,
MRS. F.?

INDEED I DO. SUCH LOVELY
PEOPLE—AND VERY SOCIABLE.
I WAS A LITTLE SLOW IN GETTING
ACQUAINTED AT FIRST, BUT NOW
EVERYONE IS SO FRIENDLY



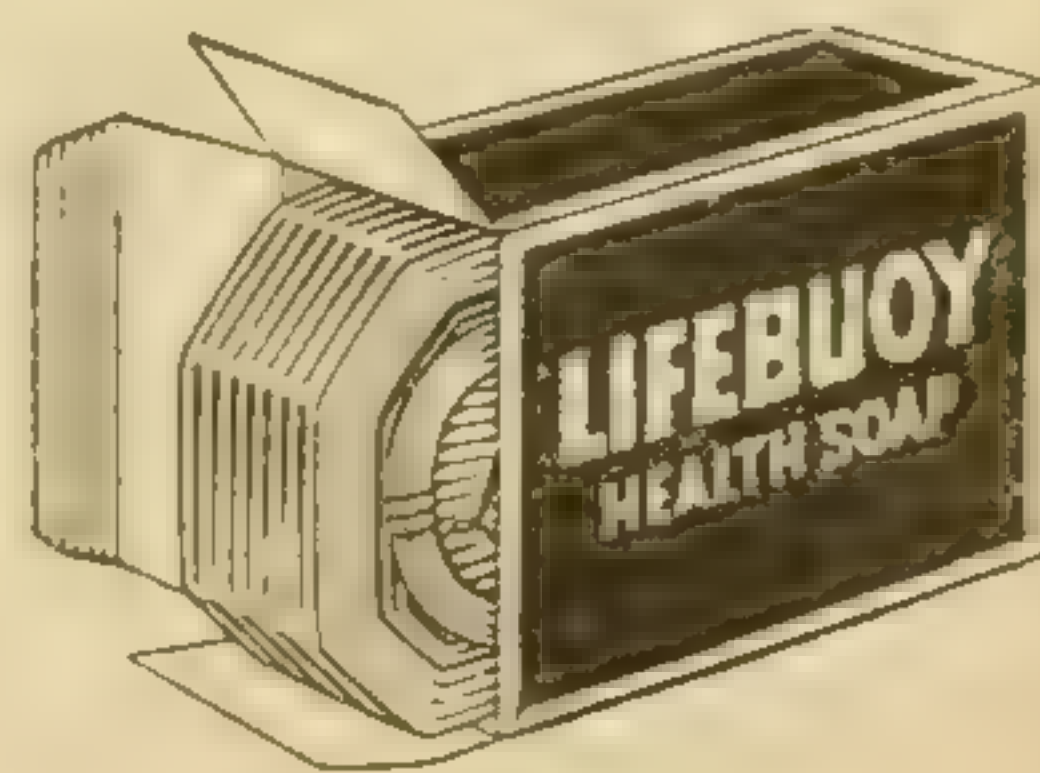
Guard against "B.O." (body odor) these hot days

HEAT... humidity... perspiration... And then, before we know it, "B.O." (body odor)! Don't risk this unpardonable fault—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its penetrating lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." Guards health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Ideal for complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, pore-purifying lather cleanses gently, yet thoroughly—makes dull skins freshen and glow with new, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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LEVER BROTHERS CO.



Find out **HOW** your Laxative works

When it is so easy to get a laxative that is safe, as well as effective, there is no excuse for risking health with the wrong kind. The *wrong* kind is a serious threat to your health!

So before you take any laxative, ask this one question: "How does it work?"

Many wrong laxatives employ violence. They leave the system weakened. They disregard the delicate peristaltic action of the intestinal muscles.

Gentle help is what you need

The right laxative employs Nature's way. Gently yet effectively, it gets results without harmful after-effects. When bowel muscles are temporarily delayed, the right laxative gives these muscles just a gentle nudge, and Nature is back on the job.

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The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein, a laxative widely known to doctors. Deliciously chocolated, this scientific laxative ingredient is offered in its most attractive form.

Before approving any laxative, the doctor wants to know all about it. It should not gripe. It should not rush food through the stomach. It should not disturb digestion. It should not over-stimulate the delicate intestinal muscles. And it should not be habit-forming.

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that tastes like chocolate

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A-72

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Name

Address

JACKIE COOPER was on location and between scenes he spent his time fishing. Day after day the fish ignored him as successfully as two "best dressed women in Hollywood" ignore each other. Came time for the big scene in "When a Feller Needs a Friend."

"All ready, Jackie," the assistant director called. Just then Jackie had a nibble.

So the shooting schedule had to be re-arranged and Jackie's scenes saved until later, while Jackie landed a couple of oversized minnows.

"AREN'T you thrilled to have played with both the Barrymores in 'Arsene Lupin'?" a scenario writer asked Karen Morley.

"Theoretically, yes," Karen answered. "But practically, no. Lionel is always asleep and John is always telling you how to do your scenes."

"OH, to get away from it all," has been the cry of many Hollywood stars. "This being stared at from every table at luncheon is getting on my nerves. Oh, for a quiet place to eat, away from my clamoring public."

So Eddie Brandstatter, proprietor of the famous Hollywood Montmartre, heard the cry and at the request of dozens of stars, opened the exclusive Embassy club where no outsiders were permitted. So the stars had what they wanted, only to find they didn't want it after all.

It became pretty monotonous seeing the same faces every day, and one did miss the eagerness of the fans. So they flocked in a body to the Brown Derby where tourists and fans gather in droves and the Embassy has very quietly folded its hands and given up the ghost.

What's the fun of being a movie star if you aren't looked at?

AND now it's the inside stuff of Hollywood cycle with Connie Bennett in "What Price Hollywood," Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy," Universal's "Once in a Lifetime," and Genevieve Tobin in "Hollywood Speaks."

But don't let the movie boys kid you—there will still be plenty of inside stuff left to tell.

AUTOGRAPH selling is Hollywood's newest racket. At a recent premiere all the stars stopped to sign their names for a little old lady who humbly held out her book.

After the Kleig lights were extinguished and the last star had arrived, the meek little lady toddled off and sold the book of autographs to two waiting racketeers, who in turn re-sold it for a fancy price.

Four such autograph hounds lay in wait in the shrubbery of Garbo's home one night. As her car turned in the driveway, the men leaped on the running board. The driver, thinking it



Clarence Sinclair Bull

No, inquiring reader, that isn't Joan Marsh's bare foot. Her five toes are all done up in a silk stocking, à la Japanese mode, the idea being that the toes show through when these smart Grecian sandals are worn



Elmer Fryer

What will these smart Hollywood girls do next? Now it's the all cellophane hat, intricately woven to look like straw, but having a much greater luster. Ruth Hall shows what a swell idea it is. You could make it yourself if you are nimble-fingered. Try it

a holdup, swerved the car and the autograph seekers rolled away. Imagine the fancy price a Garbo signature would command!

IT'S a funny thing about Neil Hamilton. When he was a leading man with D. W. Griffith, the stars who ran him competition were Earle Williams, Bobby Harron, Francis X. Bushman, Antonio Moreno, Crane Wilbur, Rudolph Valentino, Harrison Ford, Dick Barthelmess and Jack Mulhall.

Of all that list Neil and Dick Barthelmess are the only two who are still active in pictures. Three, of course, have died.

Neil figures that one of the reasons he has remained is because he has always taken whatever rôle came along and the casting directors know him as "a guy who'll do anything from polishing the door-knobs to jumping off a cliff."

You see, Neil doesn't want to be a star—he'd rather stay in pictures than to serve his little time of glory and fade away. And even after all these years he still loves to see his name in electric lights; to go to premieres and have people ask him for his autograph.

HER name was Nina Penn. She was a blue-eyed, brown-haired little mite who knocked Broadway, and two hundred masculine hearts, cold.

Nina was sought after. Nina was popular. But she gave her heart to no one until one young actor persuaded Nina that Broadway would some day pass her up. He loved her and begged her to marry him.

"Life for you, Nina, is only beginning," he said.

So she married her young actor and came to Hollywood, where her husband clicked in the movies and life went smoothly on—too smoothly for Nina. She wanted to don the grease paint and get into things.

"Don't," her husband begged, "you won't like it, Nina. Life, for us, is only beginning."

The next month, Robert Williams, the young actor, was dead. And Nina Penn, knowing that life began and ended too soon, is going back to the grease paint.

*WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!



NOTED LABORATORY FINDS WAY TO END "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

You can never be certain that you are not one of the 10 million people in America today who are victims of "Athlete's Foot" infection—an unpleasant, annoying form of ringworm. If you discover any one of these symptoms, don't wait for complications. Follow the advice of authorities and douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet twice daily. For it was proved by

CRUSADE AGAINST ATHLETE'S FOOT

A nation-wide effort to stamp out foot ringworm, which medical authorities say afflicts approximately 10,000,000 Americans, has begun within the last year. Its first effects are being noticed in the schools and colleges of the country already.

Declaring that this skin malady, known most usually as "athlete's foot," began to cause greatest concern in the United States with this country's participation in the war, the Medical

Doctors, health officials, newspapers WARN AGAINST EPIDEMIC OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Don't neglect itching, peeling toes, blisters; red, raw, cracked skin; these can exact a heavy penalty

IF THERE'S any doubt as to how alarming this epidemic of "Athlete's Foot" has become, just glance through the newspaper clippings printed above.

If you notice nothing more than an itching between your toes—don't think it can't mean danger. For usually that's the way "Athlete's Foot" begins.

Next the skin may turn white, feel moist, unwholesome. Or it may turn red, as it often does, producing a rawness sometimes so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

Don't let this happen to you! And above all beware of breaks in the skin through which blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas may pass into the blood stream.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

There is only one answer as to why millions of people fall prey to this insidious disease. And that answer is, that the tiny ringworm

germs which cause this infection lurk by the billions in the very places people go to promote health—on beachwalks, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine closely the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

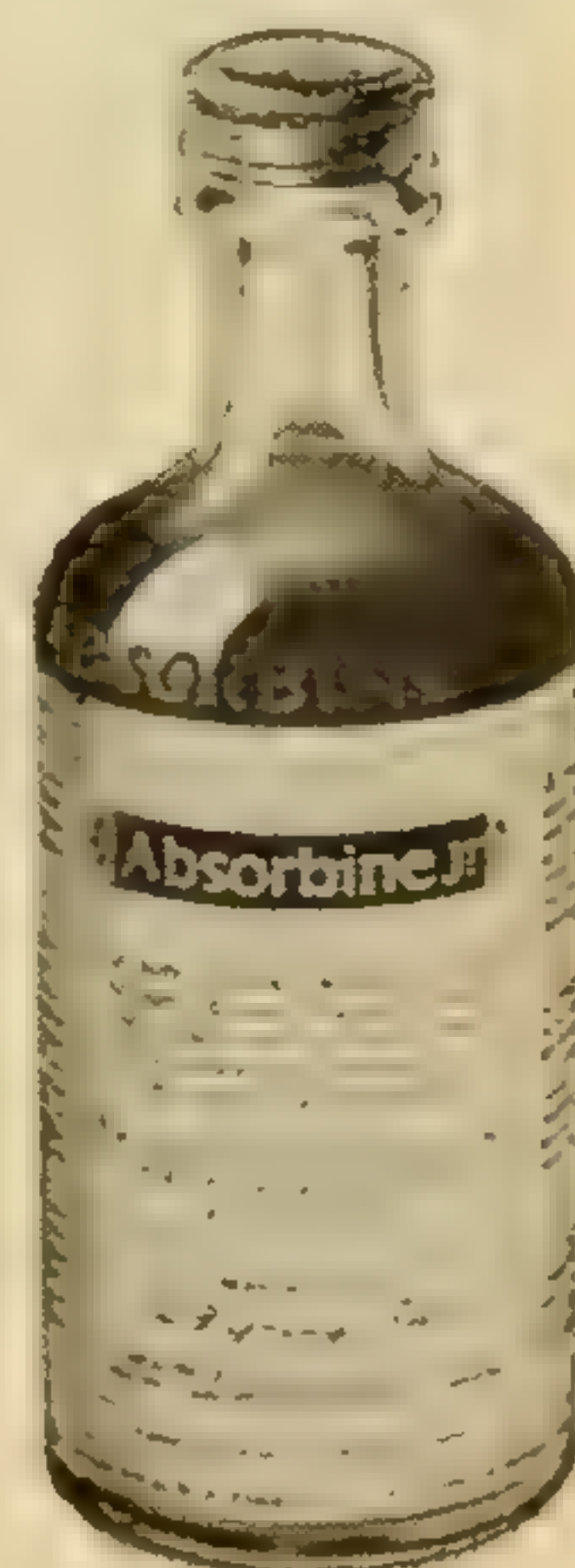
Laboratory and clinical tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills quickly, when it reaches the germ.

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. There is too much at stake to trust relief to a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle along on every outing; that's wise precaution. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO! Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



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and
YOU
Will Love
FEU FOLLET
On yourself—

Because it's very Parisian and provocative . . . a wee bit dangerous. It's gay and exciting, as its name (FLAME OF FOLLY) suggests. And when you wear *Feu Follet* you're *romantic*—to yourself and to him . . .

Spray this perfume on your skin, your lingerie. It lingers longer than most fragrances! *Feu Follet* toilettries also include face-powder, soap, sachet, toilet-water and talcum—all smartly packaged and obtainable at best stores everywhere. Only \$1 to \$6 for the extract.

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Please send me your free booklet by a famous beauty specialist, on the correct way to use perfume.

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Address.....

HELEN HAYES—who suddenly became everybody's favorite in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith"—wasn't considered good movie material by the lords of the cinema.

When she first came on the lot, an executive complimented her on her acting ability, but added, "If you only had a Norma Shearer face!"

Helen's success all goes to prove that beauty and glamour are not always the stuff of which stars are made.

A YOUNG extra player, his face carefully made up with grease paint, was hurrying down Hollywood Boulevard to work. In his excitement to get to the studio on time he stepped before a car which struck him and hurled him ten feet farther along the boulevard. Immediately a crowd gathered and a doctor was summoned.

The boy picked himself up, brushed off his clothes, took a peep into a tiny handmirror and while the doctor set his broken thumb remarked, "Gee, I'm glad I didn't ruin that make-up. It took me two hours to put it on."

In ten minutes he was on his way.

SPEAKING of absent-minded professors. . .

Roland Young received a hurry up call to come to London to make a picture. Roland packed all the clothing he'd need for the picture and his stay in London, and raced for the train.

Half way to New York he suddenly remembered he hadn't done a thing with his packed trunks but left them standing in the middle of the bedroom floor. He'd forgotten to check them.

So he wired frantically back to have his trunks sent airmail. They arrived just in

time to be placed on the boat, and that little piece of forgetfulness cost Mr. Young exactly \$190.

SHORT story on the Radio Pictures call board:
"The Truth About Hollywood"
Wanted—1 ham actor
2 drunks

EVERY star in Hollywood nurses hurt feelings every now and then. I remember a story PHOTOPLAY published about Leila Hyams. It was one of the most innocuous little yarns ever written. But when the writer met Leila afterwards, the Hyams girl was as cold as the inside of an electric refrigerator.

She said the writer had made her look ga-ga and uninteresting. And Leila wanted glamour.

HAROLD LLOYD has been making pictures fifteen years and has had but six leading ladies. He married one of them. The lucky six were Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis, Jobyna Ralston, Ann Christy, Barbara Kent—and now Constance Cummings in "Movie Crazy," the new flicker.

SOMETIMES you'll find a real heart throb in the "props" used on sets. An expensive town car is being used in one of the scenes for "What Price Hollywood." And once that car proudly bore a famous and glamorous star about in its luxurious depths. The star faded from the picture and sold the car to a famous director. He heard the drums of doom, too, and sold the car to a rental agency. And now that once bright chariot is a prop. Things like that really do happen in Hollywood more times than we like to think about.



Otto Dyar

Mr. Gable, Mr. Weissmuller, et al.,—watch out for this young man. He's the new boy, all right, and make no mistake about that. PHOTOPLAY'S Answer Man received more questions about this lad than any six people this month and hundreds of letters of praise poured in, all on account of George Raft, whom you've seen in "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface." Next month PHOTOPLAY is going to print a bang-up story about him



Lewis Stone played only a small part in Joan Crawford's "Letty Lynton." Yet when he appeared on the screen, a murmur went around the Capitol theater in New York, "There's Lewis Stone, oh, there's Lewis Stone." Which proves that, although Stone has played only character rôles during the past several years, his audience is greater than that of many stars

DICK ARLEN and Jobyna Ralston had planned to go to Europe but Dick got a chance to play with Eddie Robinson in "Tiger Shark." It's a swell part and nets Dick \$25,000 extra for it will be made during Dick's vacation. What's more, it will be filmed along the Mexican coast and Joby and Dick are going together in their own yacht—which combines work with a swell vacation. And the kids think it's better than going to Europe and paying their own expenses.

Everybody is happy about it for those two youngsters certainly deserve a break. They have remained absolutely unchanged in the changing atmosphere of Hollywood. Married five years—they have lived in the same house and kept just one servant. Either can always be reached by phone—no secretaries to say, "Just a moment, I'll see if Mr. Arlen is in." They're natural, unspoiled and unsophisticated.

IT'S not because her producers are trying to build her up to be a second Garbo that Gwili Andre is not allowed to be interviewed. The answer is simple. The girl is new at the studio and she's frightened. She shakes with fear every time she walks on a set and, besides, the company figures that if she doesn't make good she won't suffer the embarrassment of a big publicity campaign with nothing to back it up. A couple of months ago PHOTOPLAY told you all about Gwili, the highest paid artists' model in New York. When she first hit Hollywood a drama teacher with a great reputation was supplied for her.

"Act like a tree," he told her. "Hold your arms out as if they were branches."

Gwili was puzzled. "A tree?" she repeated.

"Yes, act like a tree."

Gwili was confused. She began to cry. An executive happened to notice her in tears. "I just can't act like a tree," she sobbed.

So now she has another drama teacher.

Here's Good News for you YEAST EATERS!

**Read every word of it!
Then clip the coupon!**

HERE'S a yeast that's good to eat! A yeast that causes no discomfort after taking! A yeast that keeps fresh for months!

No gas—no fermentation

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They have a delicate, nut-like flavor that everybody likes, even the children. They cannot cause gas or fermentation because they are pasteurized. For the same reason they keep fresh for a long time.

You can safely give Yeast Foam Tablets to children. They contain no drugs. They are nothing but pure yeast dried and concentrated into convenient tablet form. So pure and so uniform is this yeast that it is used by the U. S. Government and leading Universities for their research in vitamins. In fact Yeast Foam Tablets are the richest known natural food source of the health-building vitamins B and G.

End constipation and indigestion

In case after case Yeast Foam Tablets are bringing joyous relief to men and women suffering from indigestion, constipation, hateful skin eruptions, "nerves," lost energy and vitality. Don't be a victim of any of these distressing conditions. Sixty Yeast Foam Tablets—enough for ten days—cost only 50c. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Know the pleasure of taking this new-type yeast. Start now to build health and energy!

Feels Like a Boy Again: "When I wrote you for a sample of Yeast Foam Tablets I was so badly run down with constipation that I could not sleep well or do a full day's work and suffered with headache most of the time. Now after taking six bottles of Tablets I am free from both the disorders mentioned above and I feel like a healthy boy of eighteen." BRIDGMAN, MICH.

Builds Up Weight: "Since taking your Yeast Foam Tablets my weight has come back to normal and my arthritis has disappeared." TORRINGTON, CONN.



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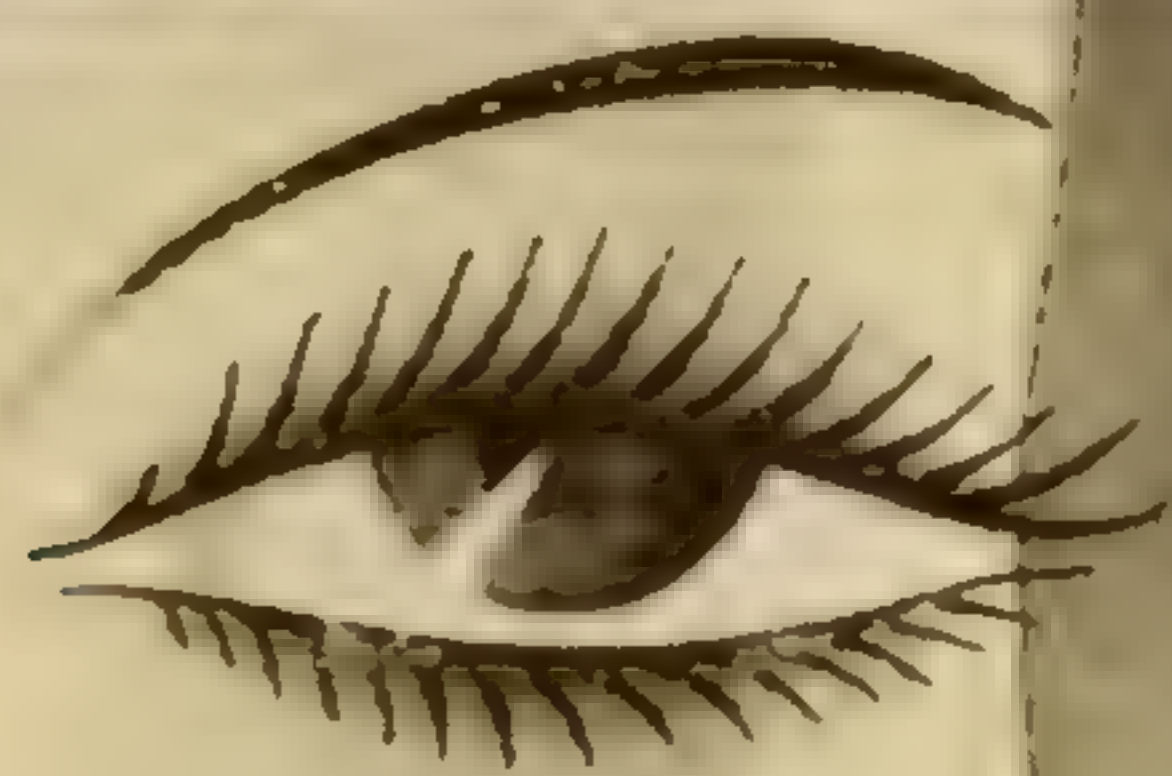
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THE glorious tempting eyes of Spanish beauties are no lovelier than your own. The difference is in their long dark lashes. Have such lashes yourself—long sweeping lashes that arouse fiery admiration and the stirring thrill of mystery. And so easy! Just apply the amazing European discovery, Kurlene, to lash roots; watch lashes grow long, dark, silky, luxuriant—lovely natural lashes. Others are using Kurlene; don't stay behind. Ask at your toilet counter today. Sanitary tubes, 50c; for economy buy the dressing-table jar, \$1.00.



The sanitary tube. Jar is shown above.

Curl Lashes Instantly with KURLASH



Anybody can do it. No heat, no cosmetics. Just slip the curved bows of Kurlash over your lashes and press gently. At once you have curling lashes, sparkling eyes, more charm, greater personality. Even short lashes appear long. No wonder Hollywood make-up artists use Kurlash on movie stars! Curl your own lashes today. Toilet counters everywhere, \$1.00.

Lashpac—Compact (brush and stick mascara).

Shadette—Intensifies eyes' natural color.

Lashtint—LIQUID FORM mascara, perfumed, water-proof, pliable.

CAKE FORM in attractive metal compact—sponge moistener, tiny brush and mirror.

Tweezette—Automatic painless tweezer. All \$1 ea.

Write for free booklet, "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures.

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

FAN mail, which was once considered the barometer of public interest in a star, has taken like everything else, a decided drop. And the funny part is that the stars and producers don't worry much about it. The point is that it's box-office receipts and not letters which really count. Oh, certainly, the stars still like to get your letters, but the producers don't measure popularity that way any more.

During her heyday Clara Bow received 30,000 letters a week. Buddy Rogers was a close second. Today, Sylvia Sidney receives more mail than anybody else at Paramount and it averages about 1,500 letters weekly.

ONE of the reasons for the drop is the fact that the studios used to send out pictures of the stars free—now they charge ten cents for 5 by 7 pictures and twenty-five cents for an 8 by 10. The mail took a fifty per cent slump right after that.

When this drop became obvious, First National and Radio began giving the 5 by 7 pictures free. Some stars send out free pictures—others don't. Connie Bennett pays a great deal of attention to her mail. Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer send pictures if a letter is particularly interesting.

ALTHOUGH fan mail makes the stars feel fine and the studios think it good publicity, it doesn't really count. Mary Brian was kept on at Paramount during the last few months partly because her mail was so prodigious. But when Marian Marsh had her little squabble

at First National the amount of her fan mail—which was great—did not carry any weight with the producers.

MAURICE CHEVALIER has a swell disposition and is absolutely minus any French temperament, but just try being ten minutes late for an appointment with Maurie and you could go into widow's weeds with all the black looks you'll get.

Maurice is always on time himself and he expects it from everyone else.

Norma Shearer is another punctual person. She maps out her day to the last minute. When she first married Irving Thalberg she realized that a set meal schedule was impossible—what with Irving working all sorts of weird hours at the studio. So meals are served *a la* short order restaurant in the Thalberg-Shearer *menage*. Everyone eats when it's convenient and no one keeps the other fellow waiting.

JIMMY DURANTE was riding along in his car and made some sort of wrong turn. An irate driver yelled, "Say who do you think you are?"

So Jimmy stuck his nose out and yelled back, "I don't think. I'm positive!"

NOW it's Wynne Gibson who is Leading Her Own Life.

The girl who became an overnight star in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" has been invited to the Mayfair parties eight times. She has never gone.



Boy! Am I packin' 'em in!

She likes to dance, but goes to the Coconut Grove on Monday nights. Friday is the evening that Hollywood goes to the Grove. She has been to three premières—come late and left early.

And all her friends are non-professionals.

AL JOLSON liked the top floor of a swanky Hollywood apartment but the floor number was thirteen and Al simply has no time in his life for number thirteen. So the apartment house owner just changed all the numbers of the floors; the first floor apartment being twenty-one, the second twenty-two, etc.

Now Al lives in peace and happiness on number thirty-three.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Dick und Dof

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Schlag"—which I think means "Two Hearts and One Sock in the Nose." Anyhow, that's close.

Herr Schramm, in fact, tells me that there is a move on foot to forbid the making of any talkie in Germany that hasn't "Two Hearts" in the title. If it goes through, the names of all German pictures will be things like "Two Hearts in a Shanghai Express," "Two Hearts in Tarzan," "Two Hearts in a Grand Hotel," and "Two Hearts, Doubled and Re-Doubled." Well, that's one way to make dough, eh, editor?

Small wonder these Berliners want to laugh. Their serious pictures are so terrible that you want to blubber and bawl for hours! Add that to the fact that their movie theaters are so dark you could die in them and be missing for three weeks, and you have another real problem.

AND that, editor, is just what I'm wrestling with! I'm sorry, but it looks as though I would have to give up that Siberian trip you ordered—also the ones to Turkestan and Albania that I thought up myself. It will take at least all summer for me to get the Berlin bozos all straightened out on the Dick und Dof—or Laurel and Hardy—thing.

Then there's another trouble—somebody must have put chewing gum or something on my seat at this "bar." I've been trying to get off it and out for five days, and *Herr Schramm* and four waiters have been helping, but it's no use.

I guess I'll just have to sit here through July and August, worrying my poor brains out about the picture situation in Berlin. I'm sorry about Siberia—I'd like nothing better than to go out there and play with the Sibes. But you'll just have to forgive me—you wouldn't want me to sacrifice the seat of my pants just to get off this stool!

In the meantime, tell all American producers to ship over 500,000 prints of every comedy they can dig up. Help the Berliners get their minds off politics, and maybe I can get off this stool in time to come home and vote for Laurel and Hardy.

And by the way, editor, *Herr Schramm* has just said something about paying a bill—what a bore, eh? So ship me a few thousand marks, which you can pick up for American money easily. I'm sure you don't mind about Siberia—I don't. So I'll see you in the fall, editor, if I dare. I'm sure glad you aren't here where you have to drink this "beer." It tastes terrible—sort of bitter-like.

I'll cable you anything new on this Berlin situation, such as Babe Hardy beating out Hindenburg for President. Remember, I am always PHOTOPLAY's hottest, keenest reporter.

SCOOP HALL



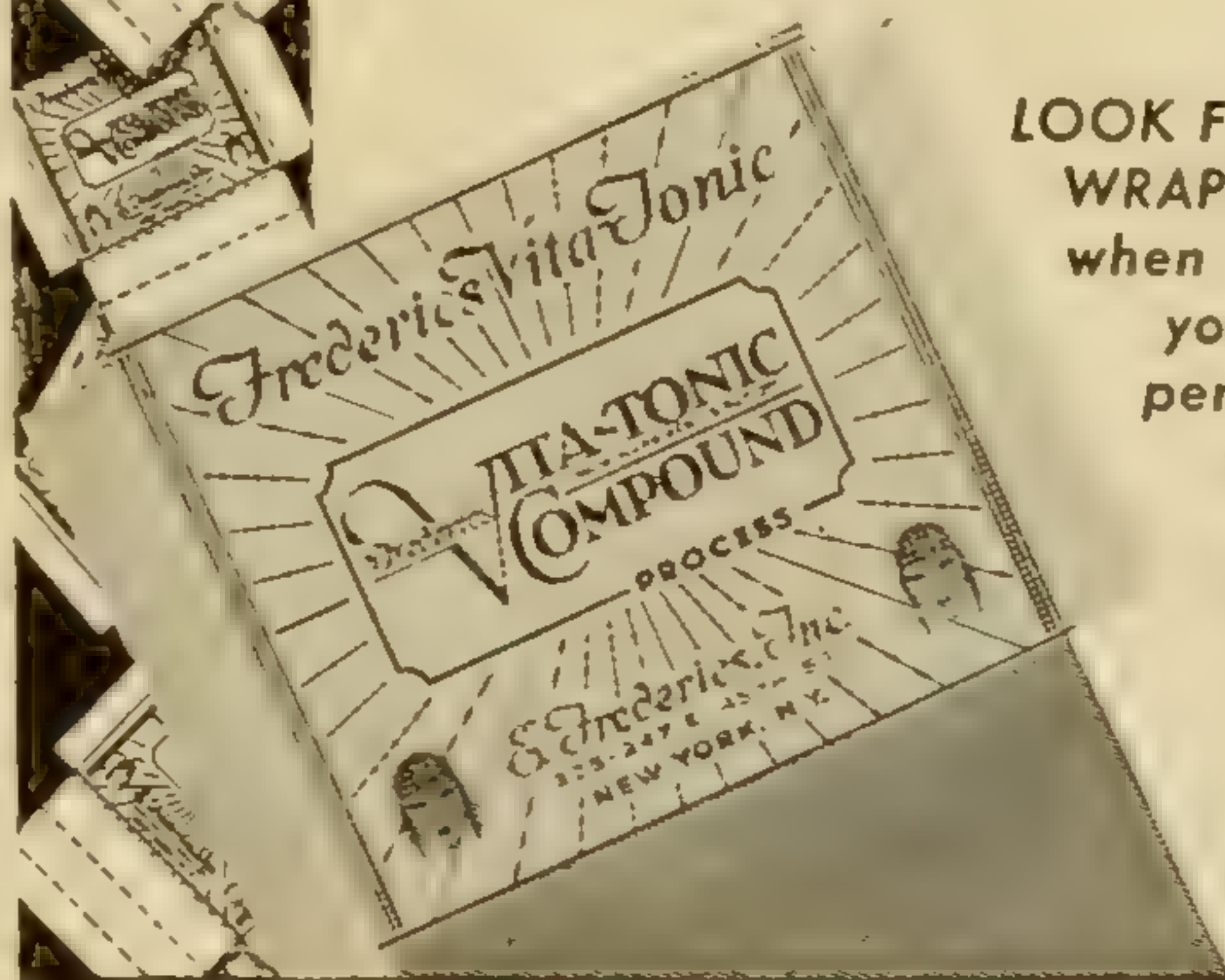
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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The Baby of the Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

heartily than—your hearers. But here the faces were solemn, discreet, the voices low, the manners punctilious. Only the wit sparkled and crackled about the table. I remember when it suddenly came to me, like a delightful discovery, "Why, they're *joking!*"

They were all like that. A marvelous family. And always when Fred came out on top, they were prouder than he was of his success. But they wouldn't show it. ("We mustn't spoil him.")

EVER since Fred was old enough to talk he has spoken "pieces." His first selections were about a little colored boy named "Poor Little Mose." From that he went on to more ambitious subjects. While he was still in short trousers his father went with him upstate where he won the State Oratorical Contest, the youngest of all the contestants. That was a proud day for the Bickels.

And from his babyhood he has loved to imitate people.

"But always," as an older member of the family once recalled seriously, much to our joy, "in the kindest manner!"

And on the heart interest side, ever since his baby days, Fred has had girls. Or rather *A* girl. For with Fred it was always one at a time and each time it was "yes, but this is different!"

He always took his love affairs very seriously, and yet family approval was important to him, too.

But when he let himself fall there were no half measures—he fell hard, and stayed down. Until the next one.

Recently, when we were all re-unioning in Racine, we came across a motto Fred had kept in his mirror for years:

"Be a Whole Man to One Thing at a Time," and his wife suggested that it should have been, "Be a Whole Man to One Girl at a Time!"

He told me once, when he was twenty-two—we were on a train bound for New York, both of us with the glamorous adventure ahead of actually living, for the first time, in New York—"I am fascinated by the idea of being true to one woman all my life."

Even then he was, unconsciously, play-acting. He would tell of some terrific quarrel he had had with the girl of the moment and exclaim, "Gosh, it was dramatic!" His eyes would shine so, his voice would fairly tremble, and before you knew it, you, too, felt that it was terribly important, although you knew, in a way, that you were only seeing footlights and feeling the glamour of the stage.

Now at last, however, it looks as if he is going to make good on that threat of being "true to one girl all his life." His happy marriage to Florence Eldridge, enduring quietly in a city of easy divorces and rematings, shows every sign of having "taken." Five years is a long while in Hollywood.

His family's present pride in him is not only for his success but because that success has made him neither arrogant nor cynical. He is still devoted to shaping his life to contain the things that endure: friendships—love in his marriage—doing a conscientious job.

THOUGH my husband is more and more proud of him, he still, big brother fashion, can't or won't show it. When the first reviews began to praise Fred, Jack was so carefully laconic that his only comment to Fred was—and this, too, has become a household word: "That won't do any harm."

Nowadays Fred anticipates him and it is he who first remarks to Jack about a good notice, "This won't do any harm, will it?" They understand each other.

Fred has been the perfect uncle to our two

children. He has taken turns at wheeling my baby carriage with admirable composure; he has had the patience to overcome the tongue-tied self-consciousness the older daughter developed in his presence after he became a celebrity, and persuade her that he was just "Uncle Freddie" after all. He still kisses his father with utter naturalness, still listens with a very real respect to the brave and wise advice of this parent who has known so well when to guide and when to leave alone. "I can trust you to do the right thing, my boy," he'll say with his hand on Fred's knee.

When the children were asking for inscribed photographs, one day, and he had obligingly written, "To my beautiful blonde sweetheart, Barbara," and "To my favorite comic, Jane"—I asked for one, too, so he wrote, "To Mary—my very first sister-in-law."

OF course, that was terrible. I was highly incensed. I said, "It's like writing 'To the very first woman I meet on the street after ten o'clock next Thursday morning.'" I pretended I had burned it up.

So, one day, to make up for it, he wrote another and inscribed that one:

"To Mary. I love you! I love you! I LOVE You!"

Now, all I'm waiting for is for him to make his first cool (no, it won't be cool under those Klieg lights) million, and then, heavily veiled, I am going to appear at his lawyer's office one fine morning and do a little business in blackmail.

Quite a pretty scandal I could make out of that. "Your money or your reputation," I shall hiss.

As I think of Fred there seems to be a strange affinity between him and bathtubs. It isn't only because of the famous bath scene in "The Royal Family," when Ina Claire and Henrietta Crosman watched him take a bath in order to hear his story.

It isn't only that a little girl said to us the other day, "Oh, my auntie knows Fredric March! She broke her rib in his bathtub. She was so thrilled!"

It developed that her aunt had visited some people in Beverly Hills who had occupied the March house after they came East, and having bathed, slipped and broken her rib, all in his tub, her niece felt she must know him at least fairly well.

You can't blame her.

No, I think it is because of our own priceless bathroom story about Fred. When Barbara was about three, Fred was in the bathroom (the bathroom, I might add) running water for a bath. Barbara was outside clamoring to get in, a noise he could not hear above the running water.

We heard her call, "Fred, let me in!" And then, more urgently, "Fred, let me in!" And finally, in exasperation: "Oh, Uncle Fred, let me in! *What's the difference!*"

NOWADAYS we, who stand on the sidelines, look back, as people do, and try to analyze the secret of his success. His last visit home was a fair indication of that success. It must have been little short of a riot. The citizenry apparently let themselves go in hero-worship with a fine abandon that Freddie himself must have felt on one historic occasion of his early youth, when someone had a divine inspiration. Fred still tells about it and its beginning is always thus:

"Let's have a paint fight!" says Jimmy.

"All right," says Vinny.

"So we has a paint fight!"

Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fred March), writing me about this homecoming which was in-

tended for a family visit, said: "Nothing was lacking but the brass band. We had reporters, photographers, crowds of small boys—cars parked across the street, cleaners offering to clean suits gratis, aldermen offering to conduct Freddie and party through the new court house, radio, telegrams, and an incessant phone ringing, to say nothing of Mrs. March in a corner grinding her teeth and making weird noises."

IT seems a far cry from the lonely boy who lived in a cheap rooming house in Brooklyn, eating insufficient and irregular meals, developing acute appendicitis suddenly and not knowing the name of a single doctor, but having the luck to have a kind and sensible landlady who found one for him (both the doctor and the landlady have been two of his good friends ever since).

A boy, whose brother, hardly more experienced, was summoned in the middle of the night faced with the grave responsibility of deciding whether or not to let this unknown doctor operate and later thanking God that he had—a boy who, during his convalescence had the time to think things out and decide that the stage was the only life he could live and be happy.

It was a decision that was gravely momentous. For the first time he had no parental approval backing him up. His parents were devout church people of the old school, and the stage as a profession, naturally seemed to them not only frivolous but almost an invention of the devil. But Fred, for the first time, *knew!*

He felt so unalterably right about it that he stood squarely against everything, feeling his power, defying the world to prove he had made a mistake. When our little girl Jane came, and we gave her "March" for a middle name (he had only recently changed his name), he wrote, I suppose feeling very unpopular with his family just then and as if he were very much the black sheep, a humorously pathetic letter about it. "I feel," he said in effect, "like some little new country getting its first diplomatic recognition from one of the old line powers."

After leaving his job at the bank came, of course, that rather heart-breaking period most young artists must go through, when, as far as the stage was concerned, he was almost continuously "at leisure" (or do they call it "resting"?).

Anyway, he posed for collar ads, for underwear ads, toothpaste ads—he posed for illustrators, among whom were Howard Chandler Christy and Neysa McMein—anything to keep the wolf from growling.

And then the two-line part in Belasco's "Deburau," which was the beginning.

"The rest," as I like to say dramatically, along with better men than I am, "is history!"

Last summer after Barbara went to camp, the Marches and the Bickels visited her there. The little girls gather around Fred as we sit on the cots chatting with them. Big-eyed kids, shyly sitting around, watching every move he makes. Finally one of them gets up her courage and says:

"Is it very hard to get into the movies, Mr. March?"

FRED looks at us helplessly and we all laugh a little, all thinking the same thing—what's the answer to a question like that? First he was *there*, on the outside, and now he's *here*, a movie star. How did he get there? We don't know—he doesn't know—nobody knows.

Was it because his mother taught him to "Be a whole man to one thing at a time"? Was it because he is handsome and has a musical speaking voice? Was it because of the job at the National City Bank which brought him to New York in the first place? Was it because of that convalescence from appendicitis which gave him the leisure to find out he wanted to go on the stage?

Yes. It was all those things. All those. And a thousand others.

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Come On Back, Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

person like Mitzi would be the rankest of indignities.

For Mitzi is one of those amazing children who know a great deal more than fifty per cent of the adults of the world—and maybe that's a conservative estimate. Mitzi Green's clear eyes need but to take you in, from head to foot, and boy, oh, boy, you've been taken in. She has a sort of uncanny knowledge for the sort of person you are and, well behaved as she is, perfectly proper at all times, she leaves you with the feeling that she is thinking incredible thoughts about you and knows your innermost secrets, your small meannesses and vanities at a glance.

Don't misunderstand me. There's no second sight about Mitzi. She's a healthy, well fed, round cheeked child, who loves to play and have fun like any other child. But she has a mind which is far and away above the average. Maybe it's that uncanny gaze. It makes you feel at once that you must accept Mitzi as your equal and none of that "dear little kiddie" stuff.

Old time troupers dread to play with Mitzi because she's one of the champ scene stealers of Hollywood. And Lilyan Tashman tells a swell yarn that concerns the making of "Finn and Hattie." Seems Mitzi had been stealing

scenes right out from under Lil's sophisticated nose. Finally *La Tashman* decided that she'd appeal to the child's Better Nature, so she said, "Come on, Mitzi, give Aunt Lil a break. Let me get this next scene over and you can have all the rest."

"All right." Then Mitzi walked before the cameras and during Lilyan's scene made one of those goofy faces, and that drew every eye away from Lil and toward Mitzi.

Yet Mitzi, herself, looks at you in wide-eyed amazement when you accuse her of theifing a little scene occasionally.

"I sometimes think," said the actress, "that I don't do enough before the camera. In my first picture, 'The Marriage Playground,' I just stood there and looked up at the other players."

But practically all Mitzi has to do is to "just stand there and look up" and the scene is hers.

You never know what Mitzi is really thinking. You never know what she's going to do next when she's before a microphone. And maybe that's why at least three wise directors have confided to me that Mitzi Green is one of the best actresses in Hollywood. And they didn't mean "just a cute little kiddie"—what they meant was a darn good, all-round screen performer!

The Lion Tamer of "Grand Hotel"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Hersholt turned to Stone. "It's curious, but you do get hungry around twelve o'clock."

Joan departed.

"Lunch?" inquired Stone looking squarely at Goulding.

"Looks like it!" said the grim-lipped Goulding.

Hersholt re-opened his script. "Let's stay and finish, if you wish. I'm already out of the picture, though!"

"So am I," said Stone. "Shall we go?"

"I suppose so," the lion tamer nodded.

One man was left. His head had fallen on his arm. It was Lionel Barrymore—sound asleep.

THE Yellow Room." You remember the set from the picture.

An orchestra played—yet there was no sound.

Hundreds of extras laughing and talking—yet no one could hear them.

Cocktails were shaken—and the ice did not tinkle.

Did you know that sound is put in afterwards in ensembles; scenes where there are numerous people? Only the principals speak their lines while the scene is taken.

The whole set seemed a bit mad; there was a weird abnormality in the silence. The ears seemed cheated. One felt a sense of disappointment.

Unexpectedly, the queer suspense was relieved. A voice leapt out.

"Can you get them into position?" Assistant Lion Tamer speaking.

Goulding walked before a camera; took a position; marked the floor with a chalk line, raised his hand, containing a white handkerchief, two feet above his head to indicate Beery's height. "This is your place, Beery."

He walked to another spot, twisting his body with an almost effeminate movement in his imitation. "This will be Crawford."

You would not have recognized Wally Beery as he stepped into his position. Tail-coat; shaved head; high collar. No wonder he

didn't like to play *Preysing*, the German industrial magnate. Beery, who lets his suspenders hang while he is eating!

"Get in, Jack! There's *your* mark!" Beery called to Jack Barrymore who walked slowly to his position.

"Here?" He inquired of Goulding much in the tone in which one says "cab" to a hotel doorman.

"Yes," snapped Goulding much in the tone of one answering a waiter who has proffered a potato.

"Here?"

The emphasis in Jack's repetition made Goulding turn around. Barrymore's neck was squarely in the lens of the camera.

"I've got another camera covering you, Jack—from the *good* side. I figured it out this morning."

Jack smiled. His profile was protected.

"I can't tell one side of my mug from the other!" wailed Beery.

"Speaking of the sides of one face," a voice came from the rear of the set. "Will I be wanted for the next hour? My ear has split from the adhesive tape. It's tearing it in two." It was Lew Stone. His remarkable make-up in the picture probably frightened you.

"I'm sorry. I must ask you to stay. But I'm using the other side of your face in this shot. *I figured it out this morning!*"

Lew Stone's voice was heard asking for the ether pot. He asked for it frequently during the making of the picture. It's for removing adhesive tape used in make-up.

A LOUD blare from a loud gramophone. Bing Crosby's voice crooning: "Can't We Talk It Over, Dear?"

Joan Crawford was preparing her emotions for her scene.

Beery raised his voice: "Bing Crosby should get screen credit!"

Jack Barrymore's glance flashed to Wally. There was an instant of friendship. A mutual feeling of kinship electrified the two men for that brief moment.

"My collar's wilting," Beery snapped back to normal. "You're cooking me with those lights."

"Ask Miss Crawford to come here," said Goulding.

"I've told her. She's fixing her make-up," answered the Assistant Lion Tamer.

"I've got nothing to fix, but my collar's wilting," called Beery.

"Mine's fixed now," announced Lewis Stone.

"Is it painful?" inquired Goulding.

"No," replied Stone.

Goulding knew he was lying. "You're a good sport, Lew," he said gratefully.

"So are you, Eddie. I've been watching."

A FLUTTER; a rustle; a tension among the extras. "Shoot," said Joan, "I'm here."

It was a joke. Joan's eyes were twinkling. Intuitively she took exactly the right position. Directors say she is the most camera-wise woman in pictures.

Goulding looked around. Beery was missing. Changing his collar. "All right, Wally!"

"Can't you line her up without me? You don't have to bother about me. All you've had is the back of my neck in most of this picture!" boomed Wally.

"Can I see Mr. Barrymore in that other camera?" called the cameraman.

"Does Jack have a special camera now?" called Beery as he stumped back to place.

It was in fun, but the lion tamer looked up quickly—looked for his whip to crack it. There had been too much kidding. Truths often lurk behind jest.

Jack was getting out of humor and when the Barrymores are out of humor or out of mood—the scene shows it.

Five minutes later the orchestra played silently. A hundred people danced without sound.

Lionel, who had been awakened from his chair two minutes earlier, was saying his lines to Jack. He stopped abruptly. The camera clicked; the right lights snapped out.

"I'm sorry," mumbled Lionel. "The lines have gone. We should rehearse."

"Rehearse, then!" ordered Goulding.

"Eddie, I'm stale," said Crawford.

"I can't rehearse," said Beery.

"It's such a good scene if I can only get it," pleaded Goulding.

"Any good scene needs rehearsing," answered Lionel.

"Lunch," said Beery.

"Lunch?" called Joan in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes!" answered Beery.

"Was that lunch?" called John from the other camera.

"I don't know," answered his brother.

An extra girl touched her girl friend, sewing up her stocking. "Don't bother about it now. It's lunch." A scurry.

A voice thundered through the microphones from the sound mixers. "Was that lunch?"

"Oh, come on, let's get the scene," urged Lionel Barrymore.

"Certainly, we'll get the scene," announced Goulding. "Everybody ready? Miss Crawford, please. Mr. Jack Barrymore—"

Jack turned from the outside door. "I thought you said lunch. Beery's gone. Miss Crawford is changing her frock—"

"Is it lunch?" called the cameraman.

"It looks like it," answered Goulding.

The stage was empty. Make-up boxes, musical instruments, cocktail shakers, glasses, cameras, lights—

And as inanimate as any of them, gazing stonily at the bottles of colored water with their enticing labels, on a high stool at the bar—sat the Lion Tamer.

GARBO. Sitting on a little box on the edge of the lobby of the Grand Hotel—eating an apple. Dressed in chinchillas. With her eyes half-closed. She cut the apple into small bits with a knife. She would have bitten into it only it would have spoiled her make-up.

She called: "L-l-l-l—n." Before she had finished the "n" of Ellen—Ellen, black and motherly, was at her side, mirror in hand.

The walls behind Garbo began to move. She turned—startled like a deer in the forest. She noticed for the first time that the wall before which she had squatted had wheels. The men pulled it away, shouted a warning. Garbo rose. Ellen pulled away the box.

"What ees thees?"

"It would be safer over here," answered Ellen.

Suddenly, from within that moving wall comes Bing Crosby's voice: "Can't We Talk It Over, Dear?"

Garbo jumped, looked about her. That question sounded so close, so near, that Garbo must have wondered if the studio executives had crept to her side and were singing an invitation to talk over a new contract.

FINDING herself alone, Garbo turned again to that thing on wheels. It was like a little palace! She seated herself almost squarely before it. A tiny knocker on the door! Garbo was fascinated. "What ees thees?" she asked Ellen.

"A dressing-room."

"Nice," answered Garbo.

Again the miniature palace was moving! Workmen had to pass with cameras, etc.

"Stop!"

The workmen rushed to pick something from the floor.

Lionel Barrymore! Asleep, in his chair, he had not seen the approaching miniature palace. Chair and Lionel had tumbled over.

"D——. Why couldn't you look?" bel-
lows Lionel.

The assistant Lion Tamer rushed to the rescue. In a second they were all on their knees searching anxiously. Lionel's moustache was in his hand while he was asleep!

The door of the palace opened. Joan looked out. "Ed," she called to the young man who does nothing but care for her phonograph records. "Put the other piece on, dear."

"Which other piece, Joanie?"

"You know, Ed."

"What's the scene, Joanie?"

"Oh, kind of gay and bright."

Garbo, on her box, looked from one to the other as the voices crossed.

"What ees the scene, L-l-l-l—n?"

"Just where you walk through the people in the lobby."

"Then it ees very sad," answered Garbo.

At that moment, Lionel Barrymore crawled from beneath the palace—with his moustache.

"Hello, Miss Garbo. These d—— fools," waving his moustache and looking around for his chair.

The assistant Lion Tamer rushed up. "Onto the set, Lionel. Where's your hat?"

"I don't know. Find it."

A BURST of laughter nearby. Wally Beery was telling the extras about his airplane. Lionel turned. He thought Beery was laughing at him.

"Who ees that man? The beeg one with the happy face?" asked Garbo.

"It's Wally Beery," answered Lionel.

"Oh," Garbo moved her box a little to peep better at the man whom she had never before seen in person.

Across the set, another burst of laughter. More extras. Jean Hersholt at a desk. He had drawn a picture of Lionel asleep in his chair!

A voice came from the sky. Everyone looked up. Lion Tamer Edmund Goulding, sixty feet in the air, on a crane—standing on a thin steel edge with nothing between him and the floor.

All heard the cameraman's voice. "Careful. What if you fell off?"

Goulding glanced back. Waved his hand—as though he might enjoy it! That tumble which meant he would no longer have to be Lion Tamer.



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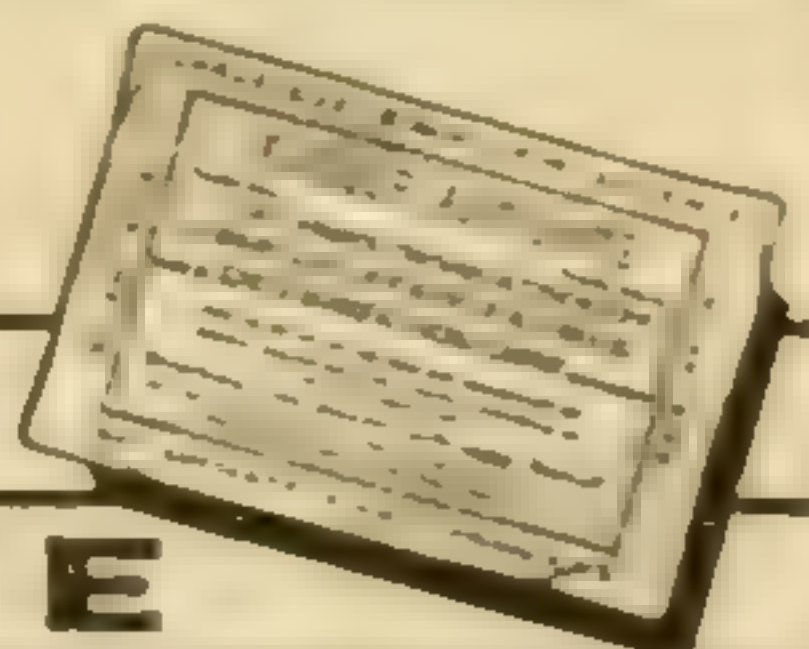
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He called down. "Ladies and gentlemen, you are in Berlin's best hotel. The men do not hold the women's arms in Berlin as though they were afraid of losing them. You are not in the Ambassador. Men do not put their arms around other men's shoulders when they meet. The bell boys do not call out, 'Hey, Mr. Jones, you're wanted on the telephone.' They bow first, speak and turn sharply away. The reception clerk does not hold out his hand and greet a newcomer. Have you all got your felt slippers on? The scene must be absolutely silent. The only voices I want to hear are those of Mr. Stone, the two Barrymores, Miss Crawford and Mr. Hersholt. Miss Garbo will be in the scene, but she does not speak. As she passes through, glance at her. She is a great dancer leaving for the theater. Are you ready? Lock 'em up. Start your action—"

And so was started the most expensive piece of film in history. Six hundred feet of consecutive film—on the same celluloid. The greatest actors of the day intermingled.

Goulding climbed down, hand over hand—sixty feet of cold steel. He crept behind the palace on wheels. Pressed close was Garbo. Intense, silent, taut as the steel above her. The scene was in progress.

The door of the palace opened. Crawford stepped out—bumped into Garbo.

"I beg your pardon."

"All right. We must be quiet."

Garbo and Crawford had met at last.

THE assistant director ran about the edge of the set. "Where's Lionel? Where's Lionel?" he whispered. A snore rewarded him. Dorian awakened Lionel and pushed him onto the set.

Goulding climbed back up the steel. Everything was splendid! A slim, self-effacing little fellow tip toed quietly onto the set. He smiled encouragement up at the Lion Tamer, now on the very edge of the thin rail. Irving Thalberg, the young production genius, behind it all.

Four hundred feet of the six hundred were completed. Not a break in lines! Not a mistake in the acting! Everyone giving his best—

"D——" called the director. "Cut! We will have to shoot it all over."

"What's the matter?" It was a chorus.

"Where is your moustache, Lionel?"

"Somewhere," answered Lionel, fingering his face blankly.

"Did you hear that whistle?" whispered the cameraman up on the crane with the Lion Tamer.

"What whistle?" demanded Goulding.

"Lunch!" boomed Beery from beneath.

"The twelve o'clock whistle," answered the cameraman, pointing to Beery.

Goulding wiped his forehead. The set was already clearing.

GOULDING climbed down and looked at the vacantness about him. A thin stream of smoke from beneath the palace on wheels.

"The Grand Hotel on fire," he muttered wildly. He walked toward the smoke, behind the palace on wheels. A lady in chinchillas was seated on a box smoking.

"Hello," said Garbo.

"Hello," said Goulding. "Aren't you going to lunch?"

"Nobody told me."

Garbo, alone, had awaited the director's order.

"You're marvelous," said Goulding.

"Why?" asked Garbo.

"Oh, I don't know," said Goulding.

"What time back?" said Garbo.

"I'll send for you. Rest up."

"I like the handkerchief you wear around your neck."

"Here take it. I'll give it to you," said Goulding.

"No. I like to see it on you. L-l-l—n."

Goulding watched her go, followed by the motherly, black Ellen. His eyes were wistful. If everybody were like—

The Lion Tamer started suddenly. Ed had found the record for which he had been looking all morning. Bing Crosby's voice called across the stage in his crooning best—"I Surrender, Dear."



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Things were never like this in old Erin, yet Anita Page claims that her place at Malibu is an Irish cottage. And with a kitchen like this! The table and seats fold down from the walls, but after Anita and family have breakfasted—presto, chango!—up they go out of sight. Incidentally, those are kitchen pajamas Anita is wearing. Quite practical, don't you think?

"Cimarron" Wins!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

to Hollywood from the reservations, expert horsemen and cowboys. Three thousand horses and mules were used and over a thousand vehicles of the type seen before "the horseless carriage."

At a cost of \$100,000 a complete town was constructed, wherein most of the action took place. In the midst of a strip of California desert country "Osage," Oklahoma, grew and it looked not like a motion picture set but like a real "boom" town that springs up as suddenly as a prairie flower in the midst of a wilderness.

ALTHOUGH there were many trials during its filming, no one who had anything at all to do with "Cimarron" had any doubts of its greatness. Everyone connected with that film knew what it would be.

It was Richard Dix who made the hero of that tremendous story come alive. Dix, for the many weeks that "Cimarron" was in production, was *Yancey Cravat*. Known as a good, capable actor, he surprised even his best friends by the scope and power of his characterization.

Opposite him, in a rôle of almost equal importance, was Irene Dunne as the immortal *Sabra*. A newcomer to the screen, she proved herself instantly by running the gamut of emotions and growing from a fresh young girl into a self-assured middle-aged woman with a seat in Congress awaiting her. Both she and Dix aged over twenty years for the purposes of the story and here credit must be given to Ern Westmore, who performed the difficult make-up feats upon all the members of the cast.

Irene Dunne was not the only one who was brought to fame by "Cimarron." The stuttering comedian, Rosco Ates, vividly impressed himself upon the minds of picturegoers, as did Edna May Oliver. Both of these became featured players of high standing upon the release of "Cimarron."

Estelle Taylor did the best work of her career, as the luscious *Dixie Lee*; George E. Stone contributed moments of sheer beauty, in fact every member of that long list of notables—including Nance O'Neil, William Collier, Jr., and others too numerous to mention—deserve special notice. There were twenty-nine principal players in that remarkable cast.

And the beauty of Eddie Cronjager's camera work remains a high spot in motion picture history.

"Cimarron" is a living proof that any great story can be made into a great film when there is unity of purpose and complete harmony between company, director, writer, actors and working staff.

IN a year when many remarkable pictures were released it is a great tribute that "Cimarron" should have received the largest number of votes, from the thousands of votes that reached PHOTOPLAY's offices from almost every country in the civilized world.

A word of explanation must be made about why the 1931 award is not made until the middle of 1932.

This is so that people throughout the world may have a chance to see all the films released in 1931, and have a chance to make their selection. And the responses have come from all parts of the world, from people of all races, for although "Cimarron" was a story of American pioneer life, its theme was universal.

The PHOTOPLAY medal which will go to Radio Pictures is solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It is designed and executed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

PHOTOPLAY—acting as the representative of thousands of picturegoers—salutes Radio Pictures and all of the many who were responsible for giving "Cimarron" to the world!

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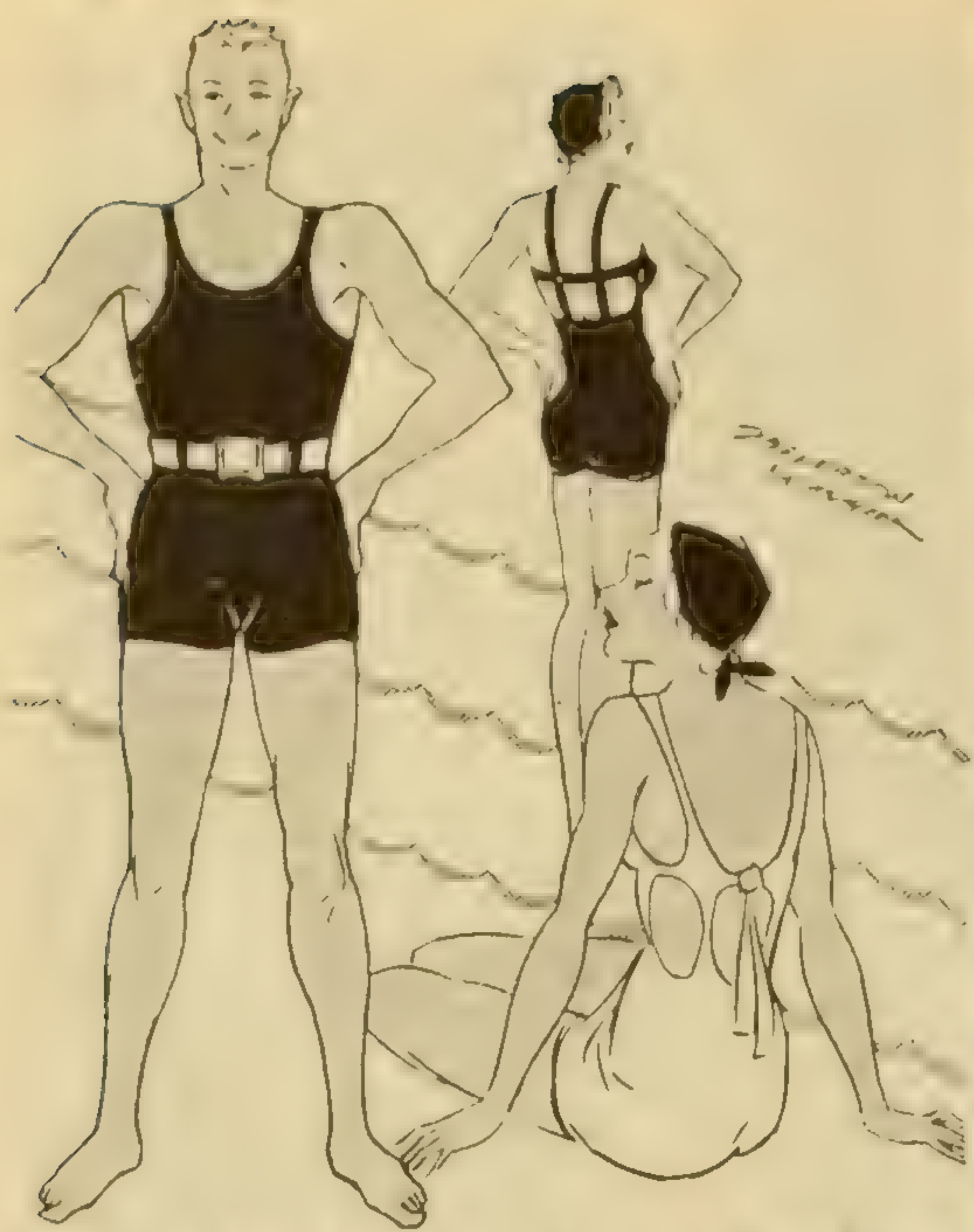
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Don't Call Him "Skippy"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

hands hanging limply at their sides would do well to follow Jackie around for a few days. They could learn a lot about the fundamentals of dramatic expression.

Since he became an overnight sensation, Cooper has acquired certain habits of living as befits a gentleman of affairs. Of course there is a lot of entertaining to do, and since mother dear is fearful lest Jackie's wild "Hollywood parties" wreck their home, he has betaken himself to the back yard where he and his gang have erected a club house in which to entertain Jackie's important friends from the studio.

THERE is an improvised stove for cooking a bachelor supper and a few chairs so that everybody doesn't have to sit on the floor. One of the studio officials told me that an invitation to Jackie's club is a mark of distinction at M-G-M. Jackie is thinking of hiring a parking lot for the really big occasions so his guests won't clutter up the street in front of his modest home with their limousines and maybe get pinched.

As Jackie has discovered, even a kid star isn't immune to the multitudinous perplexities that swarm toward outstanding picture personalities like steel filings to a magnet.

Seeing in me an emissary from the million or more picture devotees who read PHOTOPLAY, Jackie took the opportunity to give me some very confidential messages to "tell 'em."

Sticking out his famous underlip, he leaned against the table and looked up at me with thoughtful deliberation. "You tell 'em," he began, "that I never sassed a lady reporter like somebody said I did, will ya? No sir! The only time I ever sassed anybody was once when my gang was fighting some kids, but I never did sass any grown-up people at all, I didn't. No sir. You'll tell 'em that won'tcha?"

You bet I'll tell 'em, right here and now. If anybody wants to know the truth about this "sassing lady reporter" business, all they have to do is read what the lady herself said about it. It seems that some eavesdropping chatter writer overheard one of Jackie's quick-witted replies to said lady reporter and construed same as being a bit too sophisticated for one of Jackie's years.

Now if there is anything, outside of Greta Garbo's unaccountable seclusion that would create a furor in Hollywood, it would be for Jackie Cooper, the most natural actor on the screen, to start "putting it on."

To quote the lady reporter exactly, his reply was "not sassy at all, but a boyish wisecrack that any small boy in the country might be guilty of letting slip occasionally." What do they expect anyway, little Lord Fauntleroy?

Outside of that there is another thing that has Jackie worried. "Why is it," Jackie inquired mournfully, "why has everybody got to call me *Skippy* all the time? I was *Midge* too wasn't I, and they could call me *Dink*. Wally Beery called me *Dink* all the time when we were playing in 'The Champ,' " he added happily. "I s'pose even after I'm *Limpy* they'll still want to call me *Skippy*—it's tur'ble."

Jackie has been thrown in contact with a great many grown people since signing his contract at M-G-M. Outside of the fact that he has been co-starred with actors like Wally Beery and Chic Sale, he has been paling around a lot with Mr. Mayer, his boss, and when Kermit Roosevelt came to visit the studio it was none other than Jackie who was selected to show him around.

It is surprising that Jackie has been able to maintain his boyish naïveté in the face of such mature influences. The men who are Jackie's pals put aside their adult dignity and become kids again when they talk things over with him, for there is something altogether wholesome and respectful in the way J. C. calls all his friends by their first names. Nothing smarty about it at all. It reminds you of the way Theodore Roosevelt's children always called their father T. R.

When Jackie gets to Washington, D.C., on his personal appearance tour, he has heard that Mr. Hoover plans to invite him out to his house for supper.

"That'll be keen," observed Jackie.

IT is altogether probable that Jackie will wave his hand through the air as H. H. comes down the Grand Staircase.

"Hi, Herb," he will no doubt say as he lets loose with one of those "spontaneous combustion" smiles.

Will the President be ruffled?

I hardly think so.

H. H. will no doubt wave his hand in a flip-pant manner and reply,

"Hi, Jackie, how's the boy?"

Inside of five minutes I'll bet they'll be sitting on the White House carpet playing marbles with some of Jackie's swell agates that he carries around with him.

An Extra Girl's Diary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

"Perhaps I am too critical, but I think he did too much crying."

Well, days passed. The Fairbanks interview resulted in a test. But the diary tells of many tests—each given Ann through her mother's "pull"—and none of which resulted in work. She never got a job as a result of the Fairbanks test.

Ann thought things out. Perhaps, she reasoned, her mother's influence was a handicap, not an asset. She tried on her own. She learned of a call for dancers for the big musical Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was to make—"The Hollywood Revue." Just one of hundreds of other girls, she answered the call—as Ann Dvorak. The people to whom she went did not know her; she was just another extra girl to them. At Metro studios she took a test . . .

Her diary:

"Jan. 9—The casting man at M-G-M said

the test was not so good. That's lovely and encouraging!"

"Jan. 12—Took a test at Lasky's. Saw it. It was wonderful. From the depths to the heights!"

"Jan. 16—Got my test from Lasky's, took it to M-G-M. I think it will get me work somewhere. I *must* persevere."

"Jan. 17—Home all day. Mr. D. at Lasky's said he thought he would have a call for me either tonight or tomorrow. *Must* be tomorrow!"

"Jan. 18—Well, my 'good' luck was with me, as usual. Our phone was out of order, so Mr. D. couldn't get me! No use being down-cast and all that rot. I'll make these studios or bust! Took my test to Sam W. at M-G-M."

"Jan. 21—Took my test to Fred N. at M-G-M. I simply *must* succeed. I refuse to be squelched."

All through these days the diary tells of financial troubles at home. Tells of desperation, in the hunt for a job. "We sadly need the money," it reads; "people are so hard-boiled!" Then came a break. At M-G-M she saw an assistant producer—and:

"... he is very kind, but a little fresh. He says he will put me in his new revue. If he does, great! He had me waiting around all day, doing nothing. And he has the nerve to be fresh, too!"

MORE days of waiting followed. More financial worries—intimate things that a girl tells her diary, that cannot be printed here; things about home troubles, needs. "Good Lord, I simply *must* get work. I hate money, but one must have it..."

Then came the call from the assistant producer—he had kept his promise, fresh though he had been!

February 4, the diary says:

"Well, I got my fill of activity today. Rehearsed on the set. What work! Dead! Never did soft-shoe before."

"Feb. 5—This work is a lot of fun, even if it is frantically hard. Tired."

"Feb. 6—Well, I'm all set for the job. But, how tired I am! My leg muscles are stiff. Don't know how I'll get through those routines tomorrow."

"Feb. 7—I can hardly walk, I'm so stiff, but I'm certainly glad I'm working. Funny, how work comes just when I'm about to go mad for idleness."

"Feb. 9—I had the pleasure of giving mother \$37.50 tonight. Hurrah! I'm actually earning some money. It's about time I did that."

Then came sickness—ten days in bed, with flu. The diary voices her worry that it will halt the work she had just started. But luck was with her.

When she was well she went back to the studio; she still had the job.

"... people at the studio are very strange. One day they are smiling and friendly. The next they are cold and distant."

Days tell of the routine of work. The fun she spoke of earlier was gone, now. Work had taken its place. Now and then she laughed at herself:

"Every time I smoke a cigarette I get sick, and yet every once in a while I do it. I must have an idea I look cute or something when I smoke. I'm so dumb."

On a day just after that, she spoke to a star—her first big thrill. "Spoke to Joan Crawford today, and she is a very sweet girl," is all the diary tells. But what a wealth of experience behind those words—the sole entry in that day's space—the *big* event of that day for the little extra girl.

She spoke to Joan Crawford!

Then come days and days and days of work—hard work, from nine to five each day, home and in bed by nine-thirty, dog tired. But at last the picture was ended; Ann Dvorak's first movie job was over... "tonight the production closed. All the boys and girls felt rather sad about leaving after being together all of every day for eleven weeks. I certainly do. It has meant the beginning of everything to me. A good part of my self-consciousness has left me, and I feel more at ease among people. Well, that's that. Now for more work—and more."

The next day "... that heavy 'failure' feeling came over me today; I woke and started to dress for work—and then I realized that it is over!"

BUT several days later, they called her again—for another musical. That's what they were making in those days. She wrote of the "college capers" step that created a sensation in one of the M-G-M musicals.

"It took them nearly two weeks of hard rehearsing to get the scene the way they wanted it," she wrote.

"I really love studios, and everyone there. I know they don't realize how much I appreciate

the chances they have been giving me. I love it and hope I can get a little part of some kind soon. O, God, please give me the courage to keep up the right spirit towards my work. I don't mean that I'm not still ambitious about it, but I mean that I don't want to fall into the mental rut that so many do who find themselves still on the 'small end' of the profession. I *want* to start at the bottom. In fact, I'd rather. Anyway, I *have* to. But I want to keep myself *good*—and intelligent and alert, most of all.

WAITING around on a set is demoralizing in every way. People just sit around and look at each other. There is positively no mental work at all. But I'm trying to keep my head above water. I know that what I'm doing now is moulding my future career, but oh gosh, it's hard!"

Days of idleness again—chafing at inactivity. Then a new call. "I'll be glad to get to work again. I can't stand sitting around. That's all I can do, you know, because mother won't let me go anywhere. She is worried that I'll be around too sophisticated a crowd. I get so tired of seeing this house and I'd give *anything* for a nice dance floor and a good dancing partner. Pretty soon I'll forget what it is like to go out and I won't care. If it weren't for my work, I'd go insane—that comes from my heart, too."

Discouragement rode her as the weeks went by, and no contract came, as she had hoped. "I suppose if they ever do sign me, it will be merely along with the rest of the chorus, just as a dancing girl. I'm not so good as I thought I was. But that, too, is part of the game. I'll stick to it like an octopus until, finally, in my old age they'll take pity and sign me for a character woman. But there I go, mooning with self-pity! I'll just keep working and remember that one can never hold a job too small—that is, if we aren't satisfied or capable of doing little things, if we aren't big enough to do little things, we certainly aren't big enough to do big things. And then, too, a ladder must be climbed, not flown."

Soon afterward came the big event—her first première. With her mother, once a star, Ann went to Grauman's Chinese Theater, to the opening of "The Hollywood Revue." Her sky-high heart, though, must have been crushed to earth; she and her mother were ignored, apparently. Anyway, she wrote:

"... I felt terribly small and inconsequential among all those stars. Mother looked lovely, but I felt sorry that more people did not take notice of her. She certainly looked much prettier than anyone else that I saw. People are very, very cruel when they have success, and God forbid that I ever get that way when I succeed!"

"Just from a thing like last night I can realize how far at the foot of the ladder I am, and what a long climb there is ahead of me. And it hurts, too, being a chorus girl, and branded as such. Not that I don't like dancing. It's just the undignified something about it. It sort of keeps you from doing anything else. But I *will*, anyway—and just let someone try to stop me!"

"And when I reach the top, I won't be high-hat like all the rest. I'd rather die. Even if there are people I'm not interested in, I won't hurt them by letting them know it."

FROM then on, the diary tells comparatively little. Ann Dvorak was working—and working hard. It left no time for writing her heart's thoughts on paper. Oh, now and then there's a note, apologetic in tone, for neglect of the diary. Or, now and then, one of those introspective passages that girls confide to their diaries. Like:

"I don't think about God much. I try to put all my faith in myself. My God, if I have one, is beauty and love and music combined. Everything is beautiful, even what we call ugliness. If a mountain is beautiful, one can't say it is partly ugly because it is made of dirt,

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or because there are bugs and worms living on it. . . ."

Ann worked. Many months, she stayed at M-G-M—where she did get a contract—but only as a dancing girl; later as dancing instructress. It was not what she sought, so every time she had a chance, she took tests for rôles, elsewhere. One day, Karen Morley, M-G-M's blonde future star, who had been borrowed by Millionaire Producer Howard Hughes for a rôle in "Scarface," told Ann that she might get the part of *Cesca*, sister to *Scarface*, in the film.

Ann took the test.

Somehow, of all the girls Hughes had tried out, Ann clicked. She got the part. It's her last entry in the diary:

"July 8, 1931—Although I haven't bothered to write in such a childish thing as a diary for a long time, I feel as though this is one of the big thrill days of my life! After several days of agonizing suspense, I have a lovely, grand part in Howard Hughes' 'Scarface.' Little Karen Morley was responsible to a great degree for the whole thing. I'm too happy to think clearly. It's my first part. . . ."

WELL, when you see "Scarface," you'll know Ann Dvorak made good. So good, in fact, that one day Howard Hughes, having seen some "rushes," met her in the hallway. In his characteristic casual manner, he said:

"Hello."

She smiled back.

"How'd you like a contract?"

"Swell."

"Okay, you're all set."

Surprised, all Ann could say was: "Don't kid me."

The millionaire smiled. "I'm not kidding," he said. She started to cry. Today, Ann's under a long term contract to Hughes and Hollywood's star-pickers have put her in that little handful who, they say, are destined for stardom.

"It's what I want; it's what I've worked for," she says. "I'm going to keep on working for it. And always, I'll remember the biggest lesson I've learned in Hollywood—that is: 'Keep Your Head.' That means keep it when you're down, and keep it even more when you're going up."



Do you remember this advertisement—one of the most familiar of ten years ago? And do you know who that cute little girl with the demure curls and the bunch of violets is? Madge Evans posed for this ad when she was a child star in pictures. And users of Fairy Soap didn't know that some day they'd be seeing the lovely grown-up Madge on the screen

Marian & Janet

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

in "7th Heaven." And Borzage informed the Fox studio officials—as if they couldn't see it for themselves—that Marian has the same wistful appeal that Janet has, the same whimsy that has been making money clink at Fox box-offices for the last six years.

Marian proved herself in "After Tomorrow." And as I saw that film, I thought to myself, "The real Marian Nixon has at last reached the screen; she has forgotten that weekly pay check." It was a big jump in salary, you recall, that lured her away from Fox to sign with Universal, even when "7th Heaven" had been promised her. Alike as Janet and Marian are on the screen, strangely as have their careers tangled in the web of Hollywood, they are entirely different personalities.

IN the early days Janet's dreams of the future were ephemeral, nebulous air castles. Marian did not dream—she planned. Janet indulged in visions, Marian in cold fact. Janet visualized herself as a great dramatic actress on the screen; Marian spoke of collecting an impressive weekly salary check. Perhaps it was that which shot Janet to the top so suddenly and made Marian wait for her chance, for now that she has plenty of money, she can throw herself into her characterizations merely because she loves her work.

Don't get the idea that Marian is mercenary—she is one of the most generous girls I've ever known. But she is a clever business woman, which Janet is not, and the difference somehow seemed to register before the camera for all those years.

Marian has always been more the woman and Janet the child. Janet loves trips to the beach piers, wild rides on the merry-go-rounds, thrilling, mad excursions on the shoot-the-dips, while Marian prefers the theater and the opera. Janet can work herself into a lather over the prospect of a weinie bake, while Marian likes the smart Mayfair dances best. Yet Marian can enjoy herself at the beach, too, while Janet is usually at the Mayfair parties. It is because I know both girls so well that I find the differences in them. The casual observer would think them remarkably alike.

Marian is probably a wealthier woman than Janet—despite Marian's bad picture breaks and Janet's good luck, yet of the two Marian has experienced more of life's actualities, while Janet has lived in a world of fancy. Marian has been married twice—once to a boxer, Joe Benjamin, and now to Eddie Hillman, a multi-millionaire. Janet, despite her rumored engagements, has married but once.

They are great friends and have remained so through the years. Certainly each owes the other a debt of gratitude for this strange interchange of rôles—the one bringing Janet to the top with a bang and the other giving Marian a belated spot among the film mighty.

SO there they are—so much alike in film type—working together on the same lot. Again Marian has fallen heir to one of Janet's rôles—that of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I wonder what Fate has in store for them now? Will Marian fare as well as Janet has? Will Janet, who photographs more beautiful than she is, find her reign disputed by Marian, who is more beautiful than she photographs? As Janet's friend, I'd advise her to look to her laurels. This Nixon kid has a lot of the stuff that Janet has, and while Janet is pining to be a great actress, Marian, who is just getting her stride, is content with being sweet and charming and very much what the public wants just at the moment.

So there you have the strange and tangled story. It has already afforded me many a long winter's evening of meditation thinking what would have happened if . . .



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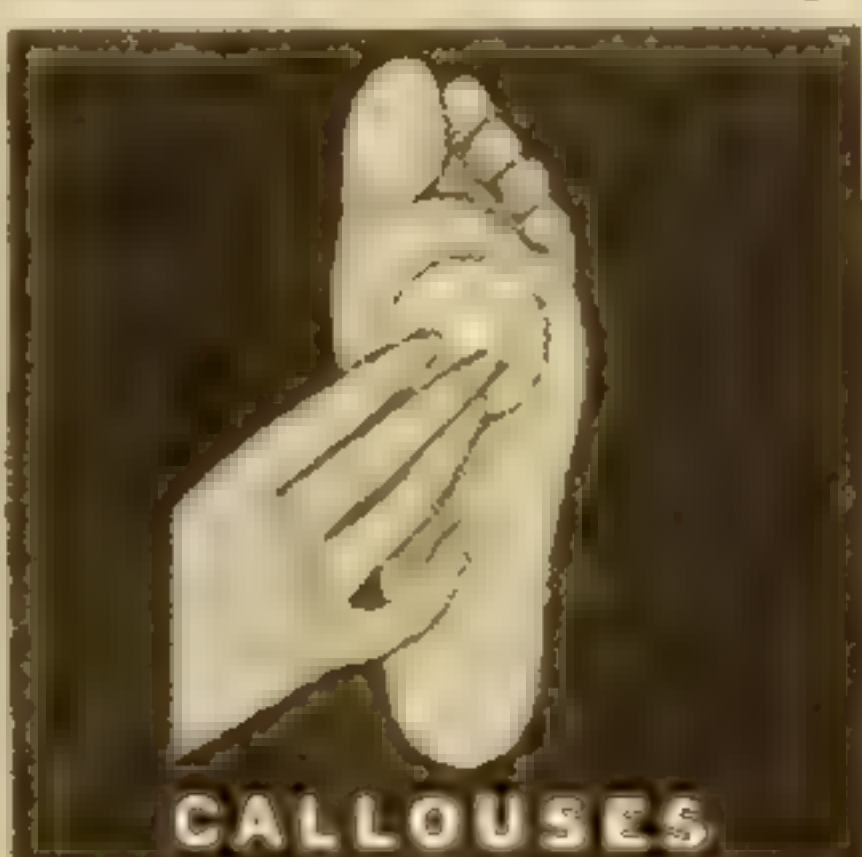


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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Juanita
Hansen

FIFTEEN years ago we devoted eight pages to pictures of beautiful girls wearing the last word in 1917 bathing suits. And you should see some of those models! — Juanita Hansen in a nifty little striped number that came clear down to her knees; Mary MacLaren in black taffeta; Bessie Love, Marie Prevost and Betty Compson all decked out in full skirts, shoes and stockings.

An astrologer predicted that Bill Hart would hold public office and make a great success of it and that Blanche Sweet would have "unexpected good fortune under strange and peculiar circumstances." Bill's lonely life on his ranch is a far cry from the life of a statesman, and Blanche has had plenty of bad luck for several years.

We asked the question, "Can a pretty girl without experience get a break in pictures?" and our answer, in an article that covered

several pages, was mostly "No." Yessir, it was almost as hard to crash the gates of Hollywood in those days as it is now and the chances then as they are now were about 10,000 to one. But that one chance is what has given hope to thousands of girls for the last fifteen years.

Emmy Wehlen (do you remember her?) was the girl on the cover, and the gallery pictures were Ollie Kirby, Harry Morey, Dorothy Phillips (her daughter is seventeen years old now), Elmer Clifton, Dorothy Kelly, Jack Mulhall, Madge Kennedy and June Elvidge.

Pictures reviewed included Doug Fairbanks' "In Again—Out Again," Clara Kimball Young's "The Easiest Way," Marguerite Clarke's "The Valentine Girl," Pauline Frederick's "Sleeping Fires" and Charles Ray's "The Pinch Hitter."

Cal York items: Colleen Moore is the name of D. W. Griffith's newest "discovery." . . . Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen have become permanent residents of Hollywood. . . . H. B. Warner has signed a new contract. . . . Charlie Chaplin, twenty-eight on his last birthday, is a millionaire.

10 Years Ago



Ramon
Novarro

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was deep in the filming of "Robin Hood," the picture that was to win a PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal. Everybody knew it would be a great picture—and it was. Now, Doug has recently returned from the South Seas where he dashed off a

new movie, and they say he has another great picture, one that will make you recall the exciting and glamorous "Robin Hood."

Nita Naldi was the rave ten years ago—a dark, seductive siren whom men adored and women feared. Retired from the screen, La Naldi now lives in New York and her *bon mots*—many of them barbed—are quoted up and down Broadway by friends. Nita, for all her serious gaze, was and is one of the real wits.

Lew Cody was begging the public to forget that an overzealous press agent had once called him a male vampire, for that unhappy phrase almost cost Lew his career. It did keep him off

the screen for years. Ten years ago no director would have given him a comedy rôle.

Samaniegos, first name Ramon, wouldn't fit into electric lights, so director Rex Ingram suggested Novarro. And for ten years Ramon Novarro has been a star.

There were beautiful pictures of Harold Lloyd's palatial home and we commented, "Seems a shame to waste all this on a mere bachelor." Harold took the hint and got married. Mildred Davis Lloyd is still mistress of the manse.

That world-famous portrait of Rudolph Valentino appeared on our cover. In the gallery were Lila Lee (now staging a comeback), Harold Lloyd, Rubye de Remer, Priscilla Dean, Gloria Swanson and Helen Ferguson.

The six best films were "Grandma's Boy," "Sherlock Holmes," "Prisoner of Zenda," "The Good Provider," "The Primitive Lover" and "The Bachelor Daddy."

Clark York item: Hoot Gibson and Helen Johnson are married (and now there's talk of trouble between Hoot and his third wife, Sally Eilers).

5 Years Ago



Clara
Bow

CLARA BOW was riding the crest of the popularity wave five years ago and Elinor Glyn had just made the decision that Clara had "It." If, at that time, Clara could have looked into the future, she would not have believed what lay in store for her—the trials, the

heartaches, the spectacular gestures, all of which have culminated in the most amazing real life story ever told, "Clara Bow—Housewife of Rancho Clarito," which you will find on another page of this magazine.

Very proudly we published the first photograph of bride and groom Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen in their new home. The house is exactly the same as it was then, as is the state of Joby's and Dick's romance. Here are a couple of nice folks whom the years seem to change not at all.

But there are some other things that have changed. For instance, taking exception to

Lionel Barrymore's crack about the movies not getting anywhere, we remarked, "Neither is Lionel Barrymore." He wasn't then, but now look at him!

And we wrote a very gay item about Lya de Putti putting ten fur coats into storage for the summer. There were a chinchilla and three ermines among them. When she died recently she left behind nothing of worldly riches.

And, of course, it wouldn't be a complete magazine without some mention of Garbo. Five years ago Garbo was having trouble with her studio. Sounds so familiar, doesn't it?

Norma Talmadge graced the cover and in the gallery were Sally O'Neil, Mollie O'Day, Nancy Phillips, Avonne Taylor, Gilbert Roland, Richard Dix and Louise Fazenda.

Here were the six best pictures: "Seventh Heaven," "Captain Salvation," "The Cat and the Canary," "Annie Laurie," "Babe Comes Home" and "Knockout Reilly."

Cal York items: Rumor has it that Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix (Victoria Ford) are going to get a divorce . . . Lupe Velez looks like a real screen bet. And she was—and is!

Short Subjects of the Month



The Codonas, famous circus aerialists, contribute a breath-taking short to head this month's list

SWING HIGH M-G-M

Here is one of the most fascinating shorts ever made and if you have held your breath watching circus acrobats perform at the top of the big tent, you mustn't miss it. Those amazing aerialists, the Codonas, show in close-up and slow motion shots just how their tricks are done, beginning with their intensive training. Marvelous!

EXTRA! EXTRA! RKO-Pathe

That lad Frank McHugh is a grand comedian and he is at his funniest best in this little newspaper story about a tipsy reporter who stumbles upon a big scoop at a fake spiritualist meeting. You'll enjoy this.

MILADY'S ESCAPADE Kendall-De Vally-Educational

A musical episode suggested by the opera "Martha." Beautiful voices, together with quaint costuming, make a pleasing and colorful picture. If you aren't familiar with the opera the story is rather difficult to follow.

PERFECT CONTROL Universal

Here's Babe Ruth—the Babe himself—showing all the kids and grown-ups, too, if they care to watch, how to throw a fast one, a curve or a knuckle ball. The information is set in the frame of a nice little comedy.

THE PROWLERS Lyman Howe-Educational

One of the "Hodge Podge" series consisting of shots of a native hunter in the wilds of Africa. Not very exciting scenes and only three or four animals shown.

A SLIP AT THE SWITCH Radio Pictures

A swift little comedy with Chic Sale in his usual rôle of the small town hick. This time he

gets involved, hilariously, with a couple of railroad bandits and gives chase in a handcar. Swell fun.

TORCHY RAISES THE AUNTIE Educational-Torchy

Torchy doesn't quite make the grade in this one. Squirring two prudish aunts about to the hot spots where they succumb to the influence of weird concoctions, does not offer him very much opportunity. Dorothy Dix is, as usual, a pretty little minx.

HELPMATES Hal Roach-M-G-M

There have been funnier Laurel and Hardy numbers than this one, but in spite of that this short has its moments. It all takes place in a kitchen where Laurel aids Hardy in cleaning up a mess left from a wild party before Hardy's wife gets back home.

KEEP COOL Talking Picture Epics

Just shut your ears to the attempted wise-cracks made by the feminine narrator and enjoy the beauty and charm of a group of children romping in the snow at St. Moritz. Grand photography.

HOLLYWOOD LIGHTS Ideal-Educational

A passive comedy without many laughs. Rita Flynn and her acrobatic legs do most of the work. It tells the story of the experiences of three girls in their search for employment at the movie studios.

DIVORCE A LA MODE Mack Sennett-Educational

Solemn-faced Raymond Hatton all snarled up in the divorce racket. And all because his wife's French poodle had to have his bath on Thursdays. The snarl untangles after much mixing up of husbands and wives, and they really didn't want divorces, anyway. Entertaining.

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Vilma Banky would like to come back to pictures. But being a good wife to Rod is more important. Certainly she is just as beautiful as ever

Vilma & Rod

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

The same drapes; chairs; occasional tables. The same lace cloth over the dining-room table. Even the same candle-sticks upon it. The same separate bedrooms and separate dens that I described for an article in PHOTOPLAY immediately after their wedding.

And the same people!

Rod was in his work-shop as he had been five years before when I called unexpectedly. He was developing pictures of Vilma. He's concentrating now upon photography.

The work-room is a bit different. More equipment in it. Rod makes furniture today as well as frames for Vilma's embroidery. He personally manufactured a large portion of the furniture for their Arrowhead Lake summer home.

After rambling through the house at will—I had taken pictures of it five years before so I knew what it *had been*—and finding no alterations, I said, "Let's sit down and talk it over."

"Talk what over?" Vilma looked at me queerly.

"How you've made marriage a success. How you've stuck together after *that* wedding."

There was silence. A long silence. Then Vilma said in that slow Hungarian drawl with only a shade of the old accent, "There is no recipe for success in marriage."

Rod nodded agreement.

NOR did they give any. Don't misunderstand me. They are perfectly willing to talk about marriage. Tell any or all of the little or big things which have happened to them. But as to laying down rules, or talking platitudes—they simply don't know any. What has made *us* happy might make the next couple unhappy, is their theory.

That wedding, for example.

It was a publicity stunt to everyone but

Vilma and Rod.

And to them it was just *their marriage*.

They had planned to go to Santa Barbara and be married incognito in the old mission. Vilma told producer Goldwyn about it. But no! They must be married here. *He* would arrange the wedding. *He* would give the bride away. He would get a million dollars of publicity for Vilma from it.

"What did we care? What difference did it make about the ceremony? What we were concerned with was *marriage*. If Sam wanted us to be married that way—why not?" It was that simple to Vilma.

And that trip she took to Hungary the first year of the marriage. Do you remember the stories? She had left him? He had followed her two weeks later and won her back?

They laughed when I reminded them of it. "Hollywood did not understand that we did not make this marriage for just a year or two. We did not have to use up every moment of the first year being together because we knew we had long lives before us in which we would be together!"

IN a way, I think that sentence explains their situation. They took happiness for granted from the first. They have never given a thought to the reverse situation.

Not that they haven't had storms to weather. They are no demi-gods who consider themselves or each other perfect.

Take the matter of the morning newspaper. Rod likes to have his paper smooth and in order when he first reads it. Vilma is usually up first. She opened the paper, ran through it, woman-wise—reading the headlines, folding and twisting the paper. When he came to it, it looked as if it might have been through a Texas tornado.

He started to say, "If you unfolded it, why in H— can't you fold it?" But he looked up and saw her serene beauty before him and said instead, "Do you mind, dear, refolding the paper when you have finished with it?"

Her eyes flashed for a moment. "Well, of course, if you don't like it, we can order two papers."

"All right. We will, then."

But later in the day, after a thousand things had crowded in—telephone calls, shopping, ordering of food, discussion of pictures which were coming, etc.—the morning paper didn't seem so important. Vilma thought of it fleetingly. "How foolish to order two. At least, he was nice about it. I guess it wouldn't hurt me any to fold it." And now she does fold it!

THEN there was the matter of Rod's habit of sleeping. He probably likes sleep better than any man in the country. And to awaken him? It almost takes the fire department to do it!

At first, Vilma couldn't understand. It annoyed her beyond all proportions. She just couldn't find excuses for a man whom you could shake, kiss, pound, yell at, call "The house is on fire," and who continued to sleep as though you were non-existent.

Came the day of Conrad Nagel's dinner. He had been hunting, and brought home wild ducks. All the little group of which Vilma and Rod are members—the Antonio Morenos, Sidney Franklyns, Fred Bennetts, Bill Hooks (Leatrice Joy)—were to help eat them. The dinner was for seven.

Rod came home early in the afternoon, said: "I'm going to sleep a few minutes, Vilma."

"Please don't, Rod. We'll never get you awake. Please—"

"Just for twenty minutes, dear. I'll be up and ready. I promise."

"Oh, Rod—" It was a wail.

At a quarter of eight he awakened, looked at his watch, jumped from the bed. "Vilma!" He rushed toward her room. "Why didn't you call me? It's nearly eight. We were to be there at seven. Why in thunder—"

Vilma was in a little heap in the middle of her bed, crying. Her dinner dress soiled. Her eyes red and swollen.

She had even called his family and they had all worked to awaken him. He had slept peacefully on. Even cold water had no effect on him.

And how did Vilma solve *that* problem? Now, she doesn't let him go to sleep while engagements are pending. She talks incessantly; tells funny stories, draws him into animated discussions on subjects in which he has a keen interest. Gets him to argue. Rod likes to argue. He will never fall asleep while someone opposes him. Vilma opposes him—whether she agrees or disagrees.

Take the matter of parties. Rod hates them. How he hates them. But when a woman has a new gown? Especially a woman as beautiful as Vilma Banky! At first that caused trouble. But when they found their own clique (those mentioned above), people whom Rod sincerely enjoys, Vilma discovered that a woman can be as proud of gowns before a *few* people as she can before a great number. This group meets at least once a week. During the summers at the Nagels' or Franklyns' Malibu houses or the LaRocques' Arrowhead one.

ALL this more or less forms an arrow pointing toward Mrs. LaRocque as the secret of this successful home, doesn't it?

Well, find me a successful home anywhere and I'll discover an arrow pointing to the woman!

Woman has been the home-maker for generations. And no psychologist in the world can devise schemes to upset her. This home is no exception!

But Vilma points out the duty of the other half of the arrangement in one sentence: "I love it. It's been no sacrifice because Rod appreciates everything so. He's just like a little

boy. I can't do enough because he is so grateful!"

But what of their careers? Perhaps if they had both continued to be big stars or if one had grown beyond the other as in the case of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister—?

"It would have been perhaps more difficult," Rod admits frankly. "Neither Vilma nor I has been *obsessed with ambition* since we fell in love with each other. I told Vilma from the first that I would rather be a successful husband than a successful actor because marriage would last a lifetime and acting wouldn't. She felt the same way about it."

Obsessed with ambition! A description of Hollywood in three words. A disease which these two have avoided.

NATURALLY, they would like to make more pictures. Because they enjoy them. Because they are human and appreciate the fame and the fortune that comes from that enjoyment.

But they do not want that fame to the exclusion of everything else. When they were offered the opportunity to take their play, "Cherries Are Ripe," with which they toured the United States and Canada for a year, to New York, they refused. "It is not a Broadway show. It would flop in a week."

Their managers thought they were crazy. But when such eminent actors as Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney did take it to Brooklyn and it flopped in a week, they smiled and congratulated each other.

Irving Thalberg asked Rod to play in the screen version of "Let Us Be Gay." Rod was flattered. He signed the contract without seeing the play, thinking of course that Mr. Thalberg knew whether he fitted the part.

A few days later, Vilma and Rod saw it at a local theater. Rod immediately asked to be released. He didn't get the release.

He was not good in the part, he felt. Had he been more ambitious, he would have been willing to play with Norma Shearer whether he thought he could do justice to the rôle or not.

Rod was once one of the most popular and highest paid stars. His fan mail was prodigious. But he says, "I will make a good picture again because I love the work and want to get back into it. Money is really no consideration. I have wanted a good part. I do not wish to do something which would look like a bad job."

They sent for him to discuss the part of the husband for "Westward Passage," with Ann Harding. Rod frankly told them he did not believe he was suited to the part. The fact that this picture is being entirely re-made with E. H. Griffith directing, proves Rod to have been right—that the script was not the best. But the fact that it is being re-made with a new script and a splendid director looks as though Rod may have made a mistake, missed his big "break."

VILMA was recently offered the Tala Birell rôle in "The Doomed Battalion," for Universal. She did not like the part so she refused it. If she had been *obsessed with ambition*, she would have snatched any rôle to return to the screen—to show the producers she is more beautiful today than she was when she finished her contract with Sam Goldwyn. And to show the depths of her fine voice, the elimination of the accent which has come from study with Dr. Marifioti and Samuel Kayser—Ann Harding's teacher.

And if they had been financially ambitious, they would not have established a trust fund at three and one-half and four and one-half per cent interest immediately after they were married. They would have gambled on the stock market and attempted to get rich more quickly.

Rod used to bound in and say, "Vilma, I guess we are fools. If we had put the money into copper we'd have made five points today. It went up."

And Vilma would shake her head and say,

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"We don't have to worry, my dear." And they don't.

The income from their trust fund has decreased exactly ten per cent from what it was at the height of the boom.

Need I go further? I could. I have dozens

of examples to prove that the most circus-parade marriage of them all has succeeded while others crumbled all around them. But I have no recipe because they have none. Common sense; partnership—and, oh yes, Love. For, you see, Vilma and Rod *are* in love.

How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Now there's a sensible, balanced diet for the in-betweens, but don't think that you can eat your heads off just because you're not on as strenuous a diet as the fat girls. That diet is for people who are neither overweight nor underweight.

EVERY morning stand in front of an open window without your clothes and give yourself an air bath. Breathe deeply. Laugh. Sing. Yes, I mean it.

I'm serious. Laugh for beauty. Sing, too. Both laughing and singing are wonderful chest developers.

Sun baths, when you can take them, are great for you, too. But I implore you to use your common sense and don't overdo sun bathing at first.

The first day, lie one and one-half minutes on each side.

The next day lie in the sun for five minutes on each side. You know how you feel. Don't make yourself sick lying in the sun and if you're blonde and subject to severe sunburn, cover your head, face and neck with a red chiffon veil. It will prevent that very bad sunburn.

Now—there are some general things that all of you can do.

But about those lumps? During these articles I've told you many exercises for various parts of the body.

If you need them, persist with them, but let me explain the purpose of exercising.

What I've done with the stars is to smash off the fat cells with pressure. That's what you must do.

When you're taking the hip reducing exercises, for instance, make sure that you feel the muscles in your hips pulling.

You've got to concentrate on the proper muscles. I can't show each one of you how to do it.

You've got to have sense enough to figure it out from the exercise pictures and the explanations under them.

When you take the hip exercise, feel the hip muscles pull as you pull yourself along. Tense your toe as you drag yourself along so that those muscles pull.

Now if you have bulges of fat on the hip bones, here is an exercise. With arms above head make your body describe a circle at the waist, but lean over with your body until you feel your torso touching the fat place you want reduced, until you feel the fat cells being smashed off. Use your torso as I use my hands when I smash off fat from the stars. But never forget what portion of the body you want to reduce. Just taking the exercises will do you no good unless you use the brains that sometimes your letters make me believe you haven't any of!

YOU'LL find on these pages an exercise to reduce large thighs and knees and lumps on the side of the knees. Also you'll find a big close-up picture of my hands showing you how you can smash off those fat cells. This is how I take flesh off the stars. But you can do it yourself. You can squeeze the fat off any part of your body—except, of course, the breasts—by using your hands as I am using mine in the picture—that goes for arms, legs, hips, thighs, knees, fat just below the bust, fat at the waist,

etc., etc. When you've finished the squeezing process, cover the part you want reduced with a Turkish towel and slam the muscle good and hard.

Hit hard, even if it hurts you.

IN order to build up the calves of the legs, hips and thighs do tap dancing, jump rope, do bicycle riding and also do the exercise—the scissors movement I call it—that I've illustrated on these pages.

Do these things until you feel muscle-bound—because that means that you're beginning to develop.

Several people have asked me about gymnasium work. Haven't you the courage to do it yourself? Make your bedroom, your living room or—in these summer days—your backyard your gymnasium. Get a group of your friends together out in your backyard and have your own gymnasium, doing the exercises that I've taught you.

Maybe I should not have said that. I know the letters I'll get, "Dear Sylvia, I haven't any backyard. What shall I do?" or "Dear Sylvia, I haven't any friends. What shall I do?" I'm not being silly. I had one woman write me that she couldn't do the dancing exercises because she didn't have a radio. Well, she has a pair of lungs, hasn't she? She can hum a tune to herself while she's doing the dancing.

And another woman wrote that her room was too small to do the exercises in. Then she must do the exercises up and down instead of progressing along the floor.

Do you blame me for getting disgusted with you sometimes? I can't think for you. Why do I bother with you?

I wonder. For if you haven't the courage to be lovely, if you can't use your heads, you don't deserve a good figure.

And yet, because I know it can be done and because I know how lovely you can be if you will, I keep on hoping that the silly ones will get some sense.

SWIMMING builds you up. It doesn't reduce you. But sun bathing in a bathing suit and cold plunges in the water at the beach are marvelous.

You over-fat ones, do that. You skinny ones can swim!

Also, don't forget that if you take any of my diets and keep up the facial massages that I've given you—you won't lose in the face. You've got to do what I tell you and you've got to take the exercises I give. Suppose you're doing the stomach exercise and your hip bones protrude and hurt you as you roll along the floor—what does it matter? You've got to have courage if you want a lovely figure. Anybody can do these exercises—even if she be seventy. Limber yourself up first with dancing.

The lumps will come off quickly or slowly according to the stamina you have and it doesn't matter whether you take the exercises slowly or vigorously so long as you concentrate on the part you're reducing. Think of the muscles you're trying to take off and watch them disappear. You should take all new exercises slowly at first. Presently you'll be doing them so vigorously—because you're so full of pep—that your family will think you've

gone crazy. And after you've finished your exercises in the morning and haven't anything else to do, take a cold shower—if you react properly, that is, feel a warm glow—and work on your spine with a rough towel. That puts pep into you. Then go on with the business of the day. You won't feel like doing much sitting down, I can tell you!

THE scissors exercise I've given you will fill out all the skinny places in your legs and thighs, but if you've marred your legs with rolled stockings, you'd better squeeze off some of the flesh just below the indentation to make your legs look symmetrical, and if your legs don't meet between the thighs, stimulate those muscles with massage to make them meet.

You can do anything with your figure that you care to do—you fat girls, you thin girls and you in-betweens.

Jump right in and do it and next month I'm going to tell you some things about how to get rid of the nervous jitters, that lots of you suffer from. I've got some swell tricks left, up my sleeve.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the

body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

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Hollywood on Dress Parade

by Seymour

IF you can battle your way through the crowds to get a front line trench view of celebrities arriving for a Hollywood première, you will see what's what in film fashions. Everyone's on dress parade. Swinging from an electric sign at the "Grand Hotel" opening, I jotted down these notes.

Joan Crawford, nearly mobbed by enthusiastic fans, wore a pale blue frock topped by a brief jacket, the short sleeves of which were edged with cuffs of summer ermine.

Lilyan Tashman and Constance Bennett also wore blue—Lilyan satin and Connie a dull crepe. In fact, the Olympic, bicentennial or whatever you call them, colors of red, white and blue, appear to be smart Hollywood's fashion flag for the summer.

Hedda Hopper calls premières "Hollywood show windows, where the grandest of its fashions are on display." Isn't that apt phrasing?

BREVITY was the keynote of evening wraps at this opening—either very short capes or jackets. Lilyan Tashman wore her famous silver fox cape but now she isn't exclusive for Constance Talmadge, Gwili Andre and Zita Johann all have similar ones.

Three lovely ladies at the "Grand Hotel" opening probably gave their dressmakers a good berating the next day, for they each wore dresses, identical in design and coloring! The saddest part of the picture was the fact that the dresses are said to have cost three hundred and fifty dollars apiece. What price exclusiveness!

YOU will soon be adjusting your hats to a new angle—straight over the eyes! How does that appeal to you after all this angle tipping? Yet while rumors of the straight brimline are rife, certain smart young things are reviving the hat worn well back on the head.

Have you heard about the "evening beach frock"? This somewhat fantastic garment is being launched by an American designer and was suggested by the popularity of pique for

evening. Linen, pique and even gingham are used for this newest of beach fashions.

SPEAKING of beach fashions, I don't believe there has ever been a summer when the stars have had such a variety of styles. On the whole, the clothes worn at Malibu and Santa Monica are practical play clothes. Most of the stars are wearing shorts or slacks in lieu of beach pyjamas. These are colorful, especially when combined with the other accessories. However, a few like Loretta Young still cling to the pyjama. Loretta has always been an enthusiast for this garment. Her newest ones are white pique with flared trousers and a tiny bolero. Loretta has a clever stunt with beach sandals—she buys dozens of white canvas ones and has them dyed to match each pyjama. Clever, what?

Bette Davis wears bright red, one-piece corduroy pyjamas. A bandana hankie, tied casually about the neck, accompanies this.

Both Joan Crawford and Connie Bennett vary the usual beach color scheme. Connie wears a brown bathing suit and brown linen pyjamas. And Joan wears maroon slacks with a maroon and white sweater that is almost backless and has a square neckline. Maroon is a good color tip for you who have a rich, even suntan like Joan's.

JUNE COLLYER has a unique accessory idea that she carries out with print frocks—she wears a row of flowers like those in her frock around the crown of her straw hat. The other day at lunch she wore a hat wreathed in white daisies to match similar ones printed on the blue background of her dress.

Joan Bennett has a suggestion for varying one simple frock endlessly. She has a white rough crepe sports frock with a wide stitched belt. With it she wears any number of dashing little Ascot scarves, one at a time, of course, and in different colors. Each has her monogram on it. It is amazing how easily this changes the look of her dress with each new set of accessories—and such an inexpensive way of padding out the sports wardrobe!

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Clara Bow—Housewife of Rancho Clarito

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

and said: "That's where we're going to build our house."

Well, they've built it. What a house!

It's a house that would be a show-place even in Hollywood, or Beverly Hills. But imagine it, surrounded by endless miles of desert, twenty-two awful miles from the nearest railroad station, many miles from the nearest neighbor. Imagine what it cost to haul stuff there, build such a place!

A modern home with a red tile roof in that awful stretch of wasteland, and you can see it for dozens of miles from all directions.

It has its own electric light plant, for there isn't a power line (or even a telephone line) within miles of it. It has its own water system—clean mountain spring water, piped nearly thirty miles across mountain and desert, at a cost of \$18,000—to run hot and cold at the turn of a faucet, just as though they were in the heart of New York. It has five bedrooms and a bath for each, believe it or not! And a bathroom in the desert is about as expected as a snowstorm in the Sahara.

It has rock gardens and cactus gardens that rival the most famous landscape developments of the world's most famous homes.

It has a "playroom"—and that means, you may as well know it as all Hollywood does, a home barroom. It's got what Rex and Clara maintain is the "largest sitting room in the world." I don't know how many feet wide by how many feet long it is, but you could stage a hockey match, a basketball game and the Kentucky Derby in it, and still have room for a table of bridge or two.

AND in that sitting room is the pride and joy of the place—a ten-foot fireplace in which they burn tremendous logs, as they sit before it and tell each other how much they love each other and how happy they are, this Mr. and Mrs. Rex Bell.

And that's the castle over which Mrs. Rex Bell—Clara Bow to you, if you insist—rules as chatelaine.

Not that she's got any staff of servants to rule over. That's the amazing part of it! Clara fired all her servants a long time ago, and she hasn't hired any new ones since. Clara is not only mistress of that desert mansion—she's the whole darned crew, except for one ducky by the name of Jim, or maybe it's James. Jim is just one of those men-of-all-work. He butters, he cooks a bit of breakfast now and then when Clara wants to sleep late, he serves table, he does the odd things around the house—the odd things that Clara herself doesn't do.

But it's Clara who really does the work!

IT'S Clara who does *all* the cooking, save for that occasional breakfast-in-bed! Clara cooks not alone for herself and her hubby, but she cooks for the ranch hands, and the guests. There are almost always guests. Relatives of Rex's, mostly. There are five bedrooms, as I've told you, and somehow, relatives learn that there are bedrooms.

But anyway, Clara cooks. She cooks hash, often. A most amazing hash. It's not the namby-pamby, wishy-washy hash you get at corner lunchrooms. It's a lusty, gusty hash like cowboys eat. It fairly jumps up and smacks you in the face when it's dished out on your plate. I know. I ate some of it.

More, she cooks prunes. Her stewed prunes are her particular joy. Not that they're any different from anybody else's stewed prunes, mind you. No, there's no more individuality to a dish of stewed prunes than there is to a movie extra. But Rex loves prunes, and Clara loves to stew 'em for him, and that's that.

More, she bakes. She bakes bread—kneads it herself, with her own hands, and puts it in the oven and sticks a straw from the kitchen broom into it to see if it's done, and takes it out herself. And she burns herself doing it, too. Rex says he's always walking around with a box of soda in one pocket for Clara's cooking-burns, and a bottle of iodine in the other to use when she cuts herself.

She bakes cake, too. This is a mean thing

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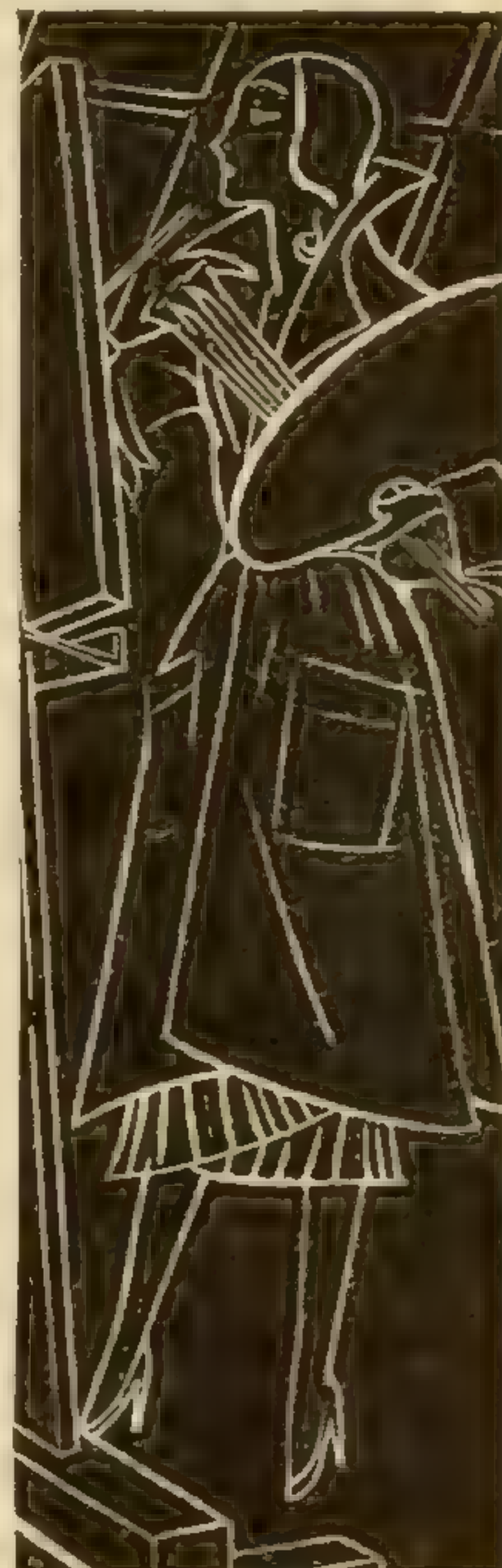
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State.....



The main street of Searchlight, Nev., is a far cry from Hollywood's beautiful boulevards. But this is where Clara Bow and Rex find amusement. Note the open gambling shack. They sell more than Coca-Cola here

to tell, but the other day a friend stopped in and had dinner. He had hash. Then Clara brought in a piece of her cake. "Baked it myself and you gotta eat it," she told him. He doesn't like cake, this fellow I'm telling about. But he didn't want to hurt the little bride's feelings, so he ate the cake—all of it, and it was a whole quarter of a cake, Clara's that generous! Then he bade adieu, and started off for Searchlight, six miles away across the desert, an old mining town. He said later that the "ride or something" made him feel kind of seasick.

CLARA uses a cook book, though. She's always looking things up and making them. Rex says they have guessing contests after each meal to see who can guess first what it was Clara made. And she hates to have people "underfoot" in the kitchen when she's cooking.

If anyone comes in, she glowers. If the glowering doesn't take effect, she invites the person to get the so-and-so out of there. She doesn't want anyone around until she sings out, "come an' get it." That's old Western ranch talk from the cook when the meal's ready—a lusty bellowed, "come an' get it." You should hear Clara yell it!

Oh, all this may sound like a lot of kidding. But it really isn't. It's serious. Clara's cooking is no bride's play; it's *cooking*. Cooking for a dozen people isn't play. But it's fun to Clara. Maybe she'll get tired of it, after a while, but at present she's having the time of her life. And she takes it seriously.

They still talk, up there on the ranch, of the time the batch of bread-dough wouldn't rise. Clara had mixed it and kneaded it and kneaded it, and if you've ever kneaded bread-dough, you'll know what that means.

And then it didn't rise!

Clara stood there and looked at it, called it the most amazing names bread-dough has ever been called, and then suddenly started bawling like a two-day bride. She cried as though her heart was broken!

And flapjacks!

It's a good joke, but it's true—the champion *flapper* of them all has developed into another kind of champion *flapper*. She flaps pancakes like nobody's business, and if ever Mr. Childs needs someone to take the place of that feller who keeps flapping them in his restaurant window, then he can call on Clara Bow.

"When I first learned to flap a batter cake without slopping it over the side, it gave me a bigger thrill than I ever got out of any screen

rôle in my life," says Clara. Is *that* a pay-off?

But cooking isn't Clara's whole life, nowadays. Good Lord, no! Probably you, who are reading this, know that dishes have to be washed. Well, they have to be washed in Nevada, too. And it's Clara who does the dish-washing! No words this or any other writer could type could ever tell that story. Clara Bow washing dishes! Need more be said?

There's been a lot of talk about Clara, during these away-from-the-screen months of matrimony. There have been rumors, for example, that she's going to be a mother. But there's nothing to that, says Clara, and she ought to know. Oh, some day, maybe!

And there have been rumors that she's fat. Those rumors aren't as far-fetched as the other one—but even at that, they're exaggerated. Clara's plump, but she's always been plump. Right now, when she tucks her head down a bit, there's a double chin. But that'll come off quickly.

"A little too much tummy," she says. But that, too, will come off quickly. "You know, I always did photograph plump; even at my thinnest. I always had to watch the angle, and I still have to watch it." She looks grand.

A year ago PHOTOPLAY told you about that air of ineffable sadness and weariness about her. PHOTOPLAY was wrong. It wasn't ineffable. Because it's been effaced. Today, there's no longer that look of deep world-weariness in Clara Bow's eyes. They sparkle, like a kid's. Her smile is real, not a camera grin. Clara Bow's having the grandest time Clara Bow ever had!

AS for that weight of hers, that's nothing. She's taking care of it right now. For one thing (and will this give you a laugh) Clara is captain of the girls' indoor baseball team of Searchlight. The team is composed of the girls and young married women of the town that's been called "Reno's little stepsister," and Clara's one of the stars of the team. Too, she plays baseball on Searchlight's empty lots (and there are lots of them) with the urchins of the town.

Not that Searchlight takes Clara for granted. She's been living on that ranch six miles from there for more than a year now, and they still regard her with something of awe and curiosity. Searchlight's kids follow her up and down the street when she and Rex come to town to shop, or gamble a little in the gambling halls. Gambling is legal in Nevada, you know. And bartenders (yes, even though the federals

do raid the town once in a while, there are wide-open bars and bartenders) discuss Clara as they discuss the depression and Hoover and the good old days.

"THEY tell me," said one bartender, as he mixed a mean gin fizz, "that Clara's going to make another picture. But she's gotta take off some fat! Here and there, I mean. She ain't exactly fat but she's kinda out o' proportion, I'd say." Anyway, it was a swell fizz he made. And the beer. . . .!

Now, don't get mad, you Bow fans. That's not telling tales out of school—that stuff about Clara's overweight. She admits it herself. As a matter of fact, she says one of the main reasons she fired her servants and cook, and went to cooking herself, was that "Rex needed to put on a few pounds and I needed to get rid of a few, and this way we're both doing it."

Yes, Rex works. Rex is no movie-actor cowboy. He's up every morning at four o'clock (consider that, you eight o'clock getters-up, when you envy the movie stars!) with the rest of the ranch hands. That ranch is 600,000 acres big, and it's got 25 horses and 1,500 head of cattle, not to mention a lot of dogs and chickens. It's got a dozen cowhands.

And it's Clara who's the comfy little wife when Rex's day is done. They've got a radio, of course. And a movie machine. They are having a sound apparatus put in, and by the time you read this the living room will be wired for sound, so they can have talkies. So, at the end of the day, Rex comes in, eats Clara's supper, and then they have their little necking party in that colossal living room. Are they happy? Are they! I told you you'd never have believed it of Clara.

Talking about chickens a paragraph or so back there, it's Clara who's their protector. She has a high-powered rifle standing in the kitchen at all times. When I was there in the kitchen watching her fix up something for supper, she looked out of the window and made a sudden dive for the gun.

She grabbed it, raced out the door, and me after her. Around a corner of the house, and there she stopped, propped the gun against her shoulder, pointed the muzzle up—and *wham!* Two shots—and a chicken hawk flopped down

dead. Clara has killed *more* hawks! Rabbits, too. Her pet amusement is hopping astraddle a riding horse, with two of Rex's pearl-handled revolvers in holsters, and a rifle slung across the saddle. She rides the range then, popping away at rabbits.

Oh, the gal's happy. She admits it. Admits that for the first time in her life, she knows what happiness means. She looks forward to making that movie with reluctance.

"I'm not hailing it with any enthusiasm," she says, in so many words. Then she spreads her hands around that \$200,000 shack, and adds, "but all this takes money."

"I'd just as soon stay here and never work again," she goes on. "In fact, I've turned down several \$20,000-a-week vaudeville offers. But we've all gotta have money, and so do Rex and I. All that talk about the trust fund I've got is just another Hollywood rumor.

"As a matter of fact, I hate money. Especially when you make it and have to turn it over 'o the government for income tax!"

You have to prod her to get her to talk about her career. She says, when you insist on talking about it, that she'll never play another "It" rôle. This new rôle—in "Call Her Savage"—presents her in the rôle of a half-breed girl who is suddenly brought from no place into the midst of civilization. She's a little hellcat, and upsets everything and everybody with her rank naturalness. Clara says as long as she's got to make another movie to get some money, that she likes the rôle better than anything else she could have had. "For a change, I'll be able to say, 'Oh, Jeez!' instead of 'Oh, goodness!'" she explains.

SHE hates crowds. Fox have agreed to have her picture made at the old, half-dismantled, now-unused Western Avenue lot instead of the new busy studio at Movietone City. Because there won't be any crowds, people, at the old lot, and Clara will be comparatively alone. She's never gotten over her "mike fright," either, she confesses, and dreads the thought of making a talkie. But she'll do it—and she'll do it only because the \$75,000 she'll get for it will ensure her being able to return for a long, long time to Rancho Clarito, and being just *Missus* Rex Bell, the housewife.

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Wide World

Portrait of the happiest pair in Hollywood—can't you tell they're happy by those grins? This is the way Mary Astor and her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, looked as they set sail on their yacht for a cruise of the South Seas. The voyage will end in Honolulu, where Mary's baby will be born

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ARM OF THE LAW, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "The Butterfly Mystery" by Arthur Hoerl. Adapted by Leon Lee. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Robin Dale*, Rex Bell; *Sandy*, Marceline Day; *Zelma Shaw*, Lina Basquette; *John Welling*, Bryant Washburn; *Captain Blake*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Gregory Brandess*, Robert Frazer; *Mrs. Estelle Brandess*, Dorothy Revier; *Mrs. Myrtle Welling*, Dorothy Christy; *Billy Treat*, Donald Keith; *Sergeant Jardin*, Larry Banthin; *Dr. Wattles*, Gilbert Clayton; *Reporter*, Wallace MacDonald; *Jackson*, Snowflake; *Bailey*, William V. Mong.

"AS YOU DESIRE ME"—M-G-M.—From the play by Luigi Pirandello. Adapted by Gene Markey. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Zara*, Greta Garbo; *Bruno*, Melvyn Douglas; *Saller*, Eric Von Stroheim; *Tony*, Owen Moore; *Madame Mantari*, Hedda Hopper; *Lena*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Baron*, Warburton Gamble; *Captain*, Albert Conti; *Pietro*, William Ricciardi; *Albert*, Roland Varno.

"ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by J. K. McGuinness. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Burton*, Edmund Lowe; *Val Lorraine*, Evelyn Brent; *Ruth Barry*, Constance Cummings; *Paul Wallace*, Donald Dillaway; *Mrs. Wallace*, Dorothy Peterson; *Nick Quinn*, Bradley Page; *Mugg*, Nat Pendleton; *Wallace*, Dwight Frye; *Paul (as a boy)*, Douglas Haig; *Crowell*, Wallis Clark; *Jeff*, Clarence Muse.

"BORDER DEVILS"—SUPREME.—From the story by Murray Leinster. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Jim Gray*, Harry Carey; *Marcia Brandon*, Kathleen Collins; *Squint Sanders*, George F. Hayes; *Tom Hope*, Niles Welch; *Ethel Denham*, Olive Fuller Golden; *Jose Lopez*, Merrill McCormick; *Bud Brandon*, Art Mix; *Neil Denham*, Jack Gallagher; *"The General"*, Tetsu Komai; *Inspector Bell*, Al Smith.

"BRING HIM BACK ALIVE"—RKO-VAN BEUREN.—Based on the novel by Frank Buck. Directed by Clyde E. Elliott. Filmed in the Malay Jungle.

"ESCAPADE"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by E. T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Phillip Whitney*, Anthony Bushell; *Kay Whitney*, Sally Blane; *John Whitney*, Jameson Thomas; *Bennie*, Thomas Jackson; *Gympy McLane*, Walter Long; *Mildred*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Wally Hines*, Phillips Smalley; *Poel*, David Mir.

"GET THAT GIRL"—RICHARD TALMADGE PROD.—From the screen play by Charles R. Condon. Directed by George Crone. The cast: *Dick Barillelt*, Richard Talmadge; *Ruth*, Shirley Grey; *The Doctor*, Carl Stockdale; *Sandro*, Fred Malatesta; *The Plumber*, Jimmy Guilfoyle; *John*, Lloyd Ingram; *Nedra*, Geneva Mitchell; *Schultz*, Victor Stanford; *Mike*, Billy Jones.

"HUDDLE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Francis Wallace. Adapted by Robert Lee Johnson and Arthur S. Hyman. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Tony*, Ramon Novarro; *Rosalie*, Madge Evans; *Thelma*, Una Merkel; *Coach Malcolm*, Ralph Graves; *Pidge*, John Arledge; *Larry*, Frank Albertson; *Tom Stone*, Kane Richmond; *Barbara*, Martha Sleeper; *Mr. Amatto*, Henry Armetta; *Mrs. Amatto*, Ferike Boros; *Mr. Stone*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Slater*, Joseph Sauers.

"LENA RIVERS"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Mary J. Holmes. Adapted by Stuart Anthony and Warren B. Duff. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Lena Rivers*, Charlotte Henry; *Durrie Graham*, Morgan Galloway; *Grandmother*, Beryl Mercer; *Mr. Graham*, James Kirkwood; *Mr. Nicols*, John Sainpolis; *Mrs. Nicols*, Betty Blythe; *Caroline*, Joyce Compton; *Grandfather*, Russell Simpson; *Curfew*, Clarence Muse.

"LOVE IS A RACKET"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rian James. Adapted by Courtenay Terrett. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Jimmy*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Sally*, Ann Dvorak; *Mary*, Frances Dee; *Stanley Fiske*, Lee Tracy; *Shaw*, Lysle Talbot; *Max Boncour*, Andre Luguet; *Burney*, Warren Hymers; *Ollie*, William Burress; *Slinky*, George Raft; *Seeley*, Terrance Ray; *Hat Check Girl*, Marjorie Peterson; *Captain*, Edward Kane; *Hattie*, Cecil Cunningham; *Curley*, John Marston.

"LOVE'S COMMAND"—TOBIS.—From the screen play by Fritz Gruenbaum and Roda Roda. Directed by Geza von Bolvary. The cast: *Count Giuseppe Scanagalli*, Livio Pavanelli; *Antonia*, Dolly Haas; *Francesco*, Walter Edhofer; *First Lieutenant von Lorenz*, Gustav Froehlich; *The General of the Military Academy*, Anton Pointner; *Elisabeth*, his daughter, Yvette Rodin; *First Lieutenant Schreck von Schreckenstein*, Tibor von Halmay; *Mia Fleuron*, Mary Loseff; *The Singer*, Marcell Wittrisch; *Francis Joseph*, Emperor of Austria, Fritz Odemar; *The Doctor*, Paul Morgan.

"MAN ABOUT TOWN"—FOX.—From the novel by Denison Clift. Screen play by Leon Gordon. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Stephen Morrow*, Warner Baxter; *Helena*, Karen Morley; *Robert Ashley*, Conway Tearle; *Anna*, Leni Stengel; *Carlotta*, Lilian Bond; *Boris*, Alan Mowbray; *Count Von Esse*, Lawrence Grant; *Hilton*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Henri*, Andre De Segurola; *Major Trumbic*, Charles Gerrard.

"MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Fred Ryter. Adapted by Harry Hoyt. Directed by J. P. McGowan. The cast: *Jess Ryder*, Tom Tyler; *Sally Langton*, Caryl Lincoln; *Jim Fletcher*, Jack Richardson; *Mort Snyder*, Robert Walker; *Mr. Langton*, Frank Ball; *Bob Langton*, Lewis Sargent; *Bat Murchison*, Blackie Whiteford; *Russ*, Charles Whittaker; *Sheriff*, Lafe McKee; *Pancho*, Frederick Ryter; *Hank*, Jack Long; *Slink*, William Nolte; *Bud*, C. V. Bussey; *Ching*, Lee Tinn.

"MISS PINKERTON"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Nevin Bush and L. Hayward. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Miss Adams ("Miss Pinkerton")*, Joan Blondell; *Patten*, George Brent; *The Second Nurse*, Mae Madison; *Hugo*, John Wray; *Paula Brent*, Ruth Hall; *Herbert Wynne*, Alan Lane; *Dr. Stewart*, C. Henry Gordon; *Charles Elliott*, Donald Dillaway; *Aunt Juliet*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Mary*, Blanche Frederici; *Florence Lenz*, Mary Doran; *Arthur Glenn*, Holmes Herbert; *Miss Gibbons*, Eulalie Jensen; *Third Nurse*, Treva Lawler; *First Nurse*, Luana Walters; *Henderson*, Lucien Littlefield; *The Coroner*, Nigel de Brulier.

"NEW MORALS FOR OLD"—M-G-M.—From the play "After All" by John Van Druten. Adapted by Zelda Sears and Wanda Tuckock. Directed by Charles F. Brabin. The cast: *Ralph*, Robert Young; *Phyl*, Margaret Perry; *Mr. Thomas*, Lewis Stone; *Mrs. Thomas*, Laura Hope Crews; *Myra*, Myrna Loy;

Duff, David Newell; *Hallett*, Jean Hersholt; *Estelle*, Ruth Selwyn; *Zoe*, Kathryn Crawford; *Mrs. Warburton*, Louise Closser Hale; *Bodvin*, Mitchell Lewis; *Auntie Doe*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Maid*, Lillian Harmer.

"NIGHT WORLD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by P. J. Wolfson and Allen Rivkin. Screen play by Richard Schayer and Tom Reed. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Michael Rand*, Lew Ayres; *Ruth Taylor*, Mae Clarke; *"Happy"* MacDonald, Boris Karloff; *Mrs. "Mac"*, Dorothy Revier; *Klauss*, Russell Hopton; *Tommy*, Bert Roach; *Edith Blair*, Dorothy Peterson; *Miss Smith*, Florence Lake; *Joe*, Gene Morgan; *Clarence*, Paisley Noon; *Mrs. Rand*, Hedda Hopper; *Blonde*, Greta Granstedt; *Maid*, Louise Beavers; *Salesman*, Sammy Blum; *Gang Leader*, Harry Woods; *Vaudevillian*, Eddie Phillips; *Gigolo*, Tom Tamarez; *Doorman*, Clarence Muse; *Jim*, Huntly Gordon; *Ed Powell*, George Raft; *Policeman*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Florabelle*, Geneva Mitchell; also *Arietta Duncan*, Pat Somerset, Joe Wallace, Charles Giblyn, Dorothy Grainger, Frank Beale, John K. Wells, Busby Berkeley Ballet, Hal Grayson and his orchestra.

"NO GREATER LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story and screen play by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: *Tommy Burns*, Dickie Moore; *Sidney Cohen*, Alexander Carr; *Surgeon*, Richard Bennett; *Mrs. Burns*, Beryl Mercer; *Doctor*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mildred*, Betty Jane Graham; *Priest*, Alec B. Francis; *Rabbi*, Mischa Auer; *Superintendent*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Investigator*, Martha Mattox; *Policeman*, Tom McGuire.

"RADIO PATROL"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Edward Cahn. The cast: *Bill Kennedy*, Robert Armstrong; *Pat Bourke*, Russell Hopton; *Sue*, Lila Lee; *Vern*, June Clyde; *Pete Wiley*, Andy Devine; *Carl Hughes*, Onslow B. Stevens; *"Smoke"* Johnson, John Lester Johnson; *Kloskey*, Harry Woods; *Sergeant Keogh*, Sidney Toler; *Slick*, Jack LaRue.

"RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story and screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Tom Rigby*, Tom Mix; *Helen Joyce*, Lois Wilson; *Lew*, Fred Kohler; *Larribe*, Forrest Stanley; *Joyce*, Willard Robertson; *Betty Joyce*, Edith Fellows; *Tony*, Tony; *Dance Hall Girl*, Mae Busch; *Citizens*, Otis Harlan, Max Asher, cowboys and others.

"RIDING TORNADO, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by William Colt MacDonald. Adapted by Burt Kempler. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Tim Torrant*, Tim McCoy; *Patsy Olcott*, Shirley Grey; *Dick Stark*, Wallace MacDonald; *The Sheriff*, Russell Simpson; *Sim Collier*, Montagu Love; *Hatch Engall*, Wheeler Oakman; *Hefty*, Vernon Dent; *Hiram Olcott*, Lafe McKee.

"ROADHOUSE MURDER"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the stage play by Laszo Bus Fekets. Screen play by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Chick Brian*, Eric Linden; *Mary Agnew*, Dorothy Jordan; *Fred Dykes*, Bruce Cabot; *Louise Rand*, Phyllis Clare; *Joyce*, Roscoe Ates; *Inspector Agnew*, Purnell Pratt; *Porter*, Gustave von Seyffertitz; *Kraft*, David Landau; *Dale*, Roscoe Karns.

"SINISTER HANDS"—WILLIS KENT PROD.—From the story by Norton Parker. Adapted by Oliver Drake. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: *Detective Captain Devlin*, Jack Mulhall; *Ruth Frazer*, Phyllis Barrington; *Judge McLeod*, Crauford Kent; *Swami Yomurda*, Mischa Auer; *Nick Genna*, Louis Natheaux; *Betty Lang*, Gertrude Messinger; *John Frazer*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Detective Watkins*, James Burtis; *Richard Lang*, Phillips Smalley; *Vivian Rogers*, Helen Foster; *Mrs. Richard Lang*, Lillian West; *Lefty Louie*, Fletcher Norton; *Mary Browne*, Bess Flowers; *Tommy Lang*, Russell Collar.

"SINNERS IN THE SUN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "The Beachcomber" by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence, Waldemar Young and Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by Al Hall. The cast: *Doris Blake*, Carole Lombard; *Jimmy Martin*, Chester Morris; *Claire*, Adrienne Ames; *Mrs. Blake*, Alison Skipworth; *Eric Nelson*, Walter Byron; *Ridgeway*, Cary Grant; *Lil*, Rita LaRoy; *Fred Blake*, Russ Clark; *Mrs. Fred Blake*, Frances Moffett; *Grandfather*, Luke Cosgrave.

"SKY BRIDE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Waldemar Young. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Agnes Brand Leahy and Grover Jones. Directed by Stephen R. Roberts. The cast: *Speed Condon*, Richard Arlen; *Alec Dugan*, Jack Oakie; *Willie*, Robert Coogan; *Ruth Dunning*, Virginia Bruce; *Jim Carmichael*, Charles Starrett; *Mrs. Smith*, Louise Closser Hale; *Eddie*, Tom Douglas; *Bill Adams*, Harold Goodwin; *Capt. Frank Robertson*, Randolph Scott; *Elmer*, Sid Saylor.

"STATE'S ATTORNEY"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Louis Stevens. Screen play by Gene Fowler and Rowland Brown. Directed by George Archinbaud. The cast: *Tom Cardigan*, John Barrymore; *June Perry*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Vanny Powers*, William Boyd; *Lillian Ulrich*, Jill Esmond; *Nora Dean*, Mary Duncan; *Ulrich*, Oscar Apfel; *Senor Alvarado*, Raul Roulien; *Defense Attorney*, Ralph Ince; *Judge*, Frederick Burton; *City Prosecutor*, Leon Waycoff.



Gaston Longet

Hold it for a still, there, young fellow. Although he looks like an efficient bond salesman, there is a trouper tradition that Creighton Chaney simply can't escape. And everybody knows that his father, the beloved Lon, would be proud of his son for carrying on. You'll be seeing young Chaney on the screen pretty soon

"STRANGERS OF THE EVENING"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story "The Illustrious Corpse" by Tiffany Thayer. Adapted by Stuart Anthony and Warren B. Duff. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: Sybil, ZaSu Pitts; Brubacher, Eugene Pallette; Frank Daniels, Lucien Littlefield; Robert Daniels, Tully Marshall; Ruth, Miriam Seegar; Dr. Everette, Theodore Von Eltz; Chandler, Warner Richmond; Tommy, Harold Walldridge; Nathan Frisbee, Mahlon Hamilton; Sutherland, Alan Roscoe; First Man, Charles Williams; Second Man, William Scott; Nolan, James Burtis; Roberts, Francis Sayles.

"STREET OF WOMEN"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Polan Banks. Screen play by Mary McCall, Jr., and Charles Kenyon. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Natalie, Kay Francis; Larry, Baldwin, Alan Dinehart; Doris, Gloria Stuart; Link, Roland Young; Lois, Marjorie Gateson; Clarke, Allen Vincent; Frances, Adrienne Dore; Maid, Louise Beavers.

"SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A"—WARNERS.—From the story by Clare Kummer. Adapted by Austin Parker, Maude Powell and Julian Josephsen. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: Henry Wilton, a multi-millionaire business man, George Arliss; Emmie, his wife, Mary Astor; Peggy, his daughter, Evalyn Knapp; Conners, his butler, Grant Mitchell; Parkington, a rival business man, David Torrence; Eddie, Wilson's son, William Janney; George Struthers, suitor of Peggy's, Hardie Albright; Belden, Wilton's office manager, Hale Hamilton; Pietro, musician and protégé of Emmie's, Fortunio Bonanova; Larry Ribers, suitor of Peggy's, Randolph Scott; Mary, Emmie's maid, Nola Luxford; Curtis, stock broker, Murray Kinnell; Lawrence, on Parkington's business staff, Richard Tucker; Pauline, Peggy's maid, Barbara Leonard; Valet, Harold Minjir; Barney Davis, agent for Wilton, Leon Waycoff.

"TENDERFOOT, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Richard Carle and the play "The Butter and Egg Man" by George Kaufman. Adapted by Arthur Caesar, Monty Banks and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: Peter Jones, of Beesville, Texas, Joe E. Brown; Ruth, a city girl, Ginger Rogers; Joe Lehman, theatrical producer, Lew Cody; Miss Martin, star of Peter's troupe, Vivian Oakland; Mack, Robert Greig; Oscar, Spencer Charters; Dolan, Ralph Ince; Kitty, Marion "Peanuts" Byron; Stage director, Douglas Gerrard; Depot slicker, Walter Percival; Patterson, Wilfred Lucas; Depot bum, George Chandler; Cafe cashier, Jill Dennett; Cafe maid, Mae Madison; Depot porter, John Larkin; Newsstand proprietor, Harry Seymour; Actresses, Charlotte Merriam and Zita Moulton; Actors, Theodore Lorch and Allan Lane; Racketeer, Richard Cramer; The Hebrew, Joe Barton; Tart at depot, Edith Allen; Waiter, Leo Kohlmar.

"THUNDER BELOW"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Thomas Rourke. Scenarized by Josephine Lovett and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Susan, Tallulah Bankhead; Walt, Charles Bickford; Ken, Paul Lukas; Horner, Eugene Pallette; Davis, Ralph Forbes; Webb, Leslie Fenton; Scotty, James Finlayson; Pajarita, Mona Rico; Chato, Carlos Salazar; Doctor, Edward Van Sloan; Pacheco, Enrique Acosta; Delapena, Gabry Rivas.

"TRAPEZE"—HARMONIE-FILM.—From the story by Alfred Machard. Adapted by Rudolf Katscher and Egon Eis. Directed by E. A. Dupont. The cast: Marina, Anna Sten; Jim, Reinhold Bernt; Robby, Adolf Wohlbrueck; Press agent, Otto Wallburg; Grimby, Curt Gerron.

"WINNER TAKE ALL"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Jim, a prize fighter, James Cagney; Peggy Smith, the girl he really loves, Marian Nixon; Dick, her boy, Dickie Moore; Pop, Jimmie's fight manager, Guy Kibbee; Lois, friend of Joan's, Renee Whitney; Monty, Allan Lane; Joan Gibson, society vamp, Virginia Bruce; Elliot, John Roche; Ann, Esther Howard; Rosebud Newberry, Clarence Muse; Legs, a crook, Ralf Harolde; Isaacs, fight promoter, Clarence Wilson; Forbes, Jim's social mentor, Alan Mowbray; Joan's butler, Charles Coleman.

"WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE"—FOX.—From the stage play by Samuel Shipman, Max Marcin and Percival Wilde. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Laura, Elissa Landi; John Bruce, Ralph Bellamy; Paul Ramsey, Neil Hamilton; Sari Lodar, Myrna Loy; Victor Legrand, Gilbert Roland; Howard Ramsey, Walter Walker; Andy Parker, Charles Grapewin; Tonelli, Luis Alberni; Stanley, Edwin Stanley; Carrigan, Berton Churchill; Watchman, Jack Gray; Joe, Gordon DeMain.

"WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Philipp Zeska and Ernst Spitz. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Kylenko, George Bancroft; Maria Yaskaya, Miriam Hopkins; Dmitri, Alan Mowbray; Rutchkin, George E. Stone; General Spiro, Emmett Corrigan; Sukhanov, Mitchell Lewis; Banker, Oscar Apfel; Workman, Francis McDonald; Ivan Ivanovitch, Harry Cording; Sasha, Ferike Boros.

"WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE"—WILLIS KENT PROD.—From the story by William McDonald. Adapted by Alan Ludwig. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: Lone Wolf, Lane Chandler; Judith Flagg, Adele Lacey; Sheriff Flagg, Harry Todd; Mrs. Flagg, Loie Bridge; Buck Jackson, Yakima Canutt; Steve Cantrell, Al Bridge; Watson, Bob Roper; Pete, Harry Semels; The Raven, by himself.



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105]

THE story of Phil Goldstone, Hollywood's \$15,000,000 bachelor, is one of the most amazing in all filmdom.

Phil is one of the cleverest of the independent producers.

He came to Hollywood with \$8,000 that he had saved, and wanted to make a picture. His "mama," whom he adores, said she thought it foolish. His "aunty" believed Phil should take a chance if he wanted to. For once in his life he over-ruled mama and did a film with a famous European acrobat named Ullman. Phil changed Ullman's name to William Fairbanks for American release. His picture cost exactly \$8,000 and in Europe alone it netted \$350,000.

From then on he did one independent picture after another.

He was head of Tiffany Pictures when "Journey's End" was produced.

He has made his millions by making little pictures and big profits.

"Mama" now rides in a Rolls Royce. And Phil is prouder of that than of anything that has ever happened to him.

Florabel Muir has mentioned him many times in her column in the *Daily News*, telling of his vast wealth. The other day he came to her, "Please do not write any more about my having so much money. Mama is afraid someone will kidnap me."

Phil hates to be made fun of and certainly nobody should ever kid Phil. If more producers had refrained from going high-hat they would have Goldstone's money instead of their own gray hairs.

THE phonograph records made by Marlene Dietrich have replaced those of Bing Crosby in Joan Crawford's affections. On the set of "Rain" Joan emotes to Marlene's voice instead of to Bing's.

HE is eighty-two but he has a steady job in pictures as long as Tom Keene makes Westerns.

"Broncho Charlie" Miller, the last of the Pony Express Riders, met an exec from Radio

Pictures in New York a year ago last July. The exec told Charlie to ride to Hollywood on his horse and he'd give him a job. It was to be a publicity stunt for the first of the Tom Keene Westerns.

"Broncho Charlie" left the New York City Hall July 6. He arrived in Hollywood the following March to find Tom Keene on his sixth picture and the studio at which he was supposed to be making them closed. No one remembered a thing about Charlie. He had sent no letters, no telegrams, no expense account. But he was the first man to get from New York to Hollywood on horseback, in spite of coming near death twice.

Fortunately for Charlie, Tom Keene had made good in Westerns so the Pony Express rider and his horse, Plastar, have been assured jobs for the rest of their lives at \$100 a week.

A LOT of fur coats were needed for Connie Bennett's picture "What Price Hollywood."

The studio telephoned one of the most exclusive fur houses in town. "I'm sorry," the girl answered, "we can't send you any coats today. Everyone we have has been rented for tonight. It's the opening of 'Grand Hotel'!"

SENSATIONAL Hollywood picture premieres have been topped at last. And believe it or not—in London. There were no searchlights, national broadcasts, or anything of that sort, but under the auspices of the Prince of Wales the opening of the Corinne Griffith picture sold out at forty dollars a seat to the most aristocratic audience that ever filled a motion picture theater.

Add up a little score for Beulah Livingstone, Norma Talmadge's former publicity manager. She put it over.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., has grown a moustache for his new picture "Revolt," and he likes it so well he's considering making it a permanent institution.

He looks five years older and very, very man-about-town.

MAYOR JIMMY WALKER of New York wrote to his good friend Polly Moran, asking for an autographed photo.

Polly sent it by return mail with this inscription: "To Jimmy—From Miss America of 1880."

I HAD to rub my old eyes and look twice at the twelve "bit" players who served on the jury in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware." One of them was Florence Turner, who twenty years ago was one of the most popular stars of the screen.

SPEAKING of the ups and downs of this business, Betty Compson, who became famous overnight for her splendid performance in the silent version of "The Miracle Man," has been playing in a vaudeville skit at a Chicago theater featuring the new talkie version of "The Miracle Man." A comparatively new star, Sylvia Sydney, has her prized rôle and the electric light honors.



LE TOUQUET: Smart by virtue of simple lines that sculpture the figure. With simulated crocheted edgings in contrast.

SAN REMO: Two-piece suit with simulated crocheted edges on the shirt to carry out the contrasting color of the trunks.

DEAUVILLE: The moulded waistline and evening gown back follow the design of the season's loveliest formal things.

MALIBU: This dramatically daring swim suit invites the maximum sun tan. Brassiere top and separate trunks.

MONTAUK: With bodice top and separate belt—in such delightful colors as Barbic Red, Exotique Blue and Desert Green.

SAN TROPEZ: Backless, in a manner very Rue de la Paix. Contrasting shoulder straps cross and tie in sash effect.

YOU'VE read about them, seen them reported in the editorial pages of the smartest magazines! Now see them in person. Step, today, into your favorite shop and choose your new B. V. D. Surf Suit for the new season.

For it's going to be a far, far saner thing this summer, to risk an appearance in last year's evening gown than to brave the brilliance of the beach in anything less flattering, less smart, less "1932" than one of these new Surf Suits by B. V. D.

These are the suits that were the sensation of the Southlands; the suits with the graceful backs of the newest evening gowns; the suits with the high silhouetting waistlines; the smooth moulding lines around

the hips; the shoulder straps that "stay put."

Do see them... do! See them in the new B. V. D. triumphs; the new weaves that have the air of the finest handknitting of France... in Perl-Knit and that newest of the new, Ripple-Knit.

The unforgivable sin this summer will be to greet the sea and the sands in an old-fashioned bathing suit. Why be found guilty, when with so little expense you can be so very smart with B. V. D.?

Some smart shop in your vicinity has these new 1932 B. V. D. Surf Suits! Send us your name and we'll be happy to tell you just how near it is. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

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“Everybody’s
doing it!”

7 out of 10 smokers inhale knowingly—
the other 3 inhale unknowingly

DO you inhale? 7 out of 10 smokers *know* they inhale. The other 3 inhale without realizing it. Every smoker inhales—for every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

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created that process. Only Luckies have it!

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